

CARICATURE

THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

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CARICATURE

(TENTH EDITION)

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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and others

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1909

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Quarter-stretch Jones on the Quartette

By W. D. Nesbit

THERE was four entries for the purse, as far as I could make it out, though once in a while the starter would get on the track for a forty-yard sprint himself. Two of them was nice-lookin' fillies, one a bay an' one a bright sorrel.

I would have put my money on the bright sorrel if they had been makin' books. She came to the wire with more ginger an' life than the bay. The bay was too heavy-lookin' for the distance, too. The other two entries was just common plugs—not thoroughbreds by a long shot. I wouldn't have played either of them for place if you'd let me write my own ticket.

Well, the starter got out in front o' them and waved the flag—only he used a stick. The band begun to play, an' he let 'em off. Crooked work right there. The biggest one of the plugs got away four lengths ahead of the others an' was goin' like a jack-rabbit before the rest of the bunch left the post at all.

The starter never seemed to notice him—just waved his stick at the bright sorrel, but she didn't go then; she waited till the bay got away, which I say was mighty game of her. Then the bright sorrel started, an' the way she overtook that bay was a caution. She made her look as if she was standin' still. An' all this time that first plug was poundin' along toward the first quarter. Then the other plug—a little, undersized, beefy-lookin' one—jumped out as if he was doped, an' went skallyhootin' after the crowd. It strung 'em out, an' made it interestin', of course, but I felt like protestin' over the way that first plug had been given the lead. Mebbe, though, it was a handicap. The four hopped along, holdin' the same positions to the half, when the starter run across the field an' did a forty-yard dash just to show how good his wind was. Of course that didn't let him in on the purse, an' I don't know why he wanted to cut in—but singin' is different from hosses, I reckon.

Well, I began to feel as if I had guessed wrong when the bright sorrel seemed to give up after the half. The first plug was all in, I could see that. He kept droppin' back an' droppin' back, now an' then gettin' up a little steam an' tryin' to hold his own, but finally he went plumb up in the air, an' then the heavy bay an' the undersized plug had it to themselves. I will say that they surprised me. I didn't think it was in 'em. They got down to work an' they hit the stretch at a two-minute flat gait. I thought it was all over, when there was a cloud of dust down at the third quarter, an' here come my bright sorrel an' the other plug! They was eatin' up the

ground! The bay an' the undersized plug was doin' their best, an' the starter was runnin' along with them, but it wasn't any use. Bay an' undersized plug came along until they were a nose behind, an' every one of 'em splittin' the wind—

An' then the starter waved his arms, an' they all jogged down to a walk an' came up to the wire an' stopped—a dead heat!

But the starter wasn't satisfied, no more than me!

He shook his stick at them, an' he led the bay an' the bright sorrel out fer an exhibition half. He started 'em



WILLIE'S HOBBY.

When Willie began to sport a hobby-horse
He joined an outing club, of course;
But finds he's kept too busy to have any fun,
For seventy times around the park is an ordinary run.

together, fair enough this time, an' he kept shakin' the stick at the bay till he got her scared so bad I was afraid she would go through the fence on the turn. The bright sorrel didn't need no stick shook at her. She had the bit in her teeth. She was showin' what speed was. Every time the bay spurted, bright sorrel spurted. She was game, I tell you. She let the bay make the pace, if she wanted to, but bright sorrel wanted it understood she could make a split-second watch look like a grandfather's clock if she took a notion! They turned the first quarter so fast I thought they would fall down on the curve, but they whizzed around in great style.

Then, what do you think?

All this time them two plugs had been standin' at the wire stampin' their feet an' shakin' their heads. The starter turned to them and lifted his stick.

"Go!" he yelled.

They was off like a flash of lightnin'. Away ahead of them was the bay an' the bright sorrel, runnin' as if they didn't know anything about the plugs! Around the first turn went the plugs! Blippety-blippety-blippety! an' every once in a while one of 'em would strike an "Ah-h-h-h!" that sounded as if he was losin' heart, but the starter was with 'em an' he kept 'em jumpin'. I could see that the crowd was gettin' nervous an' excited. So was I. A fellow near me stood up. Somebody jerked him back in his seat. Bay an' bright sorrel looked over their shoulders an' saw the plugs comin', an' they lit out an' gained ten lengths in one yelp. But it wasn't any use. They didn't have anything in reserve for the stretch, an'

here come the two plugs under the whip an' spur. Bright sorrel made one more spurt, but the bay stayed with her, an' the two plugs got their second wind—an' I'll be dad-gummed if they didn't all come down under the wire in another dead heat!

The crowd got up an' stamped an' cheered, but I left, to show my disgust over such rank work in the way of startin' them off.

Those Tardy Publishers.

THE great-foreign-novelist and his wife had been three or four days in this country. Already they were wearing smoked glasses to rest their eyes while reading the scarlet headlines over their goings-out and comings-in.

"This is outrageous!" exclaimed the wife of the great-foreign-novelist as she crushed the newspaper in her hand and hurled it across the room.

"To what does m'dam refer?" asked her husband.

"Why, it is of the m'sieur le publisher. Was he not to have had it in the papers of America within three days the rumor that I am not my husband's wife? It would of our next book sell many thousands. But see; here comes the next of editions. I have not doubt it is printed in this."

And she hurried away to intercept the newsboy and learn if their tardy publisher had redeemed himself.

The Grammatical Prisoner.

"AND when he said skiddoo what did you do?" asked the judge.

"I skiddid, your honor," said the prisoner.



A RAPID OPERATOR.

EMMA (who is a stenographer)—"Is Mame very quick as a stenographer?"

LIZZIE (also a stenographer)—"Quick! She's a bird. Why, she got her last boss to propose in less'n two weeks."

A Song of the Old Wood-box



WHEN I read of the old pump it fills my wistful eyes with tears ;
The thoughts of the old cookie-jar are with me all the years.
A verse on the old chopping-bowl will start my tears to flow ;
I'm awfully susceptible to things of long ago.
A line on the old horse-block grips my heart-strings like a vise ;
I never read of the old barn but I weep once or twice ;
But for pain that's keen and poignant, far beyond these other shocks,
Commend me to my mem'ries of the old wood-box.

It wasn't much for looks, and that I'm willing to admit ;
But oh, the endless, endless task of keeping wood in it !
It stood there, always yawning with its hunger and its thirst ;
I never went a place but I must fill the wood-box first.
'Twas right behind the kitchen-stove, and there it stood and stood,
And all it did was open up its mouth and cry for wood.
While other reminiscent verse of fields or trees or flocks
May make me weep, it's weak beside the old wood-box.



I've filled it up and filled it up a dozen times a day,
And while I turned around its contents melted all away.
Perhaps I was plunged deep in some boy-story more than
good,
When shrill my mother's call to me, "Come, fill the box with
wood !"
I don't know its dimensions, but I'll take a modest bet
Its depth was forty fathoms, and I'll swear it's growing yet.
'Tis the clearest recollection of my boyhood's cuffs and
knocks—
The devastating hunger of that old wood-box !

I'll wager if I started when my years were only five,
And carried wood in armfuls just as long as I'm alive,
By any means that you could name, by lift or push or pull,
I'd never get that wood-box to stay permanently full.
And in my boyish fancy my belief the firmer grew
That there were holes within it and the sticks of wood
sieved through !
And so when sentiment would paint the trees and woods
and rocks
Of childhood, here's a tribute to the old wood-box !

J. W. FOLEY

The Duke and the Ducats

(Extract from an unpublished novel.)

"BUT I cannot afford it, Gwendolen," Mr. Mortimer protested.

Gwendolen Mortimer, the spoiled beauty, pouted. A pout on those lips was like an unblossomed rose.

"Why not, papa?" she urged, coaxing him with soft caresses. "You never denied me anything. Why this?"

"Because, as I told you, I cannot afford it."

"Oh, papa!" she playfully caroled, "you say you cannot afford it, and yet you are a millionaire—an American millionaire, papa."

"That may be, Gwen"—he blushed with pleasure at the admission—"but even they have their limitations."

A faint shadow darkened her fair face. "They should not have, papa, when the daughter of one of them may be the Duchess of Burleigh," she said with the gleam of the coronet in her eyes.

Mortimer kissed his daughter.

"I understand that, dear," he said very gently ; "but, the duke asks two millions and a quarter for his title."

"And you won't give that much for your only child's sake? Oh, papa!" And Gwendolen Mortimer sobbed.

Mr. Mortimer was becoming very uncomfortable. He loved his daughter, and love to him meant sacrifice; but prudence stood between him and the altar.

"It would leave your mother and me absolutely penniless, Gwendolen," he said. "There would be nothing left for our support, and we would be beggars. You would hardly ask such a sacrifice, dear, would you?" he pleaded with her.

Gwendolen, humored, as she had always been, was not utterly selfish. She had thought only of being a duchess, not what would be the cost. Now she was confronted with the hard reality. Her nobler nature was calling from the wilderness of her whims. Should she listen and lose, or should she heed it not and gain the dearest wish of her woman's heart? Her father tensely watched the struggle. Suddenly her face shone as if a ray from heaven had kissed her. She threw her arms about her father's neck.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "I know the answer now. You and mamma can live with us! I'm sure Burleigh would be only too glad. He is so generous, papa!"

Mr. Mortimer unlocked his daughter's arms from about his neck and rose wearily to his feet. The way into it was not yet clear to him.

Again the pretty pout puffed the lip of Gwendolen, not yet Duchess of Burleigh.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Amateur Dramatics.

Dora—"How is it the play you gave was not so well attended as the one you gave a while ago?"

Dolly—"Well, you see, we went around and sold tickets to all our friends for the first performance, and—er—after that we had no friends."

THE great trouble with the genius is that he is still dreaming when the plain, ordinary mortal is up and doing things."



THE GIRL WHO THINKS SHE CAN SING.
SHE—"You say that parrot knows more than most humans?"
HE—"Yes. He knows enough not to try to sing with that voice of his."

The Rose-maiden

By Adelia Artman

YOU are a vain, conceited coxcomb!" cried pretty, petite Rosemary Smilax to Mr. Coleus Coxcomb; and there flashed from the iris of her eyes a look that said there was to be no heart's-ease for his bleeding-heart. She went on: "Miss Maidenhair Pink told me everything at the catkin-hop in Burbank hall, last night. She said it was publicly known in Hollyhock Row that you were betrothed to three different loves, and you—you"—her voice faltered and she stumbled over the words—"told me that you never loved before; that you would forget-me-not; and

again and again you vowed your fealty would live-for-ever—Burr-rr!" And she stamped her foot in the wet sand with never a thought of the lady-slipper she was ruining.

"It is but fair to me," put in the ruffled Coleus Coxcomb, "at least to tell me who are my lady-loves. I presume Miss Pink knows; she's a perennial, you know—continuing always without stop." A spice of peppery-malice gleamed in his eyes.

"You need not be so stingingly pungent," replied Rosemary, with snowdrop hardness; "your actions make me believe what she said is true—that your greatest delight is piercing hearts like a Spanish-needle." Her eyes still snapped. "You think I cannot give their names. The first fair débutante was Miss Violet Cornflower; the second, Miss Flag Crocus; while poor Miss Thistle-down was your third. All her verdant beauty, they say, has developed into a clump of thorns, because of your treatment. Each in turn warned me against a nettled cat-tail, and advised me to cut you at once."

"Will you never stop?" cried Coleus, reddening to the roots of his hair. "It is all sour-grapes and tall persimmons. I saw they were too astringent, and, without a frost, would never be good. The pruning helped them, and truly, Rosemary, I never loved until"—

"Do not say it," she put, with a dewdrop shining in her eye. "I would not believe you." She turned to leave him, but he stepped quickly before her and said,

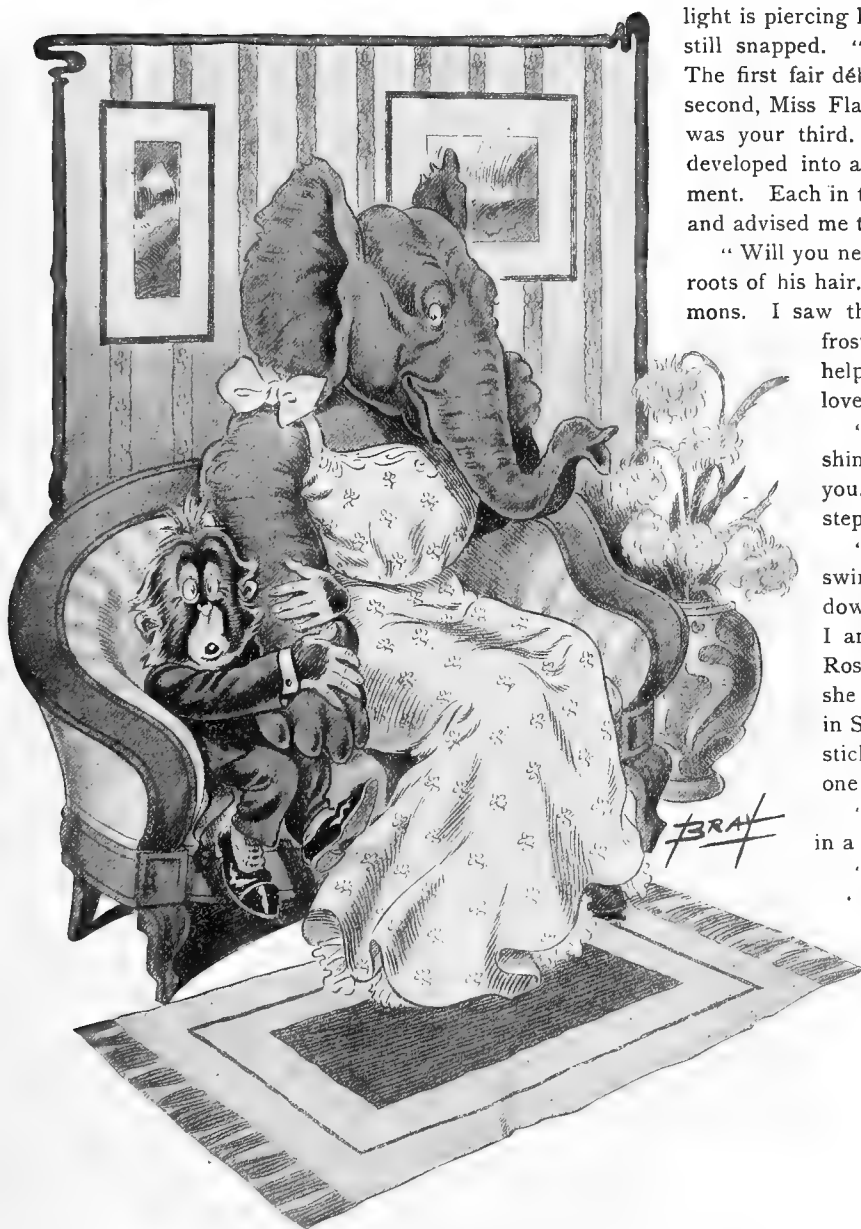
"Not so fast, my pretty blue-bell," and, swinging around so as to face a trellised window, he called, "Aunt Marygold, come here! I am catnipped!" Then, again, turning to Rosemary, he asked in pleading tones, "If she speaks for me, will you let me stay here in Shamrock with you? I assure you, I will stick-tight to my promise never to love anyone else."

"I would rue it if I did," she returned in a snap-dragon tone.

"Did you want me, Coleus?" asked a sweet-toned voice near them. "I thought I heard you call."

"I want you, Aunt Marygold," replied Coleus, "to help me make this little touch-me-not here understand that I am not the coxcomb she thinks I am. A parsely of juniper-evergreens have been giving her so much fermented catawba-sauce that she will not listen to reason. Because of their artichoke nonsense, she would make a toad-stool of me. Tell her, Aunt Marygold, I am not mushroom enough"—

"Coleus, dear," Aunt Marygold



HOLDING HANDS.

MISS ELEPHANT (*coyly*)—"Isn't it lovely, Mr. Monk, to sit here all by ourselves and hold each other's hands?"

beamed on him with glowing color, "leave Rosemary to me. Fennel Jimson is at my home to-day, and he wants to see Rosemary right away." Coleus started at the name of the stranger, and made as if to go with them. "No, no," cried Aunt Marygold with a sage smile. "Lettuce alone; if you do not you shall have no more cauliflower at my twelve-o'clock parties, nor any dandelion-wine at my four-o'clock teas." Turning to Rosemary, Aunt Marygold whispered as she drew her aside,

"I will tell you how to tansy him; make him earn his palm of victory. Fennel Jimson is in love with you; so is black-eyed Susan's brother Timothy for that matter; but he's such a prickly shrub, and Fennel is sincere in his love, if he is a little burry at times. He's in four-leafed clover if I only let him talk to me of you. Of course Fennel is not tall and handsome like Coleus, but then we all know that Coleus towers head and shoulders above all the rest of us. 'Tis no wonder that every lady-in-the-green loves him. A cyclamen of them have withered away on the stem—their beauty marred by a stigma crowfoot—because they couldn't get him. Miss Hydrangea Larkspur, for instance, has lost all her blooming oxalis-ways, and declares she will be a wall-flower all her life, because of the wiles of his sweet-jessamine smiles." She paused for breath, and then, placing her arms around Rosemary, added coaxingly, "Take my advice; leave Coleus to Hydrangea and go with Fennel Jimson to Paris-green, where he owns a terraced landscape"—

"And never see Coleus again? Oh, Aunt Marygold! I—I—couldn't."

"I heard," broke in an abrupt voice. They turned, and there stood Coleus beside them, the conch-shell look on his face had given way to a mistletoe-smile. Quickly he reached out both arms and drew Rosemary from Aunt Marygold's bosom to his own, crying as he did so, "Tulips for me—bright, red tulips!" and he pressed his lips to Rosemary's, despite the menacing lady-fingers held up in horror from Aunt Marygold, who gasped,

"Fennel Jimson is looking—Fennel is looking—oh!" And then she shivered comfortably.



IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

There was a cute maiden named Curry,
Who said, "Now, I never need worry
Because flowers grow slow,
For I've set out a row
Of the kind that come up in a hurry."

Ethel's Question.

ETHEL is three years old. Her father came home the other afternoon, after working three days and nights under high pressure, with no sleep to speak of, and lay down with the feeling that he might not wake up for a week. Within five minutes the greatest amount of noise would not have aroused him.

Three-quarters of an hour later, from the depths of his dreams he heard a clear, small voice,

"Father, father! Father, father!"

The sleeper stirred and sank deeper.

"Father, father, father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting giant weights. When sight came to him he saw Ethel smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father, father!"

"Wha-at is it, daughter?"

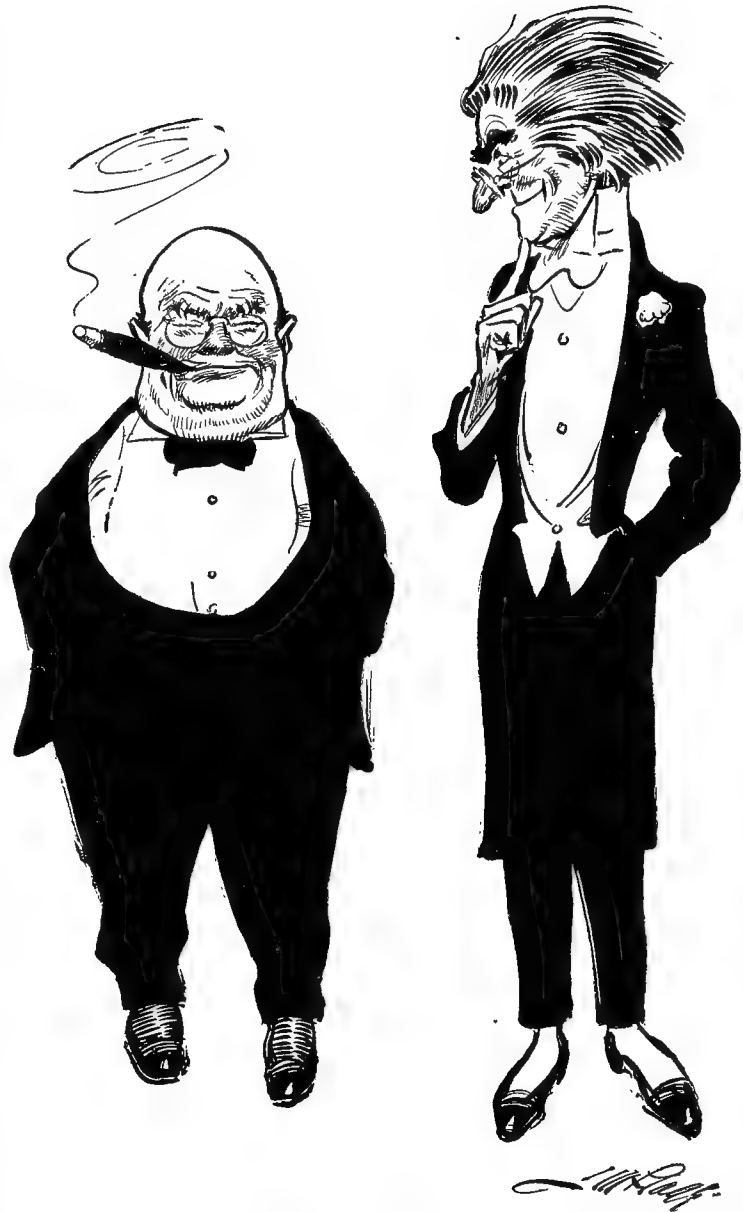
"Father, are you having a nice nap?"

"YOU will never know who your friends are until you have trouble." Their evident satisfaction over your misfortunes will readily distinguish them at such times.

The Troubles of Moses and Ephraim.

MR. MOSES ALEXANDER WASHINGTON, of Pinhook, tells the following story of the troubles he had out on the Schliff road north of town yesterday :

"Yo' see, sah, de trubble wuz laik dis : Ephum White an' mahse'f done gone out rabbit-huntin' cl'ar out in de woods, on ol' man Jackson's place. Ephum he done bin de bigges' fool huntah dis chile eber seen. Ephum he kain't shute nuffin', less'n it's dawgs. We ain't bin dere moh'n haif hour when Ephum ups an' shutes mah dawg—a good coon an' rabbit dawg—killed dat dawg deader'n Julius Cæsar. Losin' dat dawg come pooty nigh knockin' all de sense clean outen mah haid, an' nex' t'ing we all knows mah ol' fusee go off kerslam when dis chile wa'n't lookin', an' dere wuz one ob ol' man Jackson's bes' y'arlin' calves layin' stone daid. Yo' all bet yo'r last dollah dat Ephum niggah an' me took a sneak right outen dem woods 'bout 's sudd'n 's enny two cullud pussons eber snook 'way f'um enny place. Yah, yah, yah ! Yas, sah ; we uns hike right outen dem woods 'special industr'is. Ephum done wuz skairt de wuss Ah eber seen. Ah neber seen a niggah skairt laik wot Ephum wuz skairt. No, sah. Dis chile am pooty good runnah hisse'f, but Ah wuz 'bout sebenteen jumps behin' dat skairt niggah when he done struck de waggin. De ol' hoss, she wa'n't tied ter nuffin', an' Ephum he hop in dat waggin an' gin to yell to dat ol' nag, an' off she skoot, wusser skairt, Ah reckon, dan Ephum hisse'f. Den yo' all oughter bin dere an' seen dis niggah run. Ah sho'ly made great reco'd. Dat ol' hoss run an' Ah run, but she wuz too fas' fo' me, an' Ah couldn' git no closah'n 'bout 'leben feet, an' dere Ah stuck, runnin' de whole blessed time laik a steam-ngine. Jes' ez Ah wuz gwine quit an' g'in it up, Ephum git de idee de ol' hoss wuz gwine too slow an' riz up an' hit huh a slam wid de whip, an' dat doggone ol' 'beas' done stop daid still in de middle ob de road so s'prisin' quick dat dis niggah, 'fore he could put on de brakes, jam inter de hin' paht ob dat waggin' an' bus' de tail-bohd outen an' 'bout bus' de bressbone on hisse'f. Ah ain't got no time den ter stop an' lick dat fool niggah. Ah jes' crawl in de waggin, an' off go de ol' hoss once mo' laik de debble beatin' tan-bahk. Den Ephum an' me we heah a man yellin', an' when we look roun' Ah see ol' man Jackson comin' slamitybang on he big white hoss, an' Ah say ter Ephum, 'Ephum,' Ah says, 'maik dat ol' crowbait ob 'yourn shake he laig fas'r'n dat er me an' yo' all two gone coons.' Ephum, laik de fool niggah what he am, git he gun an' hol' it ovah in front by dat ol' hoss an' hollah to me, 'Git ready !' an' we bofe lean ovah de dash-bohd an' hang on so 't de ol' hoss kain't jerk we uns outen de waggin when she jump when de gun go off, an' den Ephum he fire. Yah, yah, yah ! Yas, sah ; Ephum he fire bang ! an' dat ol' hoss she stop daid still in de road, an'



AN ARGUMENT.

"You are splitting hairs, my dear professor."

"Not at all, doctor. I'm merely stating the bald facts."

mahse'f and dat fool niggah Ephum we uns tumble out in de road behin' de hoss, and Mistah Jackson he come 'long an' c'lec' fo' dollah fo' dat calf. Yah, yah, yah ! Yas, sah ; fo' dollah fo' dat calf. Las' time Ah eber go huntin' wif dat fool niggah, Ephum. Yo' all heah me shoutin' ? Yas, sah. Yah, yah, yah ! Las' time !"

ORA J. PARKER.

Beginning at Home.

NO doubt the great librariac got his idea of spelling-reform from the phonetic orthography of "Skibo." But how would he like to see the name of a certain canny laird spelled "&e Karna-ge" ?

Customer—"Are these mustard-plasters good ?"

Drug-clerk—"Oh, yes. They are one of the sick's best sellers."

A Parting Message

By Max Merryman

MRS. CLATTER was going away from home for two weeks, and Clatter was at the station with her seeing her off and incidentally trying to combat her theory that the train would no doubt be too late for her to make connections in Detroit, and her trunk would surely be left behind, and she would be certain to lose her pocket-book. She had "a feeling" that there would be an accident, and a dream she had had the night before had given her the conviction that something awful was going to happen while she was en route. She had doubts as to her ticket being just right, and cited instances of ticket-agents having made blunders, resulting in women being put off trains in the dead of night in the middle of corn-fields, and being compelled to walk two miles to the nearest house. She doubted if the number on her trunk check corresponded to the one on the check attached to her trunk, therefore she would be unable to claim her trunk at the end of the journey—"if the trunk got there at all, which was by no means certain." She questioned Clatter regarding the possibility of pickpockets being able to get the two twenty-dollar bills she had tucked far down in her stocking, and declared that she had read of such things being done. She was confident that it would turn out that the berth she had engaged in the sleeper had been sold to some one else through a blunder, and she

would have to sit up all night in the day-coach; while nothing could shake her conviction that the train would be so delayed that she would reach Chicago in the dead of night, although she was due there at eight in the morning, and what on earth she would or could do in that "awful city" in the dead of night, the Lord only knew. If she escaped with her life it was more than she expected, all of which was out of harmony with the views Mrs. Clatter had expressed in the paper on "The Duty of Optimism" she had read at the woman's club the week before.

"And now, Clatter," she said, as they walked up and down on the station platform because Mrs. Clatter admitted that she was too "wrought up" to sit in the waiting-room, "don't forget what I told you about having the doctor come right up if Willy's cold is any worse to-morrow morning. I didn't like the sound of his cough. It showed a deep-seated cold, and one that could easily run into pneumonia at this time of the year. You know how the Smith boy's pneumonia began with a cold and he got his feet wet, and the outcome of it all was a trained nurse in the house three weeks at twenty-one dollars a week, and two doctors in consultation to save the child's life, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith having to give up all their plans for celebrating their silver wedding, and all because a slight cold wasn't looked after in time. I tell you, one cannot trifle with even a cold, and I shall feel anxious every minute until I hear that Willy is better, and if he should get very bad I am to be telegraphed for at once. I have never thought that his lungs were as strong as the lungs of the other children, and—what's that? He can yell like a steam calliope? Before I would compare one of my children to a steam calliope! And being able to scream doesn't always prove the existence of strong lungs. I know that—and oh, don't forget that the table must be kept plain while I am away. That will be the surest way of keeping the children in good health, and I beg of you not to indulge them in candy. You know that Lucy has a very delicate stomach, and if you go to giving her candy she will be very apt to come down with tonsilitis or something of that sort. I was reading the other day of how much the illnesses of children were due to over-indulgences in candy. Mother will be there at the house to see to the table, and to see to it that you do not allow the children to have any candy while I am gone. Health should always be the first consideration in any home. I often feel that if my parents had been more strict with me I would not be the broken-down person I am to-day. I know that I seem well, but I simply bear in silence sufferings that no one knows anything about. It is my theory that talking does no good, especially if one has an unsympathetic husband, and—oh, I want you to be sure and curtail the order for milk a quart. I make so many deserts requiring milk that Bridget will not be making that you can get along with less milk. I fully intended speak-



CAUTIOUS.

HE—"Will you love me when I'm old?"

SHE (cautiously)—"Well, a-a-about how old?"

ing to the milkman myself but forgot it in the thousand and one things I had to look after before I came away. Don't forget this, for our milk bills are big enough without buying milk to throw away or get sour—although, as mother will be there, she would no doubt see to it, and if there should be any milk sour she would know how to work it up in some way, and I do hope that you will not forget to have some one come and examine the furnace, for I have smelled furnace gas plainly for the past two days. Mother said she smelled it as soon as I spoke about it, and a thing of that kind ought not to be allowed to run on, for nothing vitiates the air more than furnace gas, and I hope that you will go around every night and smell all the gas jets and see that they are all right after the children go to bed and see that they are not leaking, for you know how careless children are about turning them off properly, and you know how dangerous even a little escaping gas is, and anything that vitiates the air would be bad for Willy's cold. Be sure and not allow him to have his window up very far to-night, and put a screen before the window, and by no means allow him to get in a draught. A draught is the very worst kind of a thing for a bad cold and, as I say, that cold of his might run into pneumonia, for—another thing, if it turns off wet and sloppy, see to it that all the children wear rubbers to

school. You know wet feet always set Sammy to coughing, and—is that my train? Yes? Have I got everything? Where's my umbrella? You have it. My hand-bag? Oh, I have it! Where is the box with my best hat in it? You have it! I was so afraid that—my goodness sakes alive, I—I was afraid for a moment that I had dropped my purse with my ticket in it, but here, it is! Remember that Willy is not to—tell mother that—I don't believe that train is going to stop—yes, it is! How am I to know which parlor-car my seat is in? I wonder if—be sure and ring up the doctor if—don't forget about the rubbers, and—mother has the keys to everything, and— I am hurrying as fast as I can—you simply confuse me by talking to me, for—good-bye, good-bye. Remember that you are to write every day, and I—don't forget to order another firkin of butter, but mother, I guess mother—my umbrella! You have forgotten to give it to me! It's a mercy I thought of it! Good-bye! Be sure and remember that— Oh, the train is going. Tell mother—good-bye!"

The Best He Had.

Lady—"See here! ain't you ashamed to be hitting that poor horse with that whip?"

Driver—"I be, mum. He don't mind it a bit. Would yer kindly hand me dat fence-rail?"

A June Plea.

SWEET graduate, don't spend your days

By burning worlds; 'tis lonesome tuss.

Give up your blaze
And come to us.

Dear graduate, we're sparkin' you.

Love makes great fools of all of us.
So hearken to
The call of us.

Fair graduate, why tarry thus?

Some future day you'll look for us
To marry us
And cook for us.

FERRINE LAMBERT.

An Elastic Term.

"THERE is nothing more important than your opening sentence," said a well-known magazine contributor to the writer the other day. "Now, there's my friend, Ernest Ingersoll, who thoroughly appreciates that, and keeps it in mind when he is writing those charming natural-history stories of his. In beginning an article on the garter snake he told me that he found himself writing, 'The garter snake is an elastic term,' but of course he had to stop and go back again."

J. W. MILLER.



SUMMER MUSINGS.

Now doth the mistress of ye house set forth for summer outings gay,
Yet feareth that ye raughty spouse will eke be glad that she's away.

BOXED in rounds—pills.



— J. CONVALVER —

STILL IN THE SWIM.

SHE—"This is only my fourth this season."
HE—"Fourth? Well, I suppose that means 23 for me."

SHE—"I don't understand. I said this was only my fourth swim."
HE—"Oh, then I am still in the swim."

Willie Knew.

LIGGINS had put in about an hour the previous evening, explaining in words of one syllable to his geological theory of the formation of coal; they are the result of the decomposition of vast quantities of vegetable matter which existed in riotous profusion in the prehistoric ages. He even went so far as to say that the coal which they had company, and Mr. Bliggins turned to Willie and asked, "Willie, how did we get coal?"

"Got Mr. Coke to trust us for it," Willie replied.

Misinterpreted.

Naggsby—"I couldn't love a woman with money."
Waggsby—"Why not? Isn't it one of the very best and most acceptable things to love her with?"

In Several States.

"O. COME with Me, my love," he said.
Where I Kan. kiss a dainty Miss.
Ore. tell again of Cupid's spell.
Tenn. times I love you, and I Wis.
You'd 'Ark. to me N. C. my heart
A-beating inwardly for you.
I swear from you Ill. never part."

"Oh, La.," said she "I'll Nev. Va. go.
I'll call Pa. Better let me be.
Besides, you only want my Mon.;
So don't get Ga. No Conn., D. C.?"

PERRINE LAMBERT.

Like the Catcher.

Wifey—"This is what I get for marrying a baseball player."
Hubby—"I don't see that it would have been any different if I had been anything else."
Wifey—"But I should think that the very principles of your profession would induce you to make a home-run before dark."
Hubby—"I would, my dear; I would, if you wore a mask."

Fitting.

Mrs. Shopper—"I wish to buy a present for a servant-girl. Can you suggest something appropriate?"
Salesman—"Certainly. Give her a traveling-bag."

The Man Without a Number

By La Touche Hancock

HE FOUND himself sitting on a high hill. Why he was there or how he got there he didn't know. He had an idea that he must have been in some other world. He was conscious of a previous existence, for now and then visions would come up in his mind of things which he was certain had happened previously.

While he was cogitating, a young woman approached. She was youthful and comely. She greeted him with a smile and said,

"How do you do?"

Being of a bashful nature he could think of no better answer than,

"Pretty well, thank you! How are you?"

Then, from a sense of courtesy, he made a feint to rise. The lady stopped him.

"Don't disturb yourself, please. I came up here because the view is so beautiful. Nice day, isn't it?"

He agreed with her. It was.

The lady studied him carefully, perhaps minutely, for a little time, and then said,

"You don't seem to be one of us?"

As he wasn't quite sure of his identity or premises he acknowledged that what she surmised might very likely be correct.

"Who are you, then?"

He didn't know, but he didn't like to acknowledge it. Luckily, to save his embarrassment, the lady continued,

"You are a stranger? Well, we welcome strangers. That is to say, if they are likely to become good citizens. You would like to be a citizen, no doubt. By the way, how do you like the country?"

It occurred to him that he had been asked the same question before in some other place. On that occasion he had answered, without any experience of the whereabouts, that he thought it was charming. He now qualified that assertion by adding, "as far as he had seen it."

"Yes," said the lady; "and from here you have a magnificent view. The vista is lovely, isn't it?"

The conversation had begun to take such a social tendency that he grew courageous.

"May I ask where I am, exactly?"

"Why, dear me, yes!" replied the lady. "Don't you know? You are in the land of numbers!"

He was rather mystified.

"And what is that?"

She smiled at his ignorance.

"Well, instead of being classical, as the ancients were, we are mathematical, absolutely."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely! To begin with, we are all numbered at our birth."

"How?"

He felt somehow that the question might be indelicate. She did not notice his diffidence, but went on,

"We are branded, sometimes on the arm, sometimes on other limbs, but we all have our numbers. We tried tattooing as well at first, but gave it up, as people were so apt to make freaks of themselves. You may know that in some other worlds the parents have a way of giving outlandish names to their children. Those names stick to them through their lives. It was principally to obviate this that our system of numbering was decided upon. For instance, what is your name?"

A sudden thought struck him that he had a name. He actually remembered it.

"My name is Lyomelph Cospatrick," said he, rather shamefacedly.

"Are you proud of it?"

He couldn't say he was.

"I should think not—I mean, quite so! Now you see how sensible our plan is."

He was nonplused, yet he had pluck enough to ask,

"Do you have numbers on your clothes as well?"

"Certainly!"

"Just as if you were indulging in athletics?"

"Well, we needn't have our record as conspicuous as that. As long as our distinguishing figures are on some portion of our clothes, and displayed so that they can be seen, that is all that is necessary. You may have perceived that my number is on the hem of my garment."

He looked and saw the number 246.

"That enumeration suits my temperament exactly. I am progressive—no, not aggressive! Now, if you look below, in the street, you will, no doubt, distinguish other people with their distinctive numbers. Yes; see there!"

She pointed.

"It so happens that there is number one. A very important personage. He takes care of himself admirably."

"Was he the first of your race?" asked the man vaguely.

"Oh, dear, no! The numbers are sometimes hereditary, though there are limitations. Suppose, for instance, a man or a woman, who was entitled to the honor of being number one, did not act up to the character with which the number is associated, the case would be referred to our committee of three hundred."

He fancied he had heard of a three hundred and a four hundred before somewhere.

"A spelling or a social committee?"

"A committee of morals. They decide if that particular number should be taken away."

"And then?" he queried.

"Well, then some one worthier of the honor is given the vacant number. Besides, people sometimes die here."

"Yes! You seem very methodical."

"Everything is done with mathematical precision."

"Don't you ever run out of numbers?"

"It has occurred."

"What happened then?"

"The baby was very small, and the numbers had run



A CONGENIAL ATMOSPHERE.

FRIEND—"Phew! Your place smells of naphtha."

ARTIST—"Yes. You see, I use benzine instead of oil to mix with my paints."

FRIEND—"How those automobile dudes will feel at home when they come to sit for their portraits!"

at that time into trillions. Nature had pretty nearly exhausted itself. It was found impossible to brand the child with the numbers to which it was entitled. There wasn't room enough on its body!"

"What did you do?"

"On that occasion we remembered that there was such a number as 0, and so the unfortunate infant was obliged to live branded as a nonentity. That, however, has only happened once. Substitute numbers are generally available."

"Is there any superstition as far as odd and even numbers are concerned?"

"No; except with marriage. We always like to join even numbers together, and do the same with odd numbers. We find that, if this is done, the matches are, as a rule, well assorted."

The man thought for a moment. The scheme certainly seemed feasible. Seeing a woman passing in the street below he exclaimed,

"Seven? Isn't she more than seven?"

"Considerably. You forget. That is her number. She is probably, from all appearances, forty or more, but still she is seven. Now turn your eyes in that direction,

There are three children—triplets. They are numbered four - eleven - forty-four! Wonderfully lucky they are in their way!"

"May I ask you one question? Do the numbers always tally with the disposition of the people to whom they are attached?"

"Not always, but they are interchangeable at a price."

"Then there is a monetary side to this arrangement?"

"Isn't there generally a monetary side to every arrangement—especially a mathematical arrangement?"

As far as he could remember he was bound to confess there was.

"Now, wouldn't you like to belong to us?"

As he wasn't at all sure where he belonged, he said he would take the question into consideration.

"You might," said the lady with a quiet urgency, "you might belong to the hundreds. The hundreds don't associate with the thousands. The thousands never have anything to do with the millions unless under extraordinary circumstances. Of course there is a certain amount of jealousy now and then. Number fifty, very likely, is anxious to become number forty-nine."

"Yes; but how," objected he, "can I belong to the

hundreds, and, even if I were fortunate enough to be enrolled amongst them, how could I keep up my position? I have no means "

"That," said the lady, smiling, "is all arranged for mathematically—some people might say socialistically! You have only to show yourself a worthy member of the society of the hundreds and you will be provided with all the money necessary for your station in life."

The man thought for a moment.

"Would you mind answering me what might be considered a rude question?"

He had the lady's permission.

"Are you married?"

The lady laughed.

"It so happens that I am not. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it seems to me that, being such an utter stranger, if I *did* belong to your community I should—er—like to have a helpmeet, so to speak, and"—

"I understand. You would like to propose to me."

The lady sighed.

"This is so sudden."

Somehow he seemed to have heard this phrase before.

"Yes; but my coming was so sudden. I trust I haven't offended you in any way?"

"Oh, dear, no! But, of course, I should like to know you a little better. In any case, I would be a sister to you!"

Again there was something familiar about the phrase she used.

"At any rate," she continued, after a pause, "you would certainly be treated as one of the family. We would give you a family number. We happen to have one vacant at the moment."

"So, if I proposed, I would have a number?"

"You certainly would."

He was delighted.

"And what would my number be?" he urged eagerly.

The lady looked at him archly and said glibly,

"Twenty-three!"

Then she disappeared.

It was his first experience at hitting the pipe. He never smoked again.

A Song of Spring.

NOW lift your voices up and yell,
For gone is winter's sway.
This mundane ball on which we live
Begins to play.

The young folks' fancies blissful dwell
With solitaires in view,
And on the field we gladly hail
The diamond, too.

The tree beneath the genial sun
Puts forth a tender shoot,
And man himself, in modest way,
Begins to root.

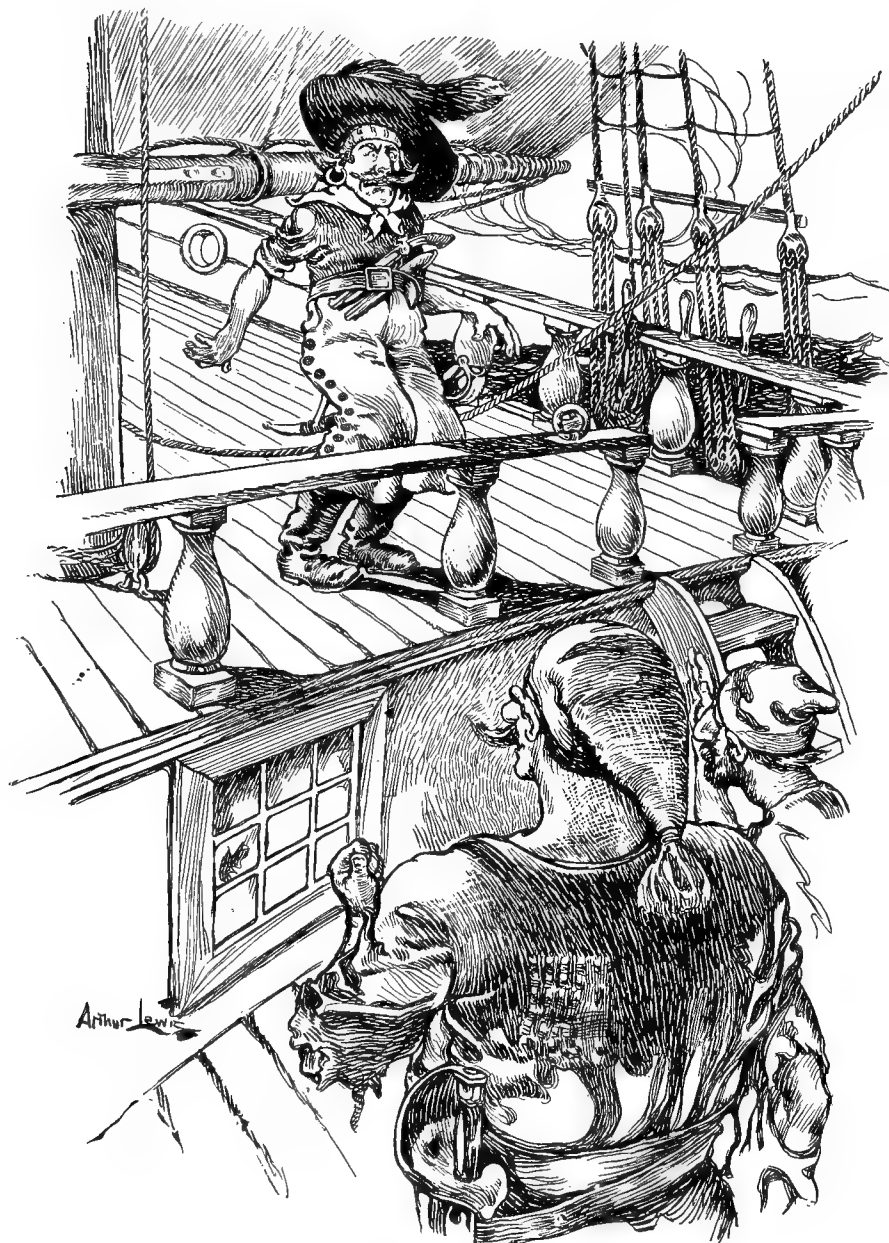
So brimming joy is in our life
And overflows our cup,
For in the baseball bat the sap
Is running up.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

What He Came For.

"**H**OW did you come to get mixed up in this altercation?" asked the prosecutor.

"Oi didn't come to git mixed up in it," answered Pat; "Oi come to collect a bill av four dollars an' twinty-siven cints."



IN BAD COMPANY.

MAROONED MIKE—"That prisoner we have aft sez he's a New York cab-driver, cap'n."

CAPTAIN KUTTHROTE—"Holy mackerel! to the sharks with him. And find out quick if the treasure we secured is safe."

Comments of a Cynical Codger.



VIRTUE is its only reward.

It's intuition when we guess right.

When the devil's to pay we get no credit.

The self-made man generally has a self-made-up wife.

All the world's geniuses are working for the clever men.

Often the kittenish young girl develops into the old cat. Suicides haven't any brains, so how can they blow them out?

A dressmaker can spoil the whole effect of a Sunday sermon.

Politeness costs nothing. Accordingly, it is a cheap and effective equipment for the bunco-steerer.

The clergyman makes two lovers one, but the butcher and grocer do not do mathematics that way.

Some men have business tact, but it is the financial genius who can coin money out of each and every bankruptcy.

Out of sight, out of mind. Very true. Blind Cupid is out of sight, and everybody knows that he is entirely out of mind.

Do not get angry if a man gives you a bad cigar. He may merely be returning the cigar you presented him with yesterday.

PETER PRY SHEVLIN.

At the Book-shop.

QUITE near a second-hand book-shop on the west side is a saloon. They bear no relation to each other beyond contiguity.

The other evening the proprietor of the book-shop stood in his doorway looking across toward the saloon. Business appeared to be good there. In the book-shop was never a customer. The book-man sighed.

"Look on that picture, then on this," he said to a friend standing with him. "Here one may commune with the greatest of the world in thought and action, while over there" — and he shook his head sadly.

"It's merely the difference between literature and liquorature," responded the friend.

Then they crossed over to cheer up a bit.

A LAZY man is a dead loss to himself.

A Scotch Heresy Trial.

Counsel (for the plaintiff)—"Are you acquainted with the minister of Ayrle church?"

Witness (after considerable hesitation)—"A' am."

Counsel—"You have often heard him preach, have you not?"

Witness (after still more lengthy hesitation)—"A' ev."

Counsel—"Have you ever heard the Reverend Mr. McPherson say anything out of the way in his sermons?"

Witness (after about three minutes' deliberation)—"Wull, summet."

Counsel (becoming warm)—"Now we are getting at the truth. Will you please tell the session just what you heard the minister say?"

Witness (still hesitating and gazing vacantly through a window)—"Wull, ane Sabbath nicht A' 'eert him declarrit as th' Lord lo'ed us a' sae muckle that he'd coom an' tak us a' aboon ta hae'n on his back."

Counsel (with a smile of satisfaction)—"Will you now tell us, Mr. Campbell, what you thought when you heard the minister make that very extraordinary statement?"

Witness (after fully five minutes' meditation)—"Wull, sin' ye press me A'll tell ye joost what A' thoct. There wus sittin' afroont o' me ane big fat wumman, an' as A' lookit at her A' thoct ta mesel', if th' Lord cooms ta tak yon body awa' on his back it'il be lang time afore he cooms back fer th' rest o' us."

The Greater Artist.

'NEATH the fiddler's spell I marveled at the thrill that could be put

Into rosin, wood and horse-hair and a bit of tightened gut;
Then remembered I that father, with a bit of wood alone,
Used to thrill spots in my being never reached by fiddle-tone.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

A Chicken Party.

First chicken—"Are you invited to the surprise-party to-night?"

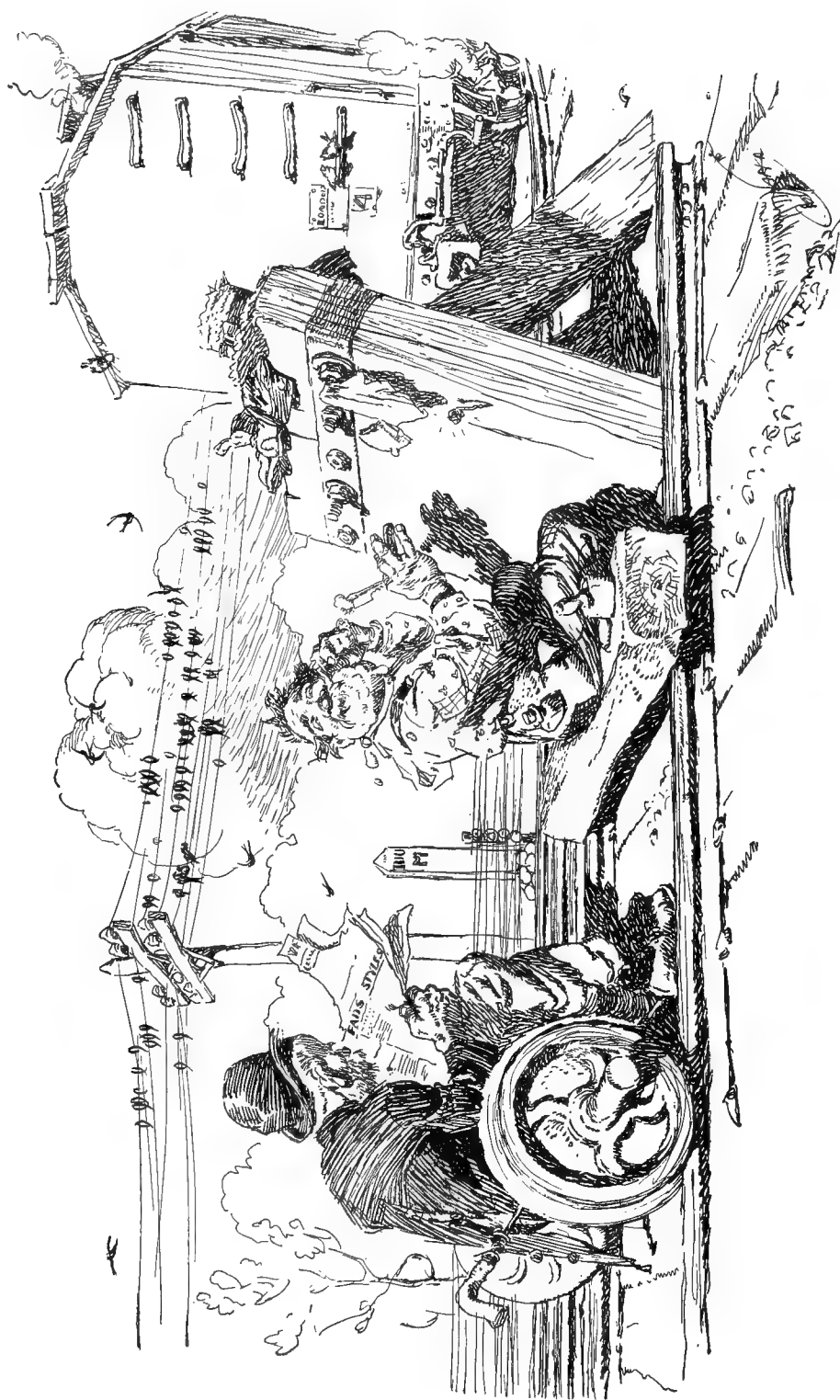
Second chicken—"Yes. My invitation read, 'Please furnish salad.'"

First chicken—"I was asked to make croquettes."



IN A QUANDARY.

MONK—"He is wagging his tail very friendly, but he is growling so I don't know which end to believe."



FADS AND FANCIES.

FIRST TRAMP—"Say, Bill, wot's a 'fad'?"
SECOND TRAMP—"Anyt'ing dat's lots uv trouble an' no earthly use."
FIRST TRAMP—"Say, Bill, we must be 'fads,'"

Lassoing a Locomotive

By W. J. Lampton

THEY were sitting in the shade of the water-tank at Toluca, a Montana town consisting of the water-tank, a liquor-tank, two houses and a railway station. All the rest is a wide sweep of sage-brush and sunshiny sky. At least, it is on those summer days which call for the shade of a water-tank.

A tenderfoot on the station platform near by, waiting for the next train to Cody, was passing the time trying to rope a bag of potatoes and got the noose over it about every sixth time. It was not very exciting, but it served

to attract the vagrant attention of the three cow men in the tank shade.

"I'll bet he couldn't do it one time in two dozen," said Joe Vreeland, of Frannie, in a lazy drawl, "if the bag was open and them potatoes could git their eyes on him."

There was no short end to the bet and no takers.

"Did you ever hear how Ed Breckons lassoed a locomotive between here and Cody just about the time trains first got running?" inquired Tom Northrup, who had fired an engine back east when he began his career of making a living.

"Did he?" said Daws Thompson in a tone implying doubt.

"He did, and I'll tell you how," responded Northrup, not resenting the implication enough to count. "Ed had tanked up some at a juice dispenser and was feeling spacious. There wasn't much he couldn't do in his mind, and his mouth was promoting the publicity of it. Bime-by a train pulled up, and Ed begun slinging his string at the men in the cab. They give him the laugh, and told him if he wanted to noose a good thing to try it on old Number 23 when she got to moving. Ed was game right off, and wanted to bet fifty that he could catch her on the jump. The engineer and the fireman put up twenty-five apiece and took Ed's proposition. It was agreed that the engine should have a mile headway before Ed got ready to throw his rope. He rode up the track to a level streak and waited. I guess he

had everybody in that neighborhood ranged around to see the show. Purty soon the bullgine come snorting along, and she looked to me like she was pounding the ties for about twenty miles an hour or more. Ed was waiting for her, with his pony's tail turned her way, and he was watching over his shoulder when to start. You see, he was going to run alongside for a bit, then sling, same as if she was a steer. Ed could do it with a steer to the queen's taste. In a minute she was there, and Ed was off. The way us spectators yelled mighty near stunted the growth of the sage-brush for the rest of the season. Ed was swinging his rope just like you see it done in picture-books and chasing along close under the flank of the bullgine, when all to once he let go, and, by heck! the noose dropped over some of the fixings on top of the b'iler and staid where it was put. The pony r'ared back on his ha'nches, being trained to do it that way whenever he seen the rope go, and the next thing we knowed, Ed and the pony was throwing summersets and figger-eights and pigeon-wings all over the landscape and stringing themselves along through the brush, raising more dust than would build a ten-acre ranch. Lord knows



NO EVIDENCE.

"An' wuz Moike hur-rt whin th' autymobile shtruck him?"

"Shure, they niver cud foind out. Moike had a shtick av doynamoite in his pocket."

what might have happened before the outfit got to the next stopping-place, but the engineer, realizing that it was up to him to take prompt action, reached out with a red hot fire-hook and burnt the rope off. Ed owes a debt of gratitude to that engineer, he sure does. But you ought to seen the bunch when we got to them and began to reorganize the wreck. Words fail me at this point.

"Ed got over it—at least he did so as to hobble around in bandages and splints—in about a month, but the pony was poorly for the balance of the year, and he'd smell a locomotive five mile and skin for the cottonwoods. Who won the money? Ed, of course; but it all went in repairs."

Tommy Gets Informed.

Tommy Figgjam—"Paw?"

Paw Figgjam—"Yes, Tommy."

Tommy Figgjam—"Is the conversation of a man with himself a monologue?"

Paw Figgjam—"Yes, my son."

Tommy Figgjam—"Is a conversation in which two persons take part a dialogue?"

Paw Figgjam—"Yes, Tommy."

Tommy Figgjam—"Then what I heard going on out on our back fence this morning about two o'clock must have been a catalogue."

Her Possessions.

"I HAVE two lovely little puppies," said Mrs. Tawkey.

"I have met your husband," replied the man.

"Who is the other one?"

What They Wouldn't Like To Be.

"I WOULDN'T want to be a chair,"

Said naughty Bob Magee,

"Because I simply couldn't bear
To have folks sit on me."

"I'd hate to be a clock!" then cried

Wee modest Mabel Sands;

"For then how ever could I hide
My face within my hands?"

"To be a window must be great,"

Said little Harry Haines;

"And yet I'm very sure I'd hate
To have so many panes."

"I just would hate to be a pie,"

Said hungry Annie Gupp.

"Some cannibal might wander by,
And he might eat me up."

"The very worst things we could be

Are rugs," said Tommy Gay;

"For rugs are taken up, you see,
And beaten every day."

So all good children should agree,

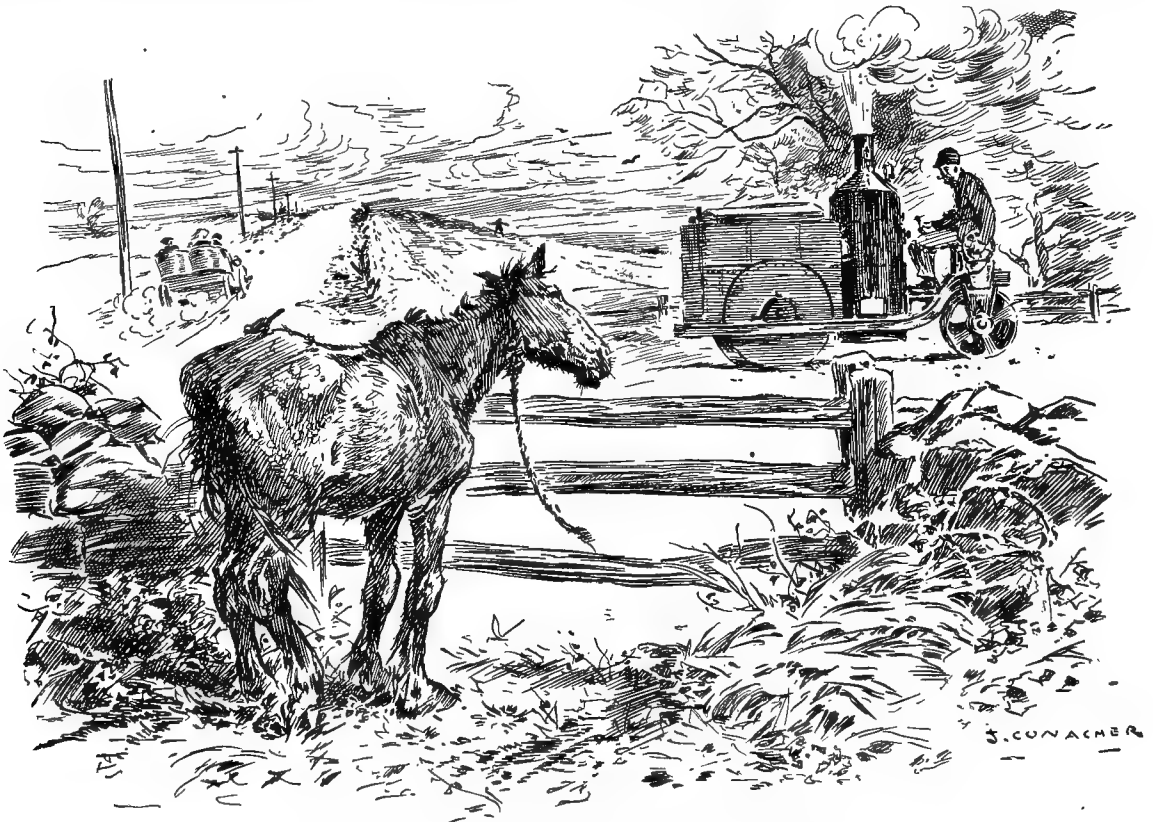
Though tired of their toys,

That after all it's best to be

Just little girls and boys.

SAM S. STINSON.

THE trouble with the plunger is that he doesn't always come up again.



THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW STYLE OF AUTO.

THE HORSE—"I suppose I'm behind the times, but the old-fashioned devil-wagon's good enough for me. If I wasn't such a blasé old skate that thing could scare me yet."

A Nervous Affection



I WAS so absorbed in the mountain panorama which spread before me at a turn of the road that I did not notice the mountaineer sitting on the fence by the roadside until my horse shied and nearly pitched me over into the little corn-patch. It was such a picture as frequently relieves the monotony of travel

through the mountain region of eastern Kentucky. The mountaineer was not so visibly disturbed as I was, nor my horse.

"Good-morning," I said, recovering my balance.

"Yer critter 's some skittish," was his salute.

"He was looking at the scenery," I laughed, nodding toward the other side of the road.

"That ain't me, I reckon," replied the mountaineer with the faint flash of humor which comes to his kind at times.

He was a typical specimen in cottonade trousers, hickory shirt, heavy brogans, and a wool hat which had lost its pristine stiffness and wilted hopelessly about his head. He was lank and long and sallow—not fair to look upon, but his eyes were clear and the corners of his mouth turned upward. There is always something good in a man like that.

I asked him how far it was to the mouth of Greasy, and as he was telling me I saw a long, smooth-bore gun of ancient pattern lying in the weeds in the fence-corner.

"Hunting hardly seems to be worth while around here?" I ventured.

"Oh, I dunno ez to that," he replied, as if in mild defense of his native heath.

"I merely thought so from seeing your gun down there in the weeds," I argued.

"Tain't my gun," he explained.

"No?" I said briefly; for the subject of guns is one to be handled carefully in those parts, unless one knows definitely what he is talking about.

"No; it's Bill Grimes's."

He smiled in a way that invited interrogation and I took a risk.

"Where's Bill?" I asked familiarly, though I had never heard of Mr. Grimes before.

"Did you meet a woman a piece up the road?" he inquired.

"Yes; just beyond the turn back yonder."

"Well, that wuz Bill's wife."

"He wasn't with her when I saw her."

"No; ner he won't be ef he kin keep outen her way."

This was so evidently a statement which required elucidation

that he did not wait for me to question him further, but went on with his story. "You see, Bill come erlong here about half an hour ago, with his gun, lookin' fer John Sizemore. They's havin' some trouble over a line-fence. Bill says ter me ez how John wouldn't listen ter reason, an' he wuz goin' ter try buckshot onter him. I tole him John wuz purty handy with a gun hisself, an' he'd better look out. That kinder riled him, an' he flared up like a bresh-fire. He stomped the weeds down all around an' swore that he would have John Sizemore's heart's blood an' rip his innerds out an' skelp him alive, an' so on, tell I most got uneasy. He said ez how his wife wuz a Sizemore herself, an' he wuz done bein' helt up to chop firewood an' run errants. Jist then I seen his wife comin' up the hill, an' I says ter him that we could kinder talk it over in meetin'. With that Bill took one look over his shoulder, an', by hokey! he drapped that gun ez ef it wuz a red-hot shovel, an' over the fence he goes fer the thicket. When she come up she axes me ef I'd seen Bill anywheres around, an' I says 'No, ma'am,' an' she goes on up the hill. Ez soon ez I think it's safe I'll whistle fer Bill ter come back."

"It strikes me," I put in, "that Bill is something of a coward."

"He don't talk like it. I reckon Bill's jist kinder narvious when thar's women around."

"True enough," I responded. "Some men are that way."

Then we both smiled, sympathetically, so to speak, and I hadn't ridden more than a hundred yards until I heard a long, low, cautious whistle.

W. J. LAMPTON.

Where It Would Count.

THE little fellow was over at one of the neighbors' and fell and bumped his head. After a couple of wails he became silent and started to the door with his lips tightly closed and his face contorted peculiarly.

"Goodness, Freddie! what is wrong with you?" asked the neighbor.

The little fellow did not reply, but kept going on. The neighbor ran to him and caught his arm and asked again excitedly,

"Child, child! what in the world is the matter? Are you terribly hurt? Why do you look so strangely? Come, lie down on the lounge and let me bathe your head and send for a doctor."

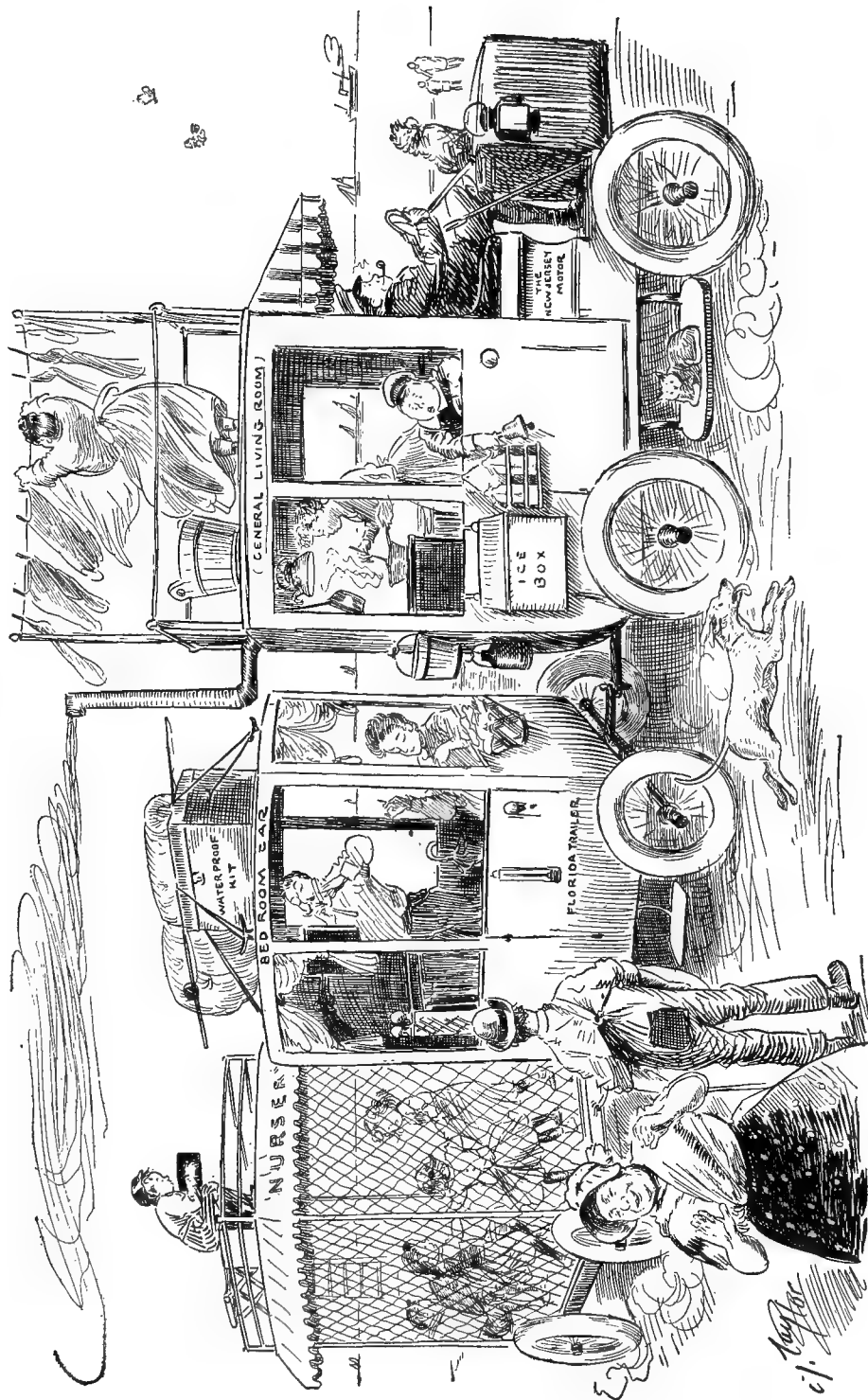
"Aw, gee!" exclaimed Freddie in disgust. "You spoiled it all. I was tryin' to save up my best bawlin' till I got home, an' then mamma would give me some candy to console me."

Reassuring.

Junior partner—"Our creditors are beginning to suspect that we are hard up."

Senior partner—"We must reassure them. Don't you know some actress who would be willing to elope with you?"

WHAT is one man's stumbling-block is another man's stepping-stone.



THE NEW TOURING APARTMENT AND FLATLERS' OUTING AUTO, DESIGNED FOR TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT RESIDENCE.

Little Eric's Trouble.

THERE was something strange about Eric's actions that evening. He had been out most of the day and looked tired. He ate very little supper, and was ready to go to bed early. All these things were noticed by his mother, who wondered what could be wrong.

"Are you sick, darling?" she asked after a long silence.

"No."

"What?"

"No, ma'am ; I ain't sick."

"Are you feeling just a little bad, my boy?"

A long silence.

"Did anything go wrong with you to-day, pet?"

Perhaps it was the tender tone of her voice, or maybe the divining mother had hit upon the magic sesame that opens the secret doors to a heart full of woe. Whatever it was, a great big tear rose in his eye, that overflowed and ran down his cheek. Quickly brushing it away, as if ashamed, he knit his brows and glared. Presently, with an expression of a different sort upon his face, he said,

"I gave him a swipe in the nose I bet he will remember."

"Who?"

"Tommy Hardnut."

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, you see, mamma, we wuz comin' down the road together on a run, an' Tommy Hardnut tripped me up. I didn't fall very hard, though—only skinned my knee a little—an' then I made fer him. 'Fore I caught up he wuz 'way down the road, an' as I kem on him he turned roun' an' I gev him a roaster in the nose jes' like that—biff!" And Eric caught the blow in his left hand.

"What did he do then?" queried his mother.

But silence fell on the little fellow, and the tears were beginning to flow once more, when all of a sudden, with the courage of a true warrior, he straightened up and answered,

"He licked me!"

A Mad Streak.

THE doctors say we're all a little mad, So, we in turn, tell them they must be crazy; But yet 'tis plain, when either sad or glad, Some stretch a passion till their minds are mazy.

Take love, for instance. There it often shows,
And to extremes may easily be carried ;
Mad from one cause, soon, before either knows,
Their crazes coincide—and they get married.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Modern Education.

HARRY, seven years old, came home from school the other day and rushed into his mother's room with the news,

"Mother, what do you think? We're going to have physical torture twice a week now!"

Without a Hitch.

"YOU say the wedding went off without a hitch?"

"Yes; the fellow who was to be 'hitched' didn't show up."



TOO BAD.

"How are your memory-lessons turning out?"

"Awful! To-day is my birthday, and I remember how old I am with such horrible distinctness I am afraid I'll tell the truth."

Compensations of Deafness.

A MAN who had traveled and observed much decided to become deaf.

"It is a misfortune," he said; "but there are compensations—if one is not too deaf. I spent two days recently in a country hotel with a man who was just comfortably hard of hearing, and he certainly had every reason to consider himself a wonderfully wise man. He was invincible in argument. Just think what a pleasurable feeling of infallibility must come to a man who is invincible in argument! No matter how absurd the position he took, he was able to maintain it against all comers. I know, because he lured me into various arguments and invariably overcame me. He would make a statement and I would flatly contradict it, but that made no difference to him. He would accept my contradiction as an indorsement of his position and continue his dissertation. When I got a chance I would advance a few arguments on the other side.

"I am glad," he would say calmly, 'that you accept my views.'

"But I don't accept your views," I would protest.

"What!" he would cry. 'What did you say?'

"I would go over my argument again, and he would make me repeat several parts of it three or four times. Then he would undertake to answer what I had said, incidentally misquoting me. I would correct him, but it was a difficult and tiresome thing to do, and finally I would let him ramble along.

"I tried to avoid him after that, but it was no use; he was convinced that he had great persuasive powers, probably as a result of practicing on others like me, and he wanted to be sure that I was converted to his views on everything. It set me to thinking of others I knew who were 'a little hard of hearing'—not really deaf, you know—and I could see that there was some sort of a compensation for each of them. One fellow, who could hear nearly everything else, never could hear a request for an increase of salary, and he wore out every man who asked for one. That was the way with this deaf controversialist; he wore me out. He had me tacitly pledged to every sort of an absurdity, and he was so proud of his success that he was trutting about like a turkey-cock. When I was leaving



GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

JOHNNY HIPPO—"Give me a half-fare ticket to Jungleburg."

TICKET-AGENT—"Heavens! it wouldn't take many of these to ruin the road."

I heard him say to the landlord, 'Yes, he's a pretty good fellow; but no match for me in an argument. I downed him every time and made him own up to it.'

"So I've decided to become deaf, or at least 'a little hard of hearing.'"

ELLIOTT FLOWER.

The Decline of Poetry.

I HAVE read a lot of essays in which the writers told That poetry is not the wondrous thing it was of old; That poets writing nowadays don't care about the verse So much as what the poem brings—the lining of the purse (Poetic lining, so to speak, at just so much a line). No wonder they say poetry has gone on the decline. Yes, poetry 's declining; and I think it not amiss To say perhaps the fall began

With
Verse
Like
This.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

WE HEAR much of Plain Duty. It may be because she is plain that so few people have anything to do with her.

A Dinner of Pets.

HE HAD married an actress, though she wasn't exactly an actress at that. She was only a chorus-girl who, with extraordinary feminine obstinacy, thought she could act on the stage as well as she could in private life.

His aunt, who was rich, didn't disinherit him, although she looked on the stage as extremely vulgar. Of course they were poor, but they managed to exist in a Harlem flat.

One evening he received a telegram from his aunt, which said that she was coming to New York to see his bride. She would stay the night at a neighboring hotel, but would like to have dinner with them. The telegram was sent at noon, but, owing to some mischance, it was not delivered at Edwin's flat until 6.15 p. m. His aunt, he found by looking at the time-table, would arrive at 7.15 p. m. What was to be done? The ice-box was searched. There was nothing there but a réchauffée of mutton and some cold potatoes. Edwin found he had fifty cents. His wife's purse yielded two buttons, a key and a receipted bill for a yard of ribbon. It was too late to pawn anything. With a groan Edwin sank into a chair.

Suddenly he saw a smile on his wife's face.

"Leave it to me," said she. "I'll fix it all right."

Edwin was only too glad to do so, being a believer in the ingenuity of the other sex.

At seven-forty-five his aunt made her appearance. Edwin gasped when he saw the table spread. The first course, his wife announced, would be red mullet, and sure enough there they were on dainty buttered papers. Then there were larks on toast, and after that a rabbit. His aunt declared she had never enjoyed a dinner so much, and in due course left for her hotel.

In a month Edwin received another telegram saying that his aunt had died suddenly from apoplexy. In due course of time her will was read, and Edwin and his wife are now in affluence, and they both have cause to remember the occasion on which they had to sacrifice their lovely gold fish, their tuneful canaries, and their pet rabbit to provide a dinner for their aunt, and so indirectly provide for themselves a competence for life.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

A Choice.

"YOU have charge of the Sunday-school, mister,
And for us a teacher you'll hunt;
But if it's not too great a trouble
We prefer one like Mary Jane Lunt.

"We've listened to some of her teaching,
She never makes much of a din—
Just gives a text or 'lustration,
And don't keep rubbing it in.

"Your mission-school is all right, sir,
With some rather bad habits we've broke;
But we need Mary Jane's kind of doctrin',
The truth left to soak in, sir—soak."

CHARLES N. SINNETT.

Extenuating.

Nippan—"He married a divorced woman, didn't he?"

Tuck—"Yes; but she had only been divorced a few days."



THE FOUNDER.

THE FRIEND—"She's very good-looking. Does she come of a good family?"

THE ARTIST—"She's the first of her race, hatched in an incubator, from an artificial egg."

SOME people patch up their old quarrels until they are almost as good as new.

An Old Salt's Observations

AIN'T he calm, though !" they said about a man. "Was he hurt in th' accident?" I asked. "No," says they ; "but some of his friends was." An' I had to go away to laugh.

I'd rather be jest me, Obed Burgee, master of the Lyddy, than Mary Queen of Scots. If I don't run my ship to suit the people they jest snigger, say I'm a fool an' run along. But when she didn't run her kingdom so's to suit 'em they didn't snigger not a bit. They chopped. An' it was her neck they chopped. She died of it.

There was a mighty affectionate married couple on my ship one v'yage. "I tell you," the husband says to me, "that I owe my professional success to her." "What's your business?" I asked then. "Why, I'm a doctor," he replied. "How was it that she helped you?" I asked then. "She started up free cookin'-schools," he answered. An' I'm still a-wonderin' what he meant.

I lived next door to a philosopher last winter. "Ain't you goin' to clean th' snow off your sidewalks?" I asked of him. "Thought I'd wait a while," he answered. "How long you goin' to wait?" I asked him. "Thought I'd wait about two months," said he. "But that'll be spring, an' there won't be no snow to *clean* off," I says angrily. "That's what I was thinkin'," says that philosopher.

There's some folks can find things to criticise anywhere an' everywhere. "What," says th' old sailor when we was discussin' of th' Panama canal, "would happen if th' tides in th' two oceans should happen to come different? Say Atlantic was low an' Pacific high. Why, th' old Pacific'd jest rush through into th' Atlantic. Then s'pose some fool critter shut th' locks. Why, then New Jersey an' Great Britain, they'd be drowned out along with everything in east America and west Europe, Asia and Africa. While east Asia—th' Chinese would have ten million extry miles of territory for th' other nations of th' world to quarrel over." That same man would tell a feller that was a-goin' to be hanged in ten minutes not to spend his money for a chew, on th' ground that it's th' thrifty, savin' folks without bad habits that gits along best.

A woman who was born as misshapen as she makes herself with corsets an' such truck would commit suicide from pure shame about her figger.

I passed Jim Brown two weeks ago, when he was walkin' in th' road behind a mule-team, an' forgot to nod to him. This mornin' I passed him ag'in, when he was ridin' in a carriage, an' I took off my hat an' waved it real cordial like. I wonder why?

Ain't it funny about women that flirt? One of 'em'll stay awake all night thinkin' about th' man that wouldn't wink back at her, while th' chap that fell plumb in love at first sight won't git so much as an extry snort as she cuddles down an' goes to sleep.

Here's a precept that a passenger flung at me

after his wife had threatened to git a divorce because he had seen somethin' on th' horizon that he said was a cloud an' she'd declared it was an iceberg. It had turned out to be a cloud. "Never marry a woman who's in love with you," he says to me, "'cause she'll expect too much," he says. "Never marry one who ain't," he added, "for like enough she'll fall in love with some other man later." Then he went into th' smokin'-room an' told th' steward to bring him a Scotch high-ball.

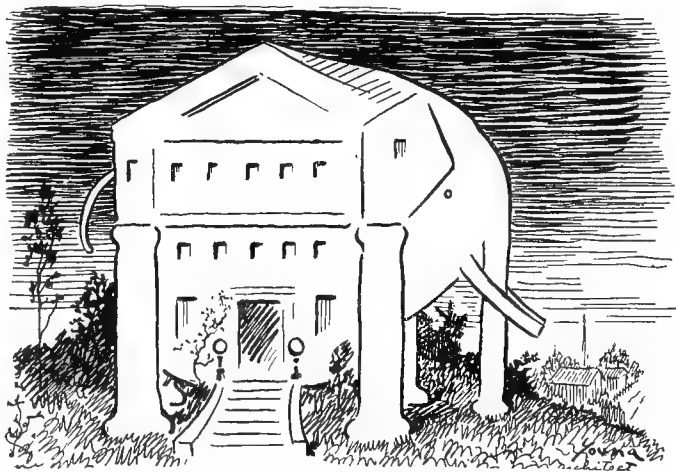
I went ashore in a foreign port, an' th' people was givin' a humty-riddle-doo in honor of th' king. "Why?" I asks. "'Cause he's licked ev'ry other nation within reach of him," says a native, "put down forty-six revolutions an' a dog-fight, fooled all th' other countries of th' earth in diplomassy, caught all th' criminals, cured all th' sick, cheered th' unhappy, wrote a historical novel that's had a bigger sale than 'Eben Holden,' solved th' servant problem, squared th' circle, found th' philosopher's stone, straightened out th' currency muddle, done away with tariff arguments, reconciled Tom Platt an' Richard Croker, drove an eight-hoss team with th' reins in his teeth an' a flag in each hand, broke th' record for th' runnin' long-jump, an' learned th' Bible so's he can recite it backward with his eyes shut an' a pebble in his shoe." "Mercy on us!" says I. "He's a great king. Ain't his people happy, though? But what makes *him* look so kind of worried?" "Oh," says th' man that was a-talkin' to me, "that's because he wants th' queen to go to th' seashore this summer, an' she says she's goin' to th' mountains." "Can't he make her go where he wants her to?" I asked. "*Make* her?" says th' man. "Why, she's his *wife*!" "Oh!" says I.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

The Upset Price.

Automobilist—"Well, how much do you consider yourself damaged?"

Farmer Brown—"Wa-al, two hundred dollars is my upset price."



RESPECTFULLY SUGGESTED.

Why not build some of the Carnegie libraries to represent a white elephant?

Concerning an Animal

By W. J. Lampton

THE PIG belonged to Jones. Nobody but a criminal lawyer of the most criminal type, for a fee twice the value of the pork, would have contended otherwise. Brown had that lawyer.

The hog belonged to Brown. Nobody but a criminal lawyer of the most criminal type, for a fee twice the value of the pork, would have contended otherwise. Jones had that lawyer.

Jones claimed it and Brown claimed it. Jones's lawyer said Brown was a thief, and Brown's lawyer said Jones was a liar. The plaintiff and defendant had said the same things of each other to each other several weeks before, when they met in a blackberry patch and there fought it to a draw. They were stuck so full of briars

that they couldn't get their clothes off till next day. Their opinion of each other remained unchanged.

A suit to determine ownership was brought before a magistrate who administered the law more in the spirit than in the form thereof.

"We propose to prove, your honor, that the property is ours," said Jones's lawyer.

"We propose to prove, your honor, that the property is ours," said Brown's lawyer.

"It's my pig," corroborated Jones.

"It's my hog," corroborated Brown.

"Pig? Hog?" questioned the court, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Will the learned counsel explain?"

"It's our pig, your honor," said Jones's lawyer.

"It's our hog, your honor," said Brown's lawyer.

The court reached up on the shelf behind the bench for a copy of the revised statutes.

"Excuse me, your honor," said the constable, "it's this way, seein' I am knowin' to the facts in the case. It was a pig when it got out of the plaintiff's pen and went to the trough of the defendant. That was nigh to a year ago, and, unbeknownst to the plaintiff, it has growed to be a hog, livin' on Brown's feed. Which is the truth, the whole truth and nothin' but the truth."

His honor's face brightened and he bowed his acknowledgments. "Mr. Constable," he said, with a wave of his hand, "you go git that property and bring it in to court."

The constable departed and returned shortly with the animal grunting a vigorous disapproval of such proceedings. It was fat and full-grown. His honor surveyed it critically. Then he sat up on the bench, and, laying open the revised statutes before him, he looked over his glasses at those inside and outside the bar, who watched him with deep and silent interest.

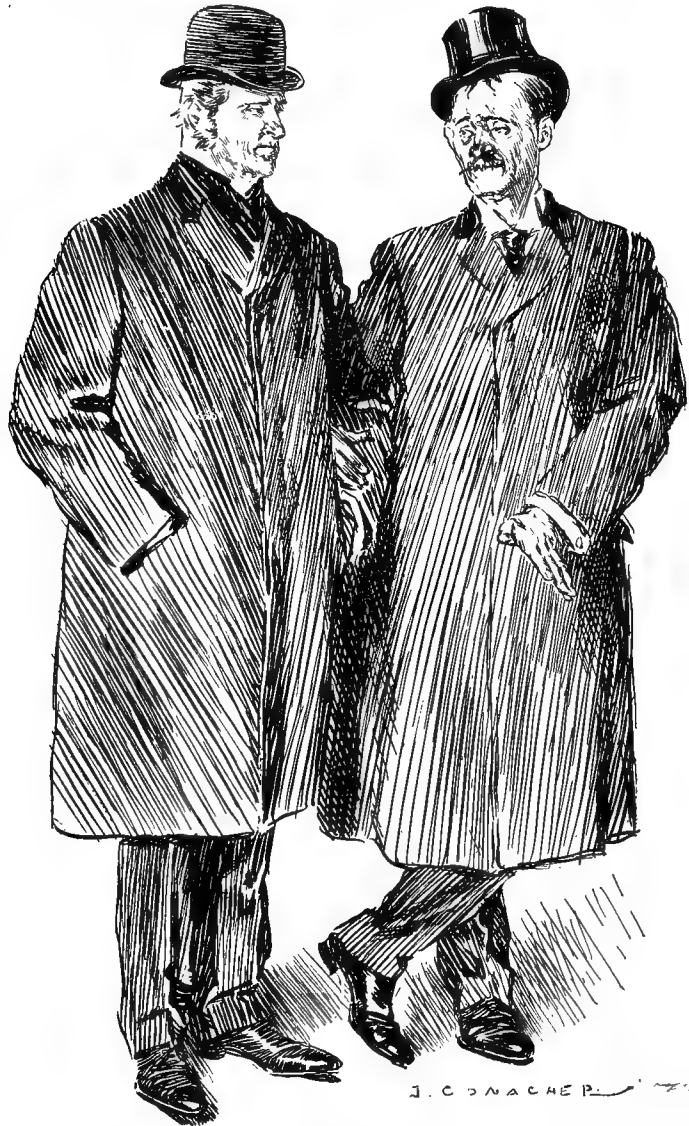
"It's a hog," he said firmly.

Jones's lawyer and Brown's lawyer were on their feet instantly. So were Jones and Brown.

"Set down! Set down!" commanded his honor. "The constable will maintain order in the court." This being maintained, he proceeded, "It's a hog in fact, but a pig in law, Brown's hog and Jones's pig being different names for one and the same thing. Therefore it is the order of this court that the constable take the property over to Murphy's butcher-shop and slaughter him, and give one-half to plaintiff and one-half to defendant, reserving a mess of sausage and spare-ribs for the court. If the learned counsel don't like this decision they can take the case to a higher court, but the pork will all be gone long before they git half-way there. Furthermore, the court holds the plaintiff and defendant in their personal bonds to keep the peace till next spring. Constable, call the next case."

Which was considered in those parts to be a wise decision and a just.

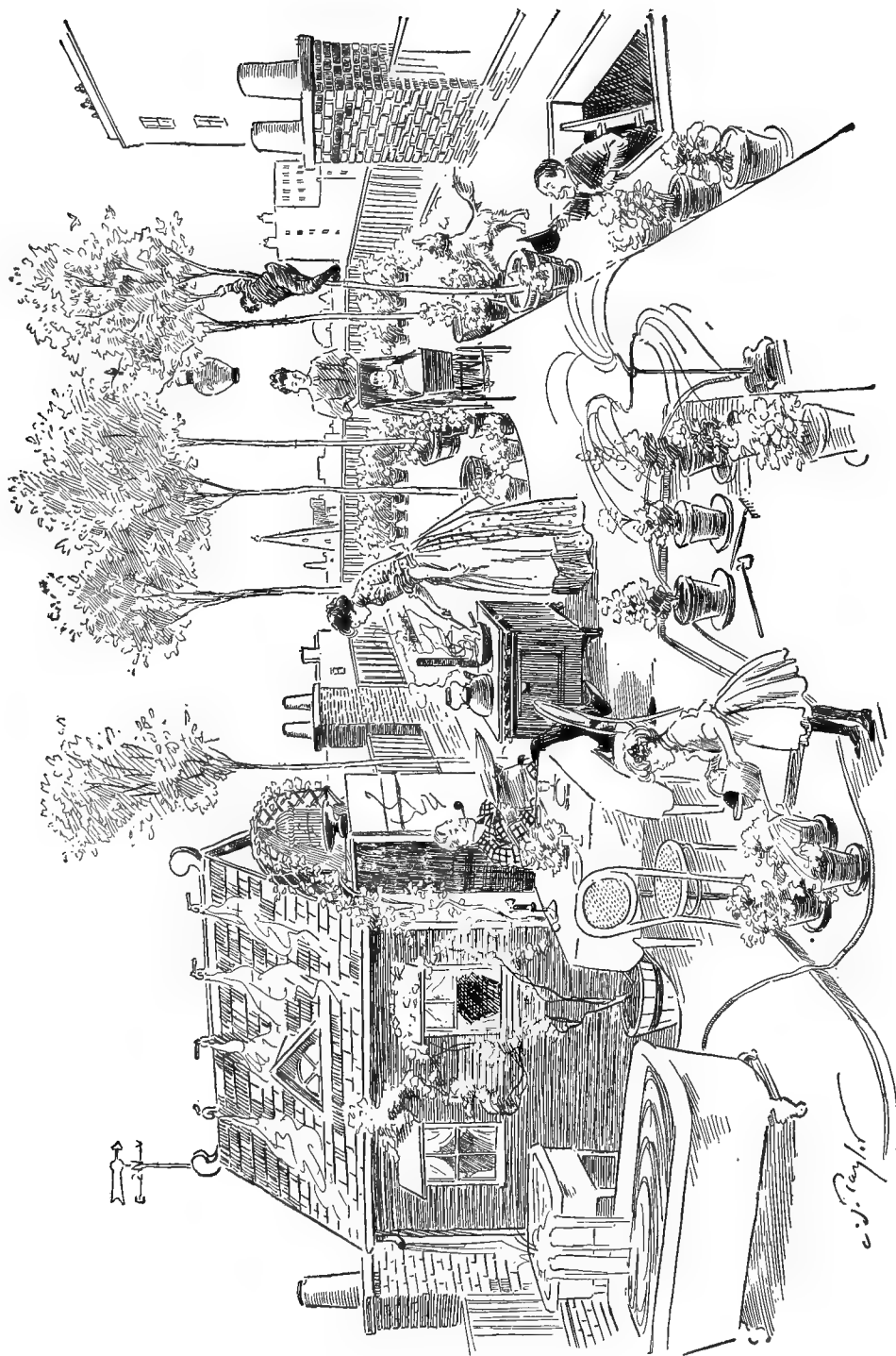
NOTHING comes so near to "censure" as "good advice."



HIS CAPACITY.

BROWN—"I should think you'd show a little more strength of mind, Jaggs. Now, I can take two drinks and stop."

JAGGS—"Thash nuthin', Brownsy. I (hic) kin take twenty 'n' shtop."



RUS IN URBE.

Bob Greenfield, who loves out-of-door life madly, but can't get away from town, fits up a camp on his roof and does very nicely.

Let Genius Be True to Itself

By Ed Mott

GENIUS too often goes hungry. In fact, it seems to be the chief mission of genius to go hungry. All wrong. There is no need of it. Genius can just as well be well fed as to go about with an aching void, if it is only true to itself and keeps its top eye open. I know."

It was the man on the mackerel-kit talking.

"I have genius myself, and one time it prompted me to invent a labor-saving mop-handle. Armed with this, I started forth to place it in the hands of long-suffering womankind throughout the country, receive its heartfelt blessing for the boon, and incidentally take in two bits per mop-handle. I found, however, that labor-saving mop-handles didn't seem to be just what long-suffering womankind was pining for, and in the course of time genius, in my case, got so hungry that I sold my patent right in the labor-saving mop-handle, together with the dozen mop-handles I had in stock, for four bits and six hard-boiled eggs.

"I was still at large in a strange country when this capital and the accompanying commissary were exhausted, and I felt my genius once more up against a yearning for pie or something. Coming, by and by, to a

town of some size and pretension, I tarried a while on the outskirts and pondered.

"'This place,' said I, 'is undoubtedly chock full of suffering womankind, but it would have no use for my patent labor-saving mop-handles, even if I had any samples to offer. But this same long-suffering womankind,' I argued, 'has undoubtedly large stocks of human nature. I have genius—genius somewhat unallied at present with material nourishment, but still genius. I will pit genius against human nature. Then we shall see!' I said.

"Passing on, I paused at a house the appearance of which satisfied me that the mistress who ruled it had about the right sort of human nature my genius sought, and in sufficient bulk, so I stepped up and rang the bell. The instant the door was opened I knew I had made no mistake. It was the lady of the house herself who had appeared.

"'Nothin' for you! Not a thing!' she snapped.

"'Pardon me, madam,' said I. 'I stopped to ask you if you had any carpets you would like to have beaten.'

"'No; I hain't got no carpets I'd like to have beaten!' she snapped again.

"Before she could close the door I muttered, as to myself, and with a disdainful smile, as I turned away,



TOO SUDDEN.

NEWSBOY—"Wuxtra! wuxtra! All about a man wot eloped wit' two rich goils!"

PERCY POINDEXTER (to his girl and her friend)—"That must be a case of *two sudden wealth* turning the man's head."

" 'Then it is true what the neighbor woman told me! I never would have believed it!'

"Wide open came the door with a jerk, and the lady of the house halted me.

" 'What neighbor woman?' she demanded, and I could see she was all worked up.

"My genius began to feel good.

" 'Well,' I said to her, 'I am not a bearer of tales, and'—

" 'What neighbor woman?' this good housewife surcharged with human nature persisted in demanding, and I succumbed.

" 'Why, the one across the street, yonder,' I said.

" 'In the yaller house?' she asked.

" 'Yes, ma'am,' I replied.

" 'That stingy, gossipin' creatur', hay? What did she dare to say about me?'

" 'Well, madam, I—really—I'—

" 'What did she dare to say about me?'

" 'Well,' I said, and I could feel my genius gloating, 'she told me there wouldn't be any use of my coming over here to ask you for carpets to beat, because you only had a couple of measly chunks of rag carpet, and you wouldn't dare to have them beaten, even if you could afford to pay for it, for they'd fall to pieces at the first whack. I didn't hardly believe her,' I said, 'but, of course—well—good-day, madam.'

"I took a step. The mistress of the house grabbed me by the arm.

" 'You hold on, there!' she exclaimed. 'I hain't got nuthin' but a couple o' measly old rag carpets that'd fall to pieces at the first whack, hay? I'll show her, the back-bitin' old tattler! You come right in here! You snatch that four-ply, baby-blue Brussels carpet out o' the parlor, yonder, an' hang it right out where she can see it, an' you beat it till everything rattles! Then you take up that pink-an'-yaller ingrain out o' the settin'-room, an' you shake it right in her face, if you want to, for it'll be worse to her than shakin' a red rag at a bull! Then you yank that red-an'-green-an'-saffron ax-the-minister out the spare bedroom, an' you beat it till the dust pushes over there in a cloud that'll choke that pizen old scandal-monger till she sneezes them store-teeth out of her head—an' she hain't paid for 'em yit, neither! Then you come in an' git two dollars an' a b'iled dinner, an' go back an' shake the two dollars at her, an' let her see that I hain't only got more carpets than she has bedclothes, but that I've got the money to pay for beatin' 'em, too, the gossipin' old creatur'!

"Did my genius gloat? Well, I think so. I think so. And I proved right there that, if it is only true to itself, there is no reason for genius to go hungry. No reason at all!"

And the man on the cracker-barrel pinched his under lip musingly a while, and then said that he'd be ding-busted if it didn't look that way.

Why Mr. John Grout Was Not Afraid

"THIS must stop right here!" said John Grout as he put one foot out of bed and began reaching around in the dark for his trousers.

"John!" called his wife, "please don't be foolish. Lie down and be quiet."

"No!" he snarled. "I'm going down stairs, and I'm going to give that young man down there a drubbing that'll make him want to keep away as far as possible from this house in the future. Here it is after twelve o'clock, and"—

"John," Mrs. Grout pleaded, "stop! Don't go down there, please!"

But John had found his trousers, and, ignoring his wife's words, he hurried into the hall. Then he stole down stairs through the dark, and in about half a minute there were sounds of falling stands and tumbling chairs and shaking chandeliers. The old man had grasped his antagonist around the neck right at the start and soon had him choked into submission. Then he tied the fellow full of knots, bumped his head against the newel-post several times, and finally threw him down the front steps.

When he got back up stairs his wife and daughter, pale and quaking with terror, flung themselves upon his breast.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"That was a burglar!" they cried.

"Heavens!" he gasped, getting sick at the stomach. "Why didn't you tell me before? I thought it was Ethel's beau."

T. E. MCGRATH.

THE man who doesn't treat women deferentially either doesn't know enough or knows too many.



AN ALIBI.

JUDGE—"What's the charge here?"

LARGE LADY—"This villain followed me on the street and kissed me."

JUDGE—"Did he have a step-ladder?"

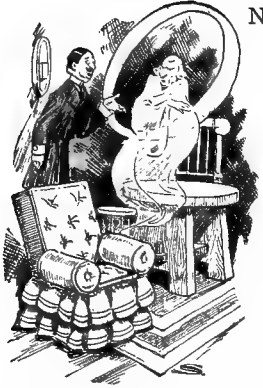
LARGE LADY—"No, your honor."

JUDGE—"The defendant is discharged."

The Fortunes of Sylvester;

Or, a Story that Does Not End as It Should

By J. E. Almond



ONCE UPON another time there lived in Posey County, Indiana, a poor widow whose husband was dead. Now, this widow had one son—a boy. The boy's name was Sylvester, and, although he was but eleven years of age, he was the mainstay and support of his only mother. Sylvester was a model lad, and a great comfort to all who knew him. He had a large classic mole under one eye, which served to break the monotony

of his features. Sylvester had no time to go to school or do other such foolish things as most boys do, but instead he had to toil diligently to keep the wolf from the door. The lad earned the living for himself and his widowed mother by digging ditches by day and taking in washing at night. Ah, yes! Sylvester was a noble youth.

PART I.

It was a cold, clear evening in winter, about three months after the beginning of my narrative. A few gentle, undulating snores, borne from the near-by tree-tops, proclaimed that the birds had fallen asleep and that evening was fast approaching.

Down the street came a lad with his hat pulled over his eyes and a look of deep dejection pulled over his entire body. Ever and anon as he proceeded on his way, a large, salty tear would issue forth from the deep, dark recesses of his innermost soul and fall with a loud splash on the snowy pavement hard by. With slow and measured tread, he approached nearer and nearer at every step. Finally, as he raised his face to mine, I gazed upon the classic mole 'neath his eye and recognized our hero, Sylvester Manadrake Lee. Poor Sylvester was sad! Winter had come and hard times were upon him. The coal was gone—the larder was empty—and his mother's payments to the W. C. T. U. were long past due. Ah, cruel fate! What could he do?

PART II.

And as he was walking along, soliloquizing thusly, a large man hurried past our hero, and as he did so a package fell from his pocket and dropped at Sylvester's feet. Sylvester's apathy was conquered for a moment and he cautiously stooped and picked up the package. Instantly a bright and happy thought flashed into his mind, for he recognized the man who had dropped the package as a millionaire in the city, and he knew this must contain money to a large amount. His eyes glittered as he thought of it. His days of toil were over. He could now live as he chose. His beautiful idol, who washed dishes at the exchange around the corner, could now be his forever. He would lift his mother from the depths of her degradation and secure for her a lucrative position in the conversation department of some fashionable millinery

store. His little heart so heaved with pride that the top button of his home-made vest pulled itself loose and fell with a crash into the gutter. But just then a wee, small voice, under the second button of his coat, spake and said—

PART III.

"Sylvester, this money is not yours. Put it from you."

"Nay, nay, Kathleen," quoth our hero in manly accents; "not this week."

But, after arguing so for a time, his better nature finally overcame him, and brave, courageous Sylvester walked in the straight and narrow way.

"For," thought he, "I will get a great reward and thusly become affluent honestly." And Sylvester thought some of running for alderman the next spring. So he ruthlessly thrust aside the schemes of ill-gotten gain and started to the house of the owner of the package to return it.

Finally he reached the house of the millionaire, and he advanced to the door with the package in his hand and fear in his heart. After he had made known his errand he was shown in and received with open arms by the magnate. He hastily took the package and counted out seventy-four thousand dollars before the horrified gaze of our noble Sylvester.

PART IV.

"Ah," thought he, "what a great reward I will get."

"Yes; it is all here," spake the millionaire. "My boy, I can never thank you enough for it. But, nay, I will not stop at thanks. I will reward thee. What is your name?"

"Sylvester Manadrake Lee," answered our hero in halting tones.

"Are you a scholar in Sunday-school?"

"Yes, kind sir," whispered the trembling Sylvester.

"Have you a mother?"

At this touching allusion Sylvester pulled a large salt sack from his right trousers pocket and gravely wiped his eyes as he murmured, "Oh, yes, good sir."

PART V.

"My boy," said the millionaire gravely, "I can see by your eye that you are no common lad." Sylvester wanted to ask which eye, but he wisely refrained. "No; you are no common boy. I see ambition marked upon thee. My good lad, your honesty shall not go unrewarded. Here, take this—it is yours," and, opening a drawer in the table, he handed to the astonished Sylvester a large five-cent sack of peppermint lozenges.

"Nay, do not thank me; you deserved it," and the rich man waved him away, and Sylvester found the door shut upon him, and the cold wind whistled into his vest where the button had come off.

Moral—Here's a match. I think it's gone out.



THE REAL NEED.

AGENT—"I'm selling a wonderful medicine. It will cure asthma, sciatica, colds; good for the hair; also cures the drink habit, smoking habit, coffee habit, and"—

FARMER—"Say, hold on! What the farmers round here need is a patent medicine that'll cure the patent-medicine habit."

When Pat Was in Luck.

AN IRISHMAN and his wife were out walking one evening, and happened to pass a theatre. The show that was billed for that night was entitled "The Parish Priest."

"Sure, Patrick, and let's be going to the show to-night," said Bridget.

"No, Bridget; we cannot be اسپinding our money for sich foolshness," answered Pat.

"Well," said Bridget, "we ought to have a little amusement after all the hard work that we be a-doing."

So Patrick went to the ticket-office, asked for two good seats, and laid down a five-dollar bill. The ticket-seller handed out the two tickets, and one dollar change.

"Sure, and is that all the chinge that I git back?" asked Patrick.

"Yes," replied the ticket-seller; "two tickets, two dollars apiece, and one dollar change."

"And what am I going to see for all this money?" asked Pat.

"The Parish Priest," answered the ticket-seller.

"Sure," said Pat with a grin, "and I'm in luck to be gitting anything back."

CARL MAAG.

A Stygian Story.

IN THE realms beyond the Styx There was once almost a riot, And the facts are coming out, Though they kept them pretty quiet.

Jonah crustily declared
Noah never was a sailor;
Noah mentioned, with a wink,
Jonah's record as a whaler.

Cæsar giggled then about
Alexander and the riddle;
Then he chuckled more and asked
Nero if he wouldn't fiddle.

Shakespeare, too, was angered when
Colley Cibber passed the Bacon.
"Helen's hobby" was the way
They told how old Troy was taken.

Cleopatra fled in rage
When they asked about the adder;
And they taunted Romeo
When he couldn't climb a ladder.

Things were getting warm; it seemed
Every one was sure to catch it,
When George Washington appeared,
Brandishing his little hatchet.

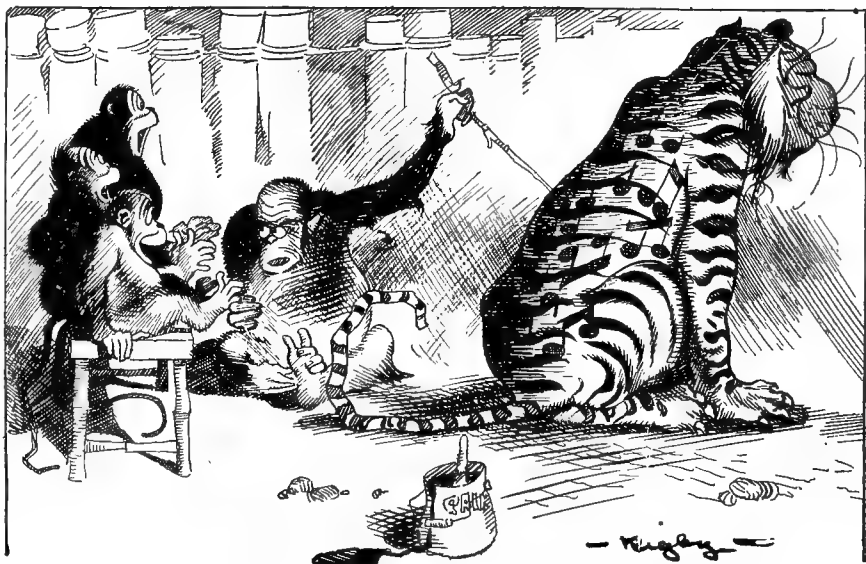
"Gentlemen," he cried, "have peace!
Ladies, think of your position.
We shall be forgotten if
We smash every one's tradition."

W. D. NESBIT.

TIMELY appearance—the cuckoo in the clock.

Pomologically Mixed.

"**Y**OU are the apple of my eye," asserted the fond lover.
"How inconsistent you are!" replied the critical maiden.
"Only yesterday you said I was a peach."



THE MUSIC-LESSON IN THE DESERT.



GIVING MORE TO THE POOR.

PAT—"Th' rich are gittin' richer."

MIKE—"Yis; but they give more to th' poor than iver befoor."

PAT—"Thur! A judge will give a poor man six months now where he used to only give him tin days."

Rebuilding the House

"YES," said Mr. Mutt; "it was rather odd, the way I came to rebuild my house. You see, Mrs. Mutt, she was down town one day and happened to buy a very handsome hall-lamp—one of the kind that sets on the newel-post of the stairs. Well, as soon as she got it in the house we saw right away that it was too big for the style of the stairs; so I had to get the carpenters to come in and widen them and put in new balustrades and posts, and set them over more toward the centre of the hall. When that was done the hall didn't look like a hall-way at all, and I had to have the carpenters go ahead and tear out the walls and make the old sitting-room into a new hall. Then, of course, the kitchen had to be torn away and rebuilt back of the house, so that the old kitchen would do for a sitting-room, and there had to be a new parlor built to match the finish of the hall. And when things got along that far we saw at once that we had to have a library kind

of off of the hall, and then the veranda had to go to make room for the library, and my pet rose-bushes came up to give a chance to build the new veranda. Well, to make a long story short, I had to remodel the second story to match the first and put a third story on in order to take care of the rooms that were crowded out by the changes in the second. And so I had a new house all round."

"And was your wife pleased?"

"Only partly. You see, just on the last day, when the carpenters had finished the third story and were quitting work on the whole job, one of them dropped his hammer through the skylight, and it fell to the hall and smashed that stair-lamp that had started the whole thing."

Why?

"THEY had only been engaged a week when he borrowed money from her father."

"Why did he wait so long?"



TRAPPED.

THE WOLF—"So you married a woman of few words, and now she bosses you? I thought you owls were wise."

NEWLY-WED OWL—"That's just it. She says a word to the wise is sufficient."

Utterly Impossible.



"Do, pray, parson," said de deacon,
Jes' ez humble ez could be,
"One-ha'f b'longs ter Deacon Walker ;
T'othah ha'f it b'long ter me."

"Ain't yo' promus'd me, Br'er Johnson,
Dat yo' wa'n't gwine drink no mo' ?
Now, yo' take dat jug dis minnit
An' right out yo'r ha'f, sah, po'."

"DEACON JOHNSON," said de parson

W'en de deacon cum f'um town,
"Stop dere, Deacon Noah Johnson ;
Set dat jug ob yo'wn right down !

"Now, good deacon," said de parson,
" 'Pears ter me youse fell f'um grace.
Tell me wot yo' got hyar, deacon—
Tell me right now, face ter face !"

Wisht yo'd seed dat cullud deacon
Ez he raised his head an' said,
"Dis hyar is Plantation Bittahs—
Good fo' weakness in de head."

"Who it b'long to?" axed de parson—
"Who it b'long to? Ansah quick !"
An' de parson struck de bittahs
Wid a great big walkin'-stick.

The Last Feather.

"**MIX**," read the unfortunate man, laboriously conning the cook-book with one eye, the while he kept the other fixed on little Theobald, to see that he did not swallow the egg-beater ; " 'set on a stove ; don't stir.' 'Mix !' " he repeated in a hollow voice ; " 's-e-t o-n a h-o-t s-t-o-v-e ! DON'T STIR !' I can endure to wash the beds, sweep the food and cook the baby—er—er—well, any how, my meaning is obvious—while the wife of my bosom is away attending convocations and concatenations of the exalted daughters of what-d'ye call it ; but when it comes to following that formula literally I must beg to be excused. I am merely a hen-pecked husband, not a Casabianca nor a salamander."

In the Effete East.

Charlie—"That fellow there has killed his man ?"

George—"Indeed? Deer-shooting, football, or automobiling ?"

His Conglomeratipredicament.

"WELL, ZISH," said Mr. Ryefuddle, partially steadying himself by clawing on to the door-frame and gazing at the wife of his bosom with fishy and focusless eyes, "is the (hic) first time I ever saw a liv(hic) ing puzzle-picture. Now, which of the two is (hic) which and which is not (hic) which ? In ozhher words, which of 'em is (hic) her and which of her ain't one of (hic) 'em ? On the ozhher hand, which one of the two zhat I see is the (hic) one I don't see, and which is the (hic) one I see but don't think I do ? I pause for a (hic) reply."

N. b.—He got it.

War According to Hoyle.

First southern revolutionist—"At any rate, so far we haven't been accused of violating any of the rules of civilized warfare."

Second southern revolutionist—"No ; we have stopped firing when railway trains were passing, and haven't fought at any time over eight hours a working-day."

Getting Impatient.

The heiress—"I don't see why you are in such a hurry about our marriage. Don't you believe in long engagements ?"

The count—"Oh, yes, I do ; but my creditors don't."

The Hall-mark.

Penn—"I don't see how you can call van Meter a genius. His poems certainly do not show it."

Brushe—"No ; but the fact that he sells them does."



TABLE CHAT.

Said Mr. Cat to Mrs. Cat,
"My dear, I see no reason
Why you should give me mice on toast
When quail are now in season."

Said Mrs. Cat to Mr. Cat,
"Pray, Tommy, eat your fill ;
My reason you 'll discover
When you come to pay the bill."

A Remarkable Shot

"HELLO, Ike," said Perkins, as that individual walked into the store. "How 'd you make out gunning to-day?"

"Tole'ble, just tole'ble; that's all. I got four black ducks, six broad-bill and ten winters."

"I must say that's pretty good shootin', fer one day," said Perkins.

"'Twas putty fair; but I should have got more yet if my shells hadn't gin out."

"Thet so?" said the constable. "'Twas hard luck and 'minds me of one day 'bout four years ago, when I went down tu the medders gunnin' with thet old muzzle-loader er mine. I fooled 'round all day, till I had only one charge of powder left. Birds had been comin' 'long, one in a flock, and now and then tew lone ones; and all of 'em out er range, and I didn't git a bird. I was kinder discouraged; hadn't had a good shot all day. But jest as I was, gettin' out of the stand I heard a goose hollerin', and I crouched down quick, I can tell yer, and purty soon he landed plump down in the slough-hole in front of me, where my decoys was. I was jest tu the south of the deacon's medder—you fellers remember how the marsh there is very narrer and runs clus up to the beach—and my stand was jest abreast of thet low place on the beach they call the blow-hole. Wa-al, I moved 'round keerful and got a bead on the old goose, when he must have smelt me, for jest as I was goin' to let him hev it he begin swimmin' away from me. I didn't want tu losé him, so I begin to whistle him back, and, if you'll believe me, as I was sittin'

there, what should I see comin' up the blow-hole but a red fox. Boys, I'd hev given my hull farm for another charge of powder and shot thet minute, I guess. The goose by this time had circled round and begun to come towards me ag'in, and the fox was a-standin' still. Gradually the old goose was gittin' in line with thet fox. 'By thunder!' 's I, 'if I can git 'em in a line, there's a chance of gittin' 'em both.' In anöther minute they was right in line and I let 'em hev it. Jest as I fired, a bluefish jumped out of the water from a school on 'em that was 'chasin' bait inshore. I shot the goose plum' through the head, lamed the fox so he couldn't run, and killed thet bluefish so he drittéd ashore, and I got the hull three."

"Boys," said Perkins solemnly, "if you'll step into the back room I'll set up the cider."

CLAY EMERY.

A Reasonable Deduction.

"ONE-HALF of the world," I say to my wise friend, "doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Then," concludes my wise friend with an air of deliberation, "one-half the world hasn't any neighbors."

Priceless Treasures.

Cobwigger—"Was there any money in this pocket-book you lost?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Money? That's all you sordid men think about. No, there wasn't any money; but it contained Bella's marriage notice, a lock of mother's hair, and all my lovely recipes."



IN 2007.

LOVER—"There's another shooting-star, Lovey. I claim another kiss."
LOVEY—"Now, John, you stop! You are ringing in air-ships."

A Wife's Devotion

Elaborated from the French of Francois Jules Vidocq

By W. J. Lampton

THE reporter was giving the detective a few fresh and fancy suggestions on crime and the way to detect it. It is a rare reporter who is not an expert in this line of the profession of journalism, and the detective had out his notebook taking it down in shorthand, so he wouldn't lose a single syllable.

"Speaking of crime and real criminals," said the detective, closing his book after the reporter had closed his mouth, "did you ever hear of old man Cornu and his interesting family?"

The reporter rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Um—er," he replied with extreme caution, "he didn't live anywhere over on the East Side, did he?"

"Well, no," smiled the detective, "he didn't. He lived in France along about the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth—say, a hundred years ago, in round numbers."

"I thought I hadn't heard of him anywhere around New York," the unabashed reporter admitted coolly. "What about him?"

"Oh, he was a bird—a red-hot bird—and the rest of his family weren't any less chilly than the old man. It sure wasn't a case of everybody working but father. All of them were busy—husband, wife, three sons, two daughters, and their sweethearts. Their principal stunts were killing and robbing farmers, burning houses and barns, and stealing stock and small articles of value that they could carry away with them. The youngest girl, at first, didn't seem to take kindly to the job, and to break her in they made her carry home in her apron one night the head of a farmer they had cut off."

"Did they cut it off for that purpose?" inquired the reporter, never turning a hair.

"I can't say as to that," continued the detective, "but probably they did, because ordinarily they could kill a man without resorting to such extreme measures. Anyway, the girl carried it home in her apron, and after that she wasn't so squeamish, and later, when her family organized the Chauffeurs—burners, hence the name of the criminals who nowadays scorch the roads in whiz-wagons—she became chief scorcher in torturing farmers by putting lighted candles under their arms and sticking blazing tinder on their toes. She was a loo-loo, was Miss Florence Cornu."

"Truly a warm baby," commented the reporter calmly.

"When business became dull in the country," the detective went on, "Cornu moved into the neighborhood of Paris, where business opportunities were better. But the chances of being captured were increased, and after several bloody murders, Cornu was given the hook and landed in prison. In those days it didn't take the courts long to decide what disposition to make of a capital offender, and Cornu got the death sentence on short notice. Cornu never lacked nerve when killing other people was con-

cerned, but when it came his turn, his feet grew cold. He was a scared man and didn't hesitate to say so. His devoted wife, who visited him daily with food and the comfort of her presence, called him down when he began to talk about being frightened and told him to brace up. He argued that it was easy enough for her to talk, because she didn't have to take the medicine as he did. With true wifely devotion she encouraged him by telling him that he was a man and ought to have some sand in his craw, and that though she was only a mere woman, she wouldn't be afraid, but would go through with it as if it were a wedding. Especially, said she, if she could go along with him."

"That's right," nodded the reporter approvingly. "A man really doesn't know what a wife is until he gets into trouble where he needs her."

"Cornu didn't, I guess, for as soon as she said she would be so glad to go along with him on the dark journey he brightened right up and asked her to say it over again. She said it and repeat. Of course she did. What wife, that was a wife, wouldn't under the circumstances?"

"Of course, of course," nodded the reporter.

"Sure," corroborated the detective, "but here's where the climax comes in with a bang—where Cornu put the joke on his estimable lady, the wife of his bosom, the doubler of his joys, the divider of his sorrows. As soon as she had brought his nerve back, as she thought, and was tickled half to death over her success, he called for the public accuser and then and there preferred charges against Mrs. Cornu as accessory to enough murders, burnings, robberies, and other capital offenses to keep the chopping-machine working overtime for a month if Mrs. C. hadn't monopolized the business. The good lady indignantly denied everything and tried to prove an alibi, or emotional insanity, or sudden passion, or justifiable homicide, or anything that would result in a stay of proceedings, but her husband gave her the ha-ha and produced such a mass of evidence that the court gave her a permanent sentence. It wasn't slow about it, either, and when the chopper was ready for Mr. Cornu it was ready also for the Mrs., and they both got it in the neck at one and the same time. Seldom do we see a wife's devotion thus reaping its reward," concluded the detective with great earnestness.

"But what a cad Cornu was," commented the reporter, gathering himself together to get back to the office in time to quit and catch the last car.

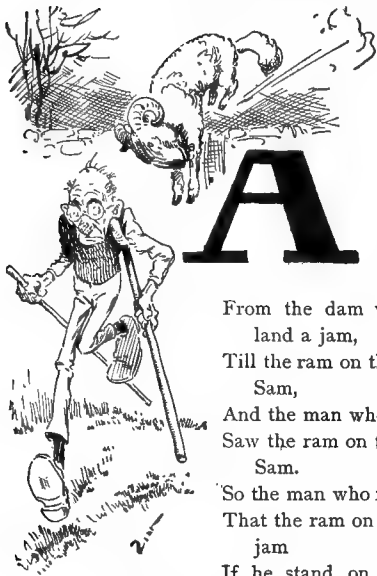
Shattered.

THAT grocer of ours speaks the most fragmentary English of any one I ever heard," said Mr. Precise.

"You mean 'broken English,' my dear," corrected Mrs. Precise. "You know he is a German."

"I mean fragmentary," repeated Mr. Precise. "The man stutters."

"Sam and the Ram."



MAN named Sam had a
ram called Dan,
And the ram called Dan
took a jam at Sam ;
So Sam he ran to the
dam and swam

Till a man saw Sam
and the ram on the
dam.

Then the man he ran,
and Sam he swam

From the dam where the ram tried to
land a jam,
Till the ram on the dam couldn't jam Mr.
Sam,

And the man who ran to Sam who swam
Saw the ram on the dam couldn't jam Mr.
Sam.

So the man who ran told Sam who swam
That the ram on the dam couldn't land a
jam

If he stand on the dam while Sam he
swam.

Then Sam gave his hand to the man who ran,
Saying, "Man, here's my hand. I am Sam who swam
From the ram on the dam, who would jam any man
If he stand on the dam where the ram could jam."
Then the man who ran and Sam who swam
Left the ram who would jam Mr. Sam on the dam,
Saying, "Rams who jam like that ram on the dam,
Ought to jam into a land where a ram couldn't jam."

V. V. PITTMAN.

A Leading Question.

A CERTAIN judge, living in the upper part of New York
while trying a case, listened with pain and displeasure
to the testimony of a colored woman who was describing
how she had whipped one of her offspring. She enlarged
on the harrowing details until the judge stopped her.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were cruel enough
to punish your son like that?" he demanded.

"Ob co'se I did, yoh honoh," she replied.

"How dare you be so brutal?"

The colored woman looked at him in fine contempt for
a moment, then asked slowly,

"Look a-heah, jedge, was yoh eber de father ob a wuth-
less mulatter boy?"

The judge almost fell from the bench.

"Ef yoh ain't," continued the negress, "then yoh don't
know nuthen 'bout the case."

W. A. PIERCY.

Monotonous.

"THE man," said the mikado, "who remarked that
there is nothing new under the sun was a wise
man. I am almost bored to death."

"But," said the court chamberlain, "we won another
battle last night, and this morning the Russians are in full
retreat before our troops. I also have just had news that
the last rowboat of the Russian navy had been put into a
beer-bottle and tightly corked."

"That," said the mikado sourly, "is just what I mean.
What I am yearning for is novelty."

The Last Wolf Did Wobble.

A RED-FACED man was holding the attention of a little
group with some wonderful recitals.

"The most exciting chase I ever had," he said, "hap-
pened a few years ago in Russia. One night, when
sleighting about ten miles from my destination, I discov-
ered, to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a
pack of wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one
of the brutes, and, to my delight, saw the others stop to
devour it. After doing this, however, they still came on.
I kept on repeating the dose, with the same result, and
each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my
horses. Finally there was only one wolf left, yet on it
came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good,
hot supper."

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner
burst forth into a fit of laughter.

"Why, man," said he, "by your way of reckoning that
last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside him!"

"Ah!" said the red-faced man without a tremor,
"now, I remember, it did wobble a bit."

H. T. METZ.

How Billy Settled a Doctor's Bill.

BILLY, the colored boy, worked for Dr. Davis a few
days in cleaning his office. A few days later Billy
took sick and called in Dr. Davis. Soon Billy was well,
and, meeting the doctor one morning, he said,

"Good-mo'nin', doc. I jus' want to see how we stan's.
You know we nevva settle up. Now, you owes me somfin
an' I owes you somfin, an' acco'din' to my misun'erstandin'
I'se a little bit financial dis mo'nin', so if you owes me
anyt'ing I'd like de money, an' if I owes you anyt'ing I'd
like to borrow fifty cents."

The doctor gave him a dollar.

F. E. WALKER, M. D.

He'd Take Chances.

"SINGE it?" asked the barber when he had finished
cutting old Si's hair.

"Wut fer?" inquired old Si.

"The advantage of singeing hair after cutting," began
the barber, "is that when the hair is clipped each strand
is left with a ragged edge. Singeing, you know, takes off
this edge, closes up the end of each hair, and allows the
hair to recover from the effects of cutting. In many cases
singeing will prevent the hair from dying. You see, it
often happens that when the ends of the hairs are left open
the hairs, figuratively speaking, bleed to death. Singe it?"

"Nope," answered old Si contentedly. "I guess I'll
let 'er bleed."

'Twas a Steam-heat Church.

THE village priest was in need of coal for the church.
He asked the congregation to help raise a fund.
For three Sundays the priest noticed that Pat gave nothing
for the coal, so that afternoon he asked him,

"How is it, Patrick, that you gave nothing for the coal?"

"No," said Pat; "you don't fool me, fayther."

"Why, I don't understand," returned the priest, to
which Pat replied,

"Huh! the choorch is hated by steam."

FRED PINKNEY.



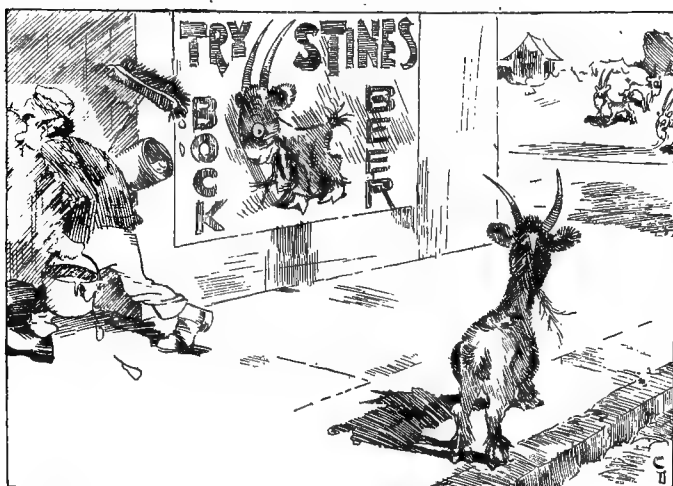
SORT OF ROUGH ON HIM.

HEWITT—"Well, this is adding insult to injury."

JEWETT—"How is that?"

HEWITT—"My wife secured a divorce from me last week, and now she says, 'Please pay the alimony to mother.'"

THEY KNOCKED HIM OUT.



I.

GOAT—"Say, fellows! there's a new goat in town, and he looks blamed 'sassy.' —"

Only One Way.

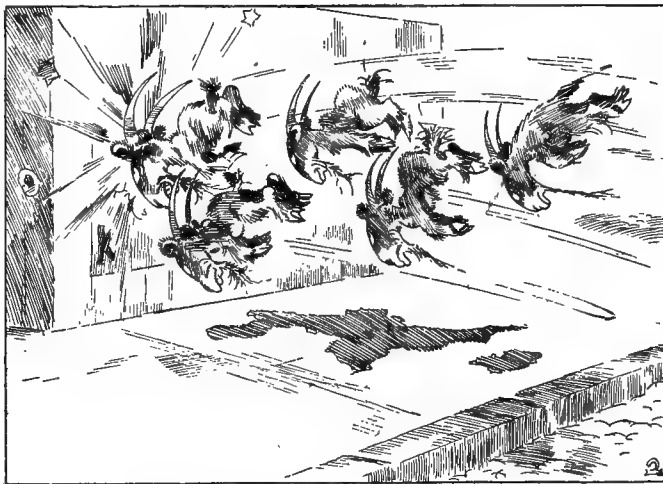
"DO YOU know, sir," exclaimed the positive and protesting student of domestic economy, with his coat-sleeves half way to his elbows and tobacco-juice on his whiskers, "that the women of this country lost more than sixty million hairpins last year?"

The man in the imitation sealskin cap and the goatee, and with a far-away look in his eyes, took his under lip between his thumb and finger and said no, he didn't know it.

"But they did!" declared the domestic economist. "Sixty millions! Average of six inches of wire in, each hairpin—three hundred and sixty million inches, thirty million feet—six miles of wire, almost—worth ever so many dollars a mile—lost, gone, wasted in one short year because of the improvident carelessness of woman with her hairpins! Think of it!"

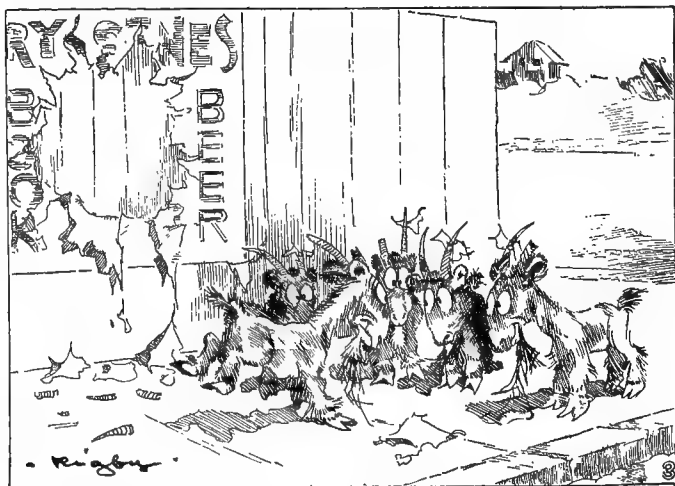
The man in that cap had his far-away look on a sign down the street with "Hot Free Lunch To-day" painted on it, and he seemed to prefer to think of that; but he said in a listless way, "Oh, you pshaw!"

"Me pshaw?" said the man of statistics and tobacco-juice on his whiskers. "No, sir—no pshawing about it, sir! This drain on the mineral resources of the country must cease. This senseless waste must not be. I protest! Six thousand miles of wire lost in hairpins! It



2.

— Give it to him, fellows! —



3.

— Say! he was a tough one, but we knocked him out all right." —

must be stopped! But how? Is there no way? Is there no "——"

"There's one way," said the man in the imitation seal cap, projecting his far-away look a little farther away in the direction of the sign, as though he would read what was listed thereon for free lunch that day; "only one way," said he.

"And that?" the economist queried, his hands raised as if to clutch and hold the idea when it came forth.

"And that," said the man in the cap, "is for some one to hump himself and invent a wireless hairpin!"

The shirt-sleeved philosopher did not clutch and hold the idea as it came, but gazed in silent wonder at the man in the bogus fur cap as he took his far-away look toward the free-lunch sign, stroking his goatee as he went.

ED MOTT.

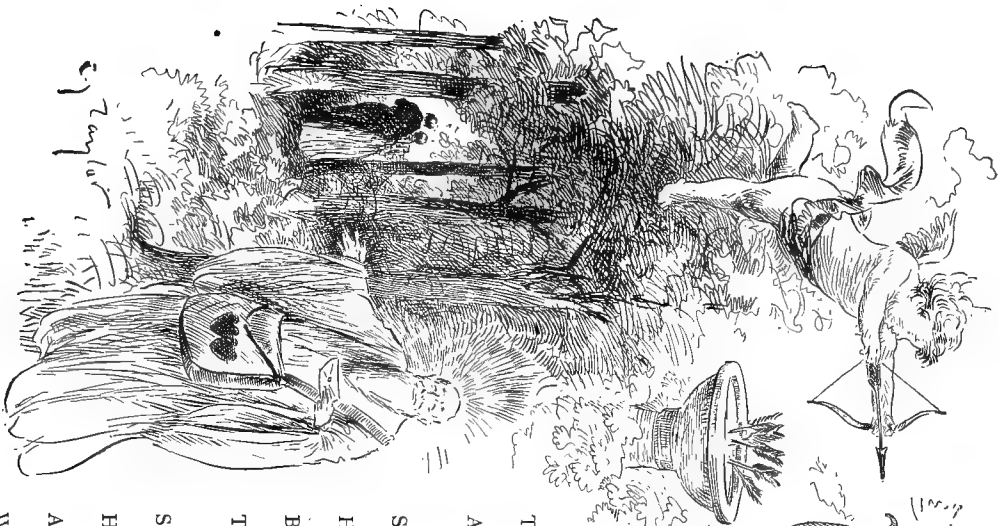
Too Cautious.

THE king had heard of the wise saying that had become a popular quotation. So he sent couriers up and down the land asking, "Who is the man who originated the axiom, 'Honesty is the best policy'?"

But though the couriers sought diligently and made inquiries among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the author of the proverb did not reveal himself, for, as he said,

"Not much. They don't get me up before any insurance-investigating committee."

UNEASY stands the throne that wears a czar.



Unfitting

SLY CUPID dipped his darts anew
 Within the fount of love ;
 Then, just to test his bowstring true,
 He shot a passing dove.
 The dove flew straightway to his mate
 With fond and gentle coo—
 And this, so knowing ones relate,
 Is what a dove should do.

Sly Cupid saw a youthful swain
 With cold, indifferent eye—
 He broke two arrows quite in twain
 Before he heard a sigh.
 But when Saint Valentine drew near
 He said that it was true
 The swain had sought a sweetheart dear,
 As every swain should do.

Sly Cupid tried another dart
 Upon a graybeard old.
 He put the missile through his heart
 And clinched it fast, we're told.
 And now, 'tis said, the graybeard yearns
 A comely lass to woo—
 Which shows that Cupid often turns
 To things he should not do.

LORANA W. SHELDON.





Did Washington \$ Across the Potomac River?

FOR a long time it has been the practice to spend a great deal of valuable time in doubting every historic incident in

the lives of the renowned, and General Washington has not escaped. It is now denied that he cut down the cherry-tree and that he could not tell a lie. Some say he swore when he felt like it. It was hardly to be expected that people would go on believing that he once threw a silver dollar across the Potomac river. In order to get at the truth of this important matter JUDGE, at immense cost, has investigated the whole incident and now presents, his report.

We assembled a company of the best talent on this continent and had these experts go down and examine the Potomac river and consider the feasibility, the probability, the likelihood, and the historicity of the whole affair. At the head of the commission was Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, who needs no introduction to our readers. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, a bright young man of Boston, was made secretary of the commission, and Andrew Carnegie, the librarian, treasurer. John W. Gates, Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas F. Ryan, H. H. Rogers, Dr. Parkhurst and Mrs. Hetty Green, all rising New York people, were the other members of the commission. We wanted one woman on the board and considered Mrs. Green the most likely to aid the commission in its great work because of her expert knowledge of the gravity, parabola, staying power, and general calisthenics of the dollar in all its phases.

On arriving at the river we found that there was some natural divergence of opinion among the experts as to the location of the alleged dollar-throwing incident. Some thought it must have occurred near Washington; but the consensus of judgment was against this view. It was not thought likely that the mere fact of throwing a dollar away at the capital could have impressed anybody sufficiently to incrust the inci-

dent in a popular tradition. The commission accordingly proceeded up the river toward Harper's Ferry. We halted at frequent intervals to inspect the river, hoping thus to discover some traces of the event. Mr. Gates insisted on dragging the river as we went. He appeared to think that the recovery of the dollar was the sole object of the expedition, thus losing sight of the purely historic motive of the undertaking. We found footprints here and there on the river-edge and Mrs. Green insisted that they were the footprints of the beloved sire of the nation. But we succeeded in convincing her each time of her error. Once we drove a cow down out of the hill just to prove to Mrs. Green that the tracks she saw were not those of Washington.

Finally we halted. Certain calloused places on the water, a sort of skinned and abraded patches, convinced us that here was where the throwing took place, if anywhere. The patches on the water had all the appearance of spots where the dollar had hit as it skipped across the surface, and it is well known that in this manner a thin disk can be shot to a greater distance than is possible with a thrust through the air. We now rested for some days and prepared for the important work before us. It is impossible here to do more than hint at the proceedings of the next four months, which resulted in clarifying a historic event. A fuller account will shortly be published in sixteen de luxe volumes, giving maps, diagrams, and a great variety of interesting matter about the Potomac and rivers in general, as well as many anecdotes of Washington never before published. Suffice it to give here the main conclusions reached by the commission.

Messrs. Rockefeller, Gates, and Mrs. Green from the first sought to cast doubt on the tradition, maintaining that it was absurd to suppose that a man as sensible as Washington should ever have thrown a dollar away.

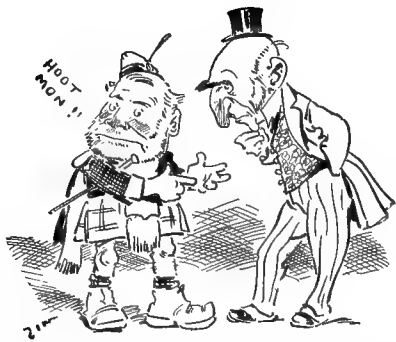
Mr. Carnegie took the ground that Washington evidently did not desire to be found dead with so much money still unspent on his person. He



"MR. G. APPEARED TO THINK THE RECOVERY OF THE DOLLAR THE SOLE OBJECT OF THE EXPEDITION."



"THOUGHT THEY WERE THE FOOTPRINTS OF G. W."



"MR. C. STOOD FOR THE ACCURACY OF THE REPORT."

therefore expressed himself emphatically in favor of the accuracy of the report.

Mr. Rogers seemed to think Washington threw the dollar, but he maintained that he did it to distract attention and cover his

operations in another quarter. This view was shared by Mr. Gates. Mr. Depew took the view that the dollar had been given to Washington as a retainer and afterward caused a rumpus and W. had flung it away in sheer disgust. Dr. Parkhurst here struck up with the singular contention that the whole business was mythical as to form, but true as to intent and interior meaning. Washington did not throw a dollar across the Potomac nor anywhere else, said he. But he might have done so. He was the kind of man who would have done so if need be. Washington would never have shied at a task of this kind, even if he had been obliged to furnish the dollar. The doctor then discoursed on the Readiness of the Moral Person to Do that which is never Required of it.

Mr. Lawson, the noted Egyptologist, early took the ground that the thing was impossible. A dollar would

never have gone so far, he declared. He did not believe any man could have made a dollar go that far — especially in Washington's day. He would admit that a dollar and a half might have been equal to it, but not a dollar.

After days of discussion the following resolutions were adopted as expressing as much as all could agree upon:

Resolved, That, having investigated the allegation that Washington once threw a dollar across the Potomac river, we have reached the following conclusions:

That we find no trace of such an occurrence at the present time.

That the river itself bears no marks indicating such an occurrence.

That we do not discover that Washington was in the habit of throwing away dollars.

That, if he did, it was not by our advice.

That we refuse to be held accountable in any way for such an act.

That there is no evidence that a dollar would go so far, some of us believing that it would have taken more.

That we do not credit the report that the incident took place in Washington, for we cannot conceive how the throwing away a dollar there would attract enough attention to create a memory.

That, even if true, the incident is not one that ought to survive in the recollection of mankind, for the reason that we do not encourage anybody to throw away money. We prefer to have it given to us. If there is any money to be thrown away we will throw it away ourselves. Then we will know where to go after it when we want it again.



TO BE EXPECTED

POET—"Well, I presented my madrigal to the editor."

FRIEND—"Did, eh? Well, what happened?"

POET—"Well, I only remember making a mad wriggle to get out of the place."



FAMILIAR WITH THE OTHER KIND.

"Have you ever been on skates before, Mr. Winkle?"
 "Yes; but—er—they—well, they were not this kind."

Ballade of the Avenue.

THIS is the hour when, out on the street,
 Now that the clocks in the tower point three,
 Geraldine comes, looking wondrously sweet,
 Geraldine, Agnes, and dear Marjorie,
 All of them lovely as some fleur-de-lis.
 None of them ever has once disobeyed
 Great Madam Fortune, as you will agree—
 Ho! for the avenue carriage parade!

Never on foot come these maidens discreet,
 Though the day's springlike, as you and I see;
 You and I ride, when the winter rains beat,
 You and I ride (in a trolley, maybe!),
 But they in their own equipages, pardee
 (Not in poor carriages, tattered and frayed).
 Alack! I must walk—with stern poverty—
 Ho! for the avenue carriage parade!

Pity the people who wear out their feet,
 Fortunate maids, as you flutter by me.
 I would be happy had I but the seat
 Your proud driver has, dressed in gay livery!
 And yet I'm rejoiced as you hurriedly flee,
 Nodding to none save to one who's afraid
 Even to hope for a slight courtesy—
 Ho! for the avenue carriage parade!

ENVOY.

Fortune, I pray you, from your treasury
 Send me enough that my debts may be paid,
 That, riding with *my* girl, I'll sing merrily,
 "Ho! for the avenue carriage parade!"

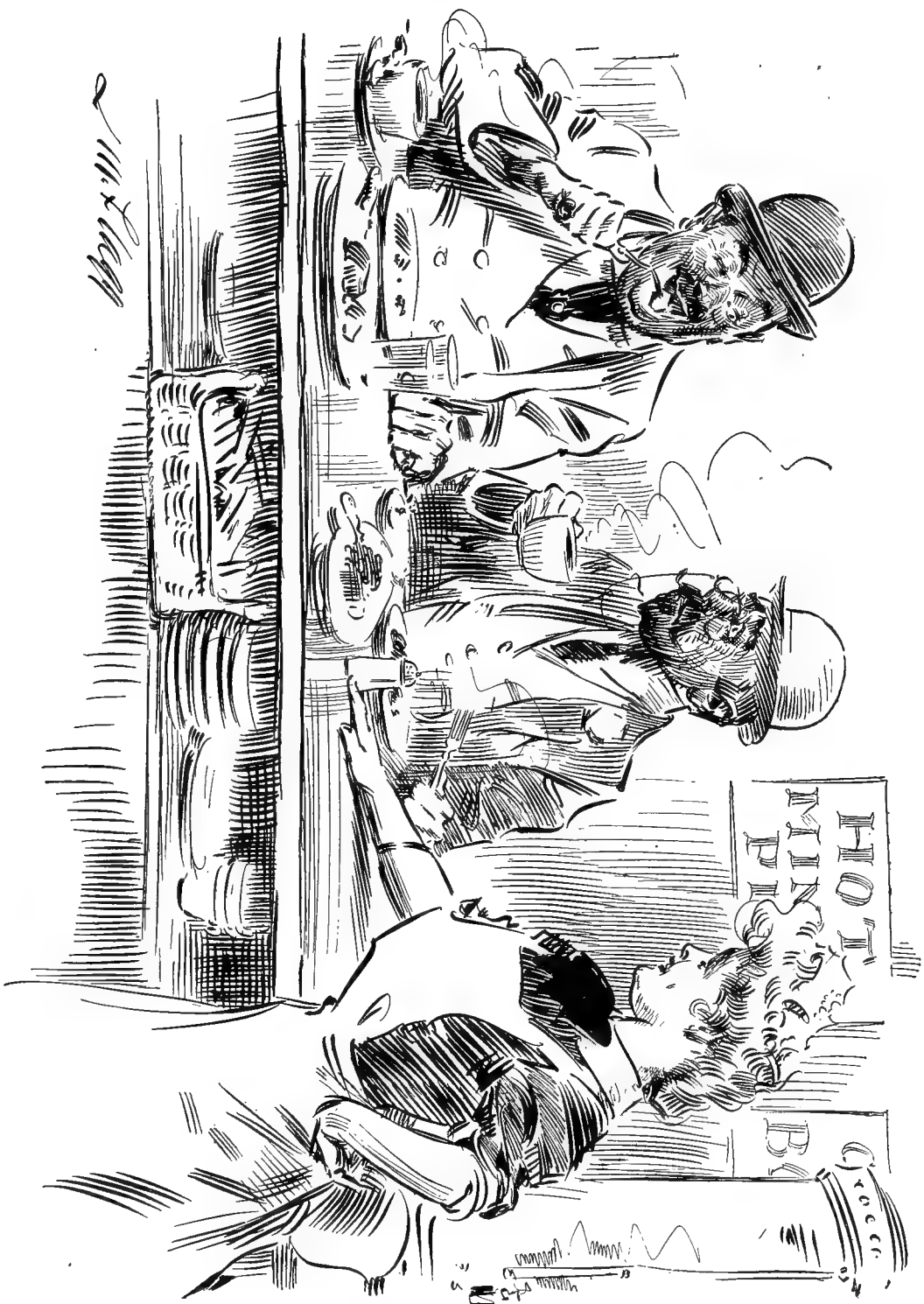
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

PATRON—"What! fifty cents for this Manhattan cocktail? Why, it's outrageous!"

BAR-TENDER—"Not at all. The cherry in that cocktail grew from a sprig taken from the tree that George Washington cut down."



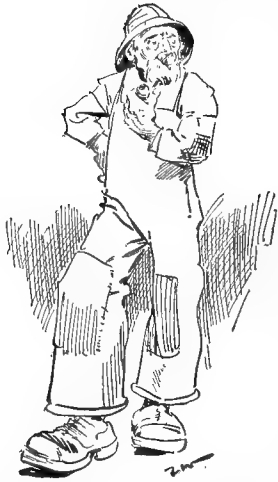
ALL LEGITIMATE.

"They say Hotspur was 'pulled' in the fifth race yesterday."

"'Pulled,'? Why, I had a bet on him."

"You did, eh? Well, he undoubtedly lost on his merits, then."

Growls of a Gilded Grafter.



THE demagogue and the demijohn usually go together.

When in trouble bad politicians go to good lawyers.

Don't go to Germany for mud-baths. Go into politics.

What is the use of a politician being good when no one will believe it?

First the trust magnate robs the people, then the gilded grafter trims him.

Bad year for bosses. Self-made men are replacing the "machine"-made.

A woman can always be "caught with the goods on"—usually expensive dry-goods.

If all the laws were enforced who would be left to act as jailer and lock the rest up?

Sometimes a young man is lucky in entering politics. He gets badly defeated and goes back to work.

A Welsh rarebit will keep the average man awake at night quicker than the wee small voice of conscience.

Politics is a street-car. The bosses have seats, civil-service employes stand, while the tax-payer is glad to swing on a strap.

Every man has his price, but the politician shows his wisdom by guessing whether he wants payment in honor, flat-tery, or cold cash.

PETER PRY SHEVLIN.

His Position.

IN time a new insurance company was planned.

The organizers secured thousands of stockholders, and the scope of the company was to be great indeed.

To them came the richest man in the country, who begged that he might be permitted to have a part in the concern.

"Certainly," said the organizers; "we have planned a place for you. You are to have the most conspicuous position in the affair."

"Ah, thank you! Count me in. What have you in view for me?"

"You are to be the policy-holder."

A Skillful Evasion.

"B-BUT I thought the cannibal king was banting and was not eating any meat," protested the shipwrecked sailor.

"So he is," responded the cannibal queen grimly; "but he regards you as sea-food."

Soup with a Past.

THE irrepressible was dining at a café. Opposite to him was an extremely irritable old gentleman. The latter, who was stirring up his soup in a suspicious, disagreeable manner, asked the waiter what kind of soup it was.

"Bean-soup, sir," replied the waiter briskly.

"But where the devil are the beans?" asked the irritable old gentleman.

"You misunderstood him, boss," broke in the irrepressible beamingly. "He meanter say it's been soup."

The old gentleman glared and the waiter retired, perturbed.

His Appropriate Observation.

"BY CRACKY!" ruefully remarked the dime-museum manager immediately after the fight, "that's certainly one time that"—he had sought to pry into the tattooed man's family history and had been soundly drubbed by the pugnacious freak—"my curiosity got the best of me."



HOW THE CUSTOM BEGAN.

SCHOOLMASTER—"Gracious, what a din! How came thee by that horn?"

GEORGIE WASHINGTON—"Pop give me it for a present. To-day's my birthday."

SCHOOLMASTER—"O-ho! And must we all take an holiday because it's thy birthday?"

From the Pinhook Correspondent

YESTERDAY somebody placed a small soft-shell mud-turtle in the post-office at Pinhook, with a paper pasted on the shell addressed to "The Game and Fish Commission, St. Paul," and with four cents in stamps affixed. Halvor Trelawney, the postmaster, was immediately much troubled in his mind as to what his duties in the matter might be, and, going to the long-distance telephone, called up the postal inspector in St. Paul and conversed with him as follows:

"Hello! Is this the post-office inspector at St. Paul?"

A feeble, **uncomprehending** answering "hello" was the response.

"Is this the post-office inspector at St. Paul?" he shouted again.

"Yes. What's wanted? Hurry up! Who is this speaking?"

"This is the postmaster at Pinhook. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, oh, yes. Well, what can I do for you?"

"I want to know is a turtle mail?"

"Turtlemale? What's that? Turtle"——

"Yes. Is it? Is it mail—is it——"

"How's that? Say it over again."

"Is a mud-turtle mail?"

"Sure! Some of 'em are."

"How? Some of them mail?"

"Yes; of course. Why?"

"I've got one here that wants to go to St. Paul."

"H'm! It'll take it a long time."

"What—what is that?"

"Oh, nothing. To St. Paul, you say?"

"Yes. Can I forward it?"

"Say, what's all this about, anyway?"

"What section is it under?"

"What?"

"Section—which section?"

"Sex? You said it was male."

"Postal-law section, not sex."

"Say, let's have that again—say it all over. Commence fresh."

"Well, dear me! is it proper for mail? Is it mail at all? Will it do for mail? Is it like bees? Queen bees are mail, you know."

"What ails you, man? Is this a puzzle? Queen bees are not male at all. You are 'way off. What do you want to know, anyway?"

"For heaven's sake! haven't you got the idea yet? Somebody wants to send it to St. Paul. Can I send it?"

"Say, this is awful! Why not send it? Send it for all of me."

"Would it go first- or second-class?"

"Neither, of course. It wouldn't be a passenger—it would go by freight or express."

"How—how's that?"

"Freight or express."

"Freight? Express? Send this kind of mail that way?"

"Say, cut that out! Tell me what you want or ring off. I'll faint away in a minute."

"Is it mail? Tell me that first."

"We had that all over before. Some are, of course, and some are not."

"Which are?"

"What? I can't get that."

"Which are—which are?"

"Louder! Which are what?"

"Wait a minute, please."

The postmaster hung up his receiver a moment, and then, returning, took it down again and called over the wire in a subdued tone,

"Say, it don't make any difference now, any way. My dog just got in and et the mud-turtle."

"Thank God!" said the inspector fervently.

LE SUEUR LYRE.

Kept His Word.

"PAPA, papa! you said that if I would tell you all about it not a hair of my head should be harmed."

"Well (whack!) not one will (whack!) be. Your head (whack!) is higher up."



AFTER THE SHOW.

FIRST GENTLEMAN BURGLAR—"I hear you took a box at the show the other night."

SECOND GENTLEMAN BURGLAR—"No, hardly that; though I did manage to get a pair of opera-glasses and a diamond pin."



FURTHER SEMBLANCE.

Her bright teeth had a starry glint—so glittering, so pearly white.
Still further the resemblance went—like stars, they all came out at night.

An Academic Fable.

ONCE upon a time there was a huge giant, shaped like a boy, and his name was Football. He was a bruiser from Bloodyville, and he combed his hair with a pitchfork. His every-day clothes looked like the blanket on a runaway nightmare, and he had no better for Sundays. He was armed with a great gridiron, and the way he banged all sorts of educational joints over the head with it was painful in the extreme. College authorities were small potatoes and few in a hill, and he dug into them and shoveled them out regardless. Faculties screamed when he appeared and shook their curricula at him; but he butted holes into the entire shooting-match and kept ahead with his gory game. Two or three institutions compromised with him on condition that he might kill, but should not mangle the remains. It was not much of an improvement on the remains.

But nothing appeared to have any radical effect on Football except intense cold, and at last the college authorities transferred their plants to the arctic regions, where, amidst the eternal snows, they could pursue their courses in peace and graduate their matriculates without the assistance of physicians or the use of a hearse.

Moral—You might as well kill a boy as to freeze him to death.

W. J. LAMPTON.

In 1960.

Auto-passenger—"Gosh! what was that we just passed?"

The chauffeur—"Buffalo, Lake Erie, Detroit and Chicago."

A Cool Request.

I CRAVE not sunny field nor plain,
Nor waving wood, nor ripening grain—
I ask not grass, nor vines, nor flowers,
Aught that can hint of sylvan bowers;
Or birds that sing, or bees that hum, or
Anything that looks like summer.

But give me in their stead those caves,
As vast and cold as giants' graves,
Where creeping chills the blood congeal.
Ah, that is what I yearn to feel!
Give me the snow-heaped frigid zone,
Where cutting wintry breezes moan—
These are the things I fain would freeze on
To take me through the sultry season.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Snake-charmer—"Why is the sword-swallower down on the press-agent?"

Lion-tamer—"The press-agent happened to remark the other day that the pen was mightier than the sword."

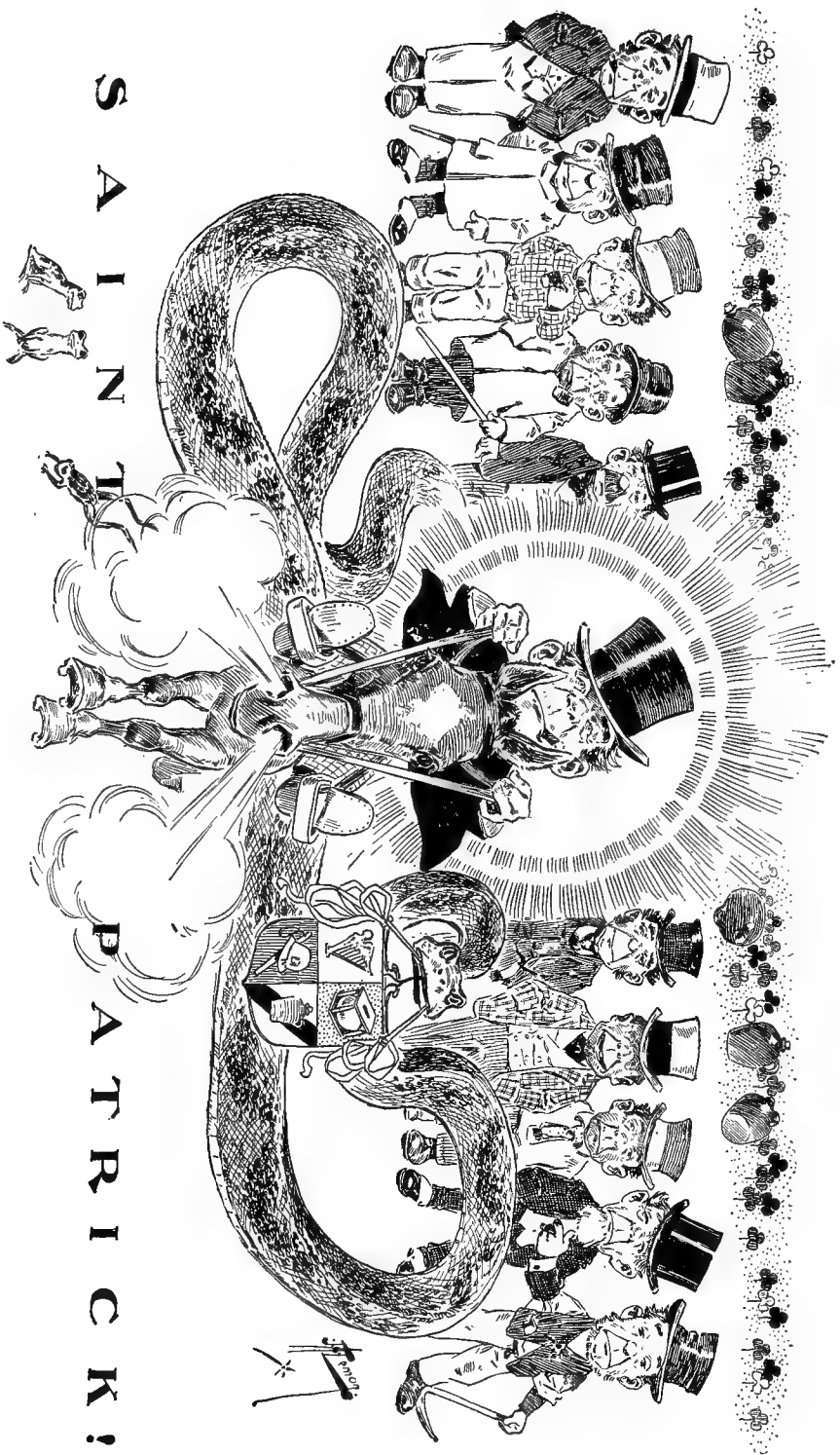


FAR GONE.

MR. NEW WED (*waiting, with Mrs. New Wed, for car*)—"Gladys, dear, are you glad you are going?"

MRS. NEW WED—"Yes, my pet; I am awfully glad!"

MR. NEW WED—"I am so glad you are glad."



ALL STAND-PATTERS.

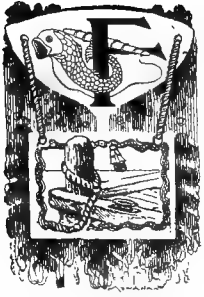
Saint Patrick was a rare old saint;
To-day he's just the same,
We welcome him, in emerald trim,
And glorify his name;

While Catholic and Protestant
Are one in saying that
On Ireland's grand old patron saint
The two are standing pat.

W. J. L.

At the Café de Vie

By W. J. Lampton



FRANCOIS was the new waiter at the Café de Vie. Perhaps he was not comme il faut in all the working technicalities of the profession, but he was past-master of politeness, and the manners of Francois were perfect. He might forget to bring what a patron ordered, but he never forgot those exquisite graces of service which coax admiration for the servitor, however much one may deplore defects in the delivery of his dinner.

There is much at the Café de Vie of what bohemians, who are épris, are pleased to call "atmosphere." More of it really than of good food, but one can buy good food almost anywhere if he have the price, while "atmosphere" it is not possible to buy anywhere. It is the birthright of some eating-places, as one may discover in the course of several dozen dinners picked up at random in the numerous table d'hôtels, so to speak, scattered promiscuously from centre to circumference of the Tenderloin district. Francois was born to this atmosphere; he exhaled it; he was part of it. This the diners were unanimous upon after Francois had served his first dinner. It followed him as the odor the rose, and Bohemia begged for him the second day.

And his French! Ach, Gott in Himmel, il était parfait. Parisian of the Faubourg St. Germain, grammatical as Ollendorff and Fasquelle! It was music to hear Francois read the menu, and it made things taste better to have him call them by name.

Nor was the attractiveness of Francois alone pleasing to the patrons of the Café de Vie. Monsieur, le propriétaire, who had employed him without verifying his references, was pleased, and he flattered himself that he could recognize merit which did not bear the stamp of some previous judge. Monsieur was pleased, the patrons were pleased, and therefore the lot of Francois at the Café de Vie was tres bully.

At dinner on the third day Francois had dropped two dishes and a pitcher, to the great distress of those articles, as well as himself, for he had been promised an increase of wages after the first week. He was nervous for some reason, not apparent, and the maître d'hôtel had hissed "Sacré!" to him once, which did not decrease his embarrassment. But presently an elegant gentleman came in, and he asked to be served by Francois. It was not unusual that elegant persons ate at the Café de Vie—for its atmosphere—but this one wore, besides his fine attire, an air of mystery which might mean much more than money; for it is not always mere money which makes the success of an eating-place.

Thus it was that all to the discredit of Francois was forgotten, and the sun shone once more in his bosom. The gentleman ordered champagne as a substitute for the vin de logwood, and ate simply, but with much manner.

Monsieur, le propriétaire, all curiosity and pleasure, begged Francois to tell him who the distinguished visitor was, but Francois could tell him nothing further than that once he had seen him among the mighty at a banquet to New York's latest royal visitor.

Monsieur was determined that his guest should not get away without some special recognition, and he waited until the coffee had been served. Graciously smiling and bowing to all, he walked down the long aisle until he came to the object of his curiosity. He stopped, and, with rare solicitude, asked if everything were satisfactory. A patron never resents this attention. This one was no exception. He expressed himself as well pleased with his dinner and his wine, but was disappointed in the waiter. He had been told by friends to ask for Francois, which he had done, and though he had found him extremely polite and willing, he was not at all efficient. However, said the gentleman, that might be remedied. Monsieur apologized for the incapable Francois, and promised a perfect waiter when he came again, which he surely must, for the Café de Vie was honored by his presence. He assured monsieur that he would. He nodded to Francois, at another table, and he approached. Francois was radiant, for he had not heard what had been said in derogation of his abilities. The gentleman asked for the check, which Francois at once made out and laid beside his plate. Monsieur noted the amount, and his eyes glistened. So much for one, for two would be double, and the gentleman had friends and was generous. Monsieur could read character.

The gentleman carelessly drew a roll from his waistcoat pocket, and, taking a bill from it, laid it upon the check. Monsieur's eyes glistened still more. It was of the denomination one hundred. And he had a roll. But monsieur betrayed none of the emotion he felt. He was quite indifferent. He even turned his back on Francois when he took up the bill and the check and started into the next room where the cashier's desk was. He talked with his guest as if hundred-dollar bills were the rule of the Café de Vie. Francois was gone so long that the guest became impatient. Monsieur apologized, and would himself go and see what was delaying the inexcusable Francois. The gentleman thrummed on the table and waited. Monsieur returned after a long time, pale and agitated.

"Well, what's the matter?" inquired the gentleman.

"Francois—Francois," monsieur tried to speak calmly, "Francois has gone."

"Of course he has," laughed the gentleman lightly. "I saw him go. Why doesn't he come back with the change?"

"The gentleman does not comprehend," monsieur stumbled along. "Francois is nowhere to be found. He has disappeared from the café. He has quite run away."

"The devil you say," exclaimed the guest, becoming agitated himself. "Did he take that hundred-dollar bill with him?"

Monsieur shivered and almost wept. "It is also gone," he admitted.

"I'm very sorry," said the gentleman, with great sympathy, "but I'll have to have my change, you know. He was your man and you saw him take the money. It is your loss, not mine, you understand."

Monsieur understood perfectly, but he begged his kind patron, so generous as he knew he must be, not to insist upon restitution until Francois had been taken. The patron admitted that he was generous, but business was business, he said in his brusque American way and after much pleading and protestation, monsieur gathered up \$95.40 and handed it tearfully over to the patron. The \$4.60 for the dinner, which had seemed so pleasant to him before, was now but dust and ashes in his mouth.

With hearty assurances of his continued esteem, the patron departed with many promises to return again many

times, so that monsieur might know he was held guiltless, and monsieur called up Mulberry street to pour his torrent of woe into police headquarters through the telephone.

That night, in a quiet little back room in old Greenwich village, Francois and the noble patron of the Café de Vie divided \$95.40, and each pocketed his half.

"Give me back the hundred," said the noble patron, nudging Francois. "We need it in our business. And as long as you are lucky, my dear Francois, they'll never get you for passing counterfeit money."

Where is Francois now? Who can tell? Nobody who will. No doubt, changed in appearance, he is jerking sixty-cent dinners somewhere in New York, awaiting the golden opportunity; or he may be in Chicago with his friend, reaping where they have not sown. One thing sure, he isn't behind the bars, where he ought to be for the good of the table d'hôte business.



SHE SEES SOMETHING FUNNY, EH?

"How do, doctor? Nature's smiling this morning."
THE DOCTOR—"Humph! I don't blame her."



BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

Sniffles, Crack Detective.

"HA!"

I trembled. It was the voice that had led me to be a thief, a forger, a body-snatcher, and a murderer!

"Ha!"

Again it rang out, that voice that had led me—but why repeat that again?

I turned and saw standing in the shadow of the cuckoo-clock the slim figure of Sniffles, the celebrated lady detective.

"You are frightened, Sandwich!" she rasped in the voice that had (see above).

I was, indeed, startled. My nerves were not as they were before that voice had led me—

"We have work to do. Come!" came the low command in the harsh voice that had (same as above).

Mechanically I arose and donned my smoking-jacket.

"Hist! Haste!" she demanded tensely in the voice that—

We crept forth and entered the deserted graveyard. She led the way among the tombstones with unerring certainty.

"There!" she hissed, pointing to a marble shaft that towered above us. "The tomb of Robert de Hog-fat!"

I shuddered. It was the voice that had thrilled me—that had led me to be a—as previous.



WHEN LEAVES WERE FASHIONABLE.

EVE—"See, darling; after the roast brontosaurus we have a salad."

ADAM—"Salad! Great apples, woman! that's my new dress-suit!"

"Quick! Bite a hunk out of that marble!" she commanded in the voice.—

A cold sweat broke out on my shoulder-blades as I realized the awful truth. My knees trembled violently.

"Make haste!" she shrilled in the—

Summoning my manhood, I faced her.

"I—I can't! I left my teeth on the dresser!" I gasped.

She bowed her head in mute assent to the inevitable. It was a thrilling moment. Then, with a sudden gesture, a slat broke and I was pitched out on the cold, clammy floor just as the clock struck three.

No Doubt about It.

SPEAKING of that old sailor-hat joke, there's probably many a man who uses military brushes who'd faint at the sight of a gun.

A Valid Excuse.

"I SEE Robinson's married again—married his first wife's sister."

"Yes. He said he didn't want to have to break in another mother-in-law."

THE wise man writes his opinions on a slate; the fool uses indelible ink.



"Put on your gloves, my child."

"I don't want to. It's too warm, mamma."

"Never mind, child, put them on. Your hands are altogether too dirty to be seen."



RELIEF IN SIGHT.

BUSTED UMBRELLA—"My ! but I feel relieved ; here comes the doctor."

The Mokeville Minstrels.

"MISTAH MIDDLEMAN, yo' know dat ol worn-out hoss dat Sam Johnsing had?"

"You mean that bony nag he rode about town?"

"Yes, sah ; dat's de one. Well, de odder day a train done refused ter git off de track, an' de nag wuz cut inter small bits. Den Sam he jes' sold dat hoss fo' tobacco."

"Look here, Mr. Bones ; you must explain to me just what kind of tobacco a cut-up horse would make."

"Granulated plug."

"Mr. T. Enorr will sing, 'Everybody Works but the Wealthy.'"

Calculating Man.

"I DON'T like young Dr. Oprates," remarks the timid young thing.

"No? And why?"

"The other evening he called, and by and by he squeezed my hand and said something sentimental, and just as I was trying to look demure and to blush I discovered that he had his finger on my pulse to see whether or not I was really affected by his attentions."

Unfair.

She—"Do you consider it unlucky to marry on Friday?"

He—"It's unfair to charge poor old Friday with a sure thing like that."



A FOOLISH UNDERTAKING.

MR. MONK (*hopelessly*)—"Hang it all, any way ! I might have known better than to try to elope with Miss Hippo, with nothing but this measly zebra."



"WELL, YOUNG MAN?"

ANNA
KOEHLER

The Woes of Albertus at Suffern

NOW, Albertus was a cunning man in the making of graven images, and he dwelt in a city great and strong and of many high towers. And it came to pass that Albertus lifted up his eyes toward the northwest, even unto the place called Suffern, and he sighed heavily and did consult with his wife, and they both were of one accord that they should go unto Suffern and dwell there and raise cattle and much fowl. And it was so.

Now, behold! when they had sojourned there for a space of time like unto a few months, they saw that everything was good, and their hearts were filled with much joy, and they became puffed up with pride even as the Philistines in the great city.

And, behold! the mighty Jove looked down upon them, and was much grieved, and said, I will send a plague upon them to devour them, that their hearts be humbled even unto the dust. And it was so.

And, lo! the plague was a plague of rats, and they began to make a terrific stir in the night season. Then did Albertus beat upon his breast and cry aloud, but none gave heed, and he was sore vexed, and he went out into his garden—even his pleasant garden—and did cover him-

self with the dust thereof, and lifted up his voice and wept bitterly, but the rats stayed not.

And it fell out that in the country adjoining there dwelt a man who had a cat. This man, hearing the great lamentations of Albertus and his wife, said within himself, I will hasten even now unto our neighbor with our cat, and perhaps it will be a help to him in his trouble.

So the neighbor came unto Albertus, even unto the fence, and cried out and said, Oh, Albertus, be comforted! Here is my cat, a mighty animal of war, and I bring him unto thee for thy succor, for I plainly perceive that thou hast the rats badly. And Albertus fell on his neighbor's neck and wept, and the cat fell on the rats also and pursued them with ardor.

But, lo! the rats were too many for the cat, and chased him away to his own country, even unto the borders thereof. And it was so.

Then did Albertus curse his neighbor and say unto him, Thou man of Belial, why comest thou unto me with a fraid cat? Begone! and do not mock me in my sorrow. And it was even as he said.

And, behold! the rats returned unto the house of Albertus, and left not one cheese upon another. Yea, the cattle and fowl thereof were devoured. And it was even so.

Then did Albertus and his helpmeet put dust upon their heads and did fast for the space of seven days, and wept withal. And there was a dish set before Albertus, into which their neighbors round about, even unto the borders of New Jersey, did chip in of their substance, and over the dish was this sign, "Mice is mice, and cats is cats, but mice and cats is rats." And Albertus hiked him forth and returned to the city. And it was so.

H. N. GALLAUDET.

The Insecure Season.

THE time draws near when no one knows
Just when to shake his winter clothes;
For if you wear 'em you feel bad,
And if you don't you wish you had.

HELEN, a little girl of four years, came to her mother with a look of pain in her face and said, "Mamma, I have two bad headaches."

"Two headaches?" said her mother. "How can that be?"

"Well, I have one above each eye."



FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES ONLY.

"Mrs. Hummer, the boarding-house mistress, seems to be quite smitten by young Firefly, and they say he's very stupid."

"Yes; but she said he'd be so helpful, because hed do away with gas-bills."

The Slopes of Parnassus

By John R. Fisher



I HAVE never been a literary man. I always wanted to be, but my father, narrow business man that he was, turned down my earnest request for permission to dedicate my life to the muses, and gave me a job in his glue factory. He was a forceful old gentleman, was my father. I did not think it wise to rebel, but went to work as he directed, sadly giving up the lofty ambition of my adolescence. Perhaps it was just as well. Euterpe is a hard mistress, even to her favorites, and years of application have raised me high in a business unsavory but lucrative. I have prospered greatly and no longer complain at my father's decision. I am content to serve a soulless, money-grasping corporation, yet I have not quite forgotten my old dreams, and I still think fondly of the glorious, untrammelled life of the artist—life unhampered by mercenary considerations, dedicated to the true and the beautiful. Therefore, though I may not dwell in the garden of the muses, I do my best to live as close to it as may be. A life-membership in the Tabard Inn keeps me in touch with the current novels. The book-fanciers, the hypercritical, and the bookworm guide my uncertain judgment; and I earnestly endeavor to make friends among the men whose lives are devoted to looking after the taste of the community.

Chief of these friends is Brown, sub-editor on the famous *Robinson's Magazine*, a man whose opinion I hold in the greatest respect, and whose conversation, filled with the gossip of the literary world, seems to me, after the talk of my business associates, like the cool breeze to a parched Arab of the Sahara. I make it a point to see a good deal of Brown. We dine together frequently, and he honors me by consenting occasionally to grace my theatre parties and to go motoring on holidays.

The other day I had the good luck to finish a most satisfactory deal, and, somewhat ashamed of my elation over such a mercenary success, craved a little refreshing artistic talk. So, leaving business cares to my junior partner (poor man! he may know the market, but he thinks Emerson is in the shoe business), I hurried up town to take Brown out to lunch.

The very air at Robinson's breathes stillness. The stately old door-keeper took my card and ushered me into the reception-room, a delightful little den with mission furniture, green burlap, a soft rug, and colored prints on the wall. On a table were copies of the house's latest publications. It had charm—atmosphere such as all my labor could never give my sordid office; but then there is such a difference between art and business. I had hardly looked around when Brown hurried in.

"Luncheon at Shanley's!" he cried. "I'd be delighted! You don't mind waiting a few minutes, do you? We're

just going to have a board meeting to decide the make-up of the May number, but as soon as it's over I'll be at your service. Make yourself at home!" and he vanished.

Selecting one of the magazines, I had just settled myself comfortably in an arm-chair, when a nervous-looking little man in a gray sack-suit rushed into the office, looked around and hurried out again after Brown. The door slammed behind him, but, failing to fasten, swung half-way open, so that without moving I could see over half the next room. Right before me were half a dozen people around a long table, looking over notes and arranging papers. Their faces were all intensely serious; they looked expectant, as if waiting for some important business to begin. The little man had flung himself into the largest chair; one of his legs was across the arm; he was chewing the end of his pencil, and his dangling toe beat nervously against the table leg. Could it be? Yes; I recognized him from descriptions. With admiring awe I drank in his every movement. It was the great Robinson himself. All at once he rapped on the table and began to speak in the tone of an agitated terrier.

For a moment my conscience suggested that it was hardly honorable to pry into his editorial secrets, but the temptation was too strong. All my life I had been forced to take part in sordid discussions of the price of glue; now I had the chance to hear a calm debate on the policy of one of our greatest æsthetic and ethical influences. Of course it was not meant for my ears. What then? I am only human! I crushed my scruples and listened with all my attention.

"Gentlemen," he began. "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen (with a quick nod at a grim-faced woman whose hard eyes, disarranged hair and firm chin savored both of the Roman matron and the Greek fury), this May number has got to be a hummer—a thriller! I want it to stand up and hit the reader between the eyes—to yell at him from the news-stand. Some of our friends are pushing us hard. We must make every one understand that *Robinson's* is still in the lead. Well, Mr. Smith, how did you find Washington—any copy?"

A thin, eager-eyed youth looked up. "I have material for a scathing article on the senate," he answered.

"The senate!" barked Robinson. "That'll never do. We can't imitate the *Universe* that way. Make it the supreme court!"

"I'm afraid I haven't any material for that," suggested Smith in a discouraged voice. "No one ever hints at graft there."

"All the better!" shouted Robinson. "We'll make 'em sit up. Just change the names and the introduction and use your senate material. I guess that will startle them! Make it bite! I'll settle all suits. Oh, while I think of it—Thompson, get up something about breakfast foods, will you? I found a shingle-nail in mine this morning. Are the trust magnates to be allowed to roll in automobiles while the wage-earners of the country feed

on sawdust? I guess not! Not while *Robinson's* is in the field. Our first duty is to the public. Work it up and give it to them red-hot."

"I beg pardon," interposed a big, gray-haired man whose shrewd eyes and humorous mouth stamped him as the jollier of the business side. "I beg pardon, but we carry a lot of their advertising."

"M-m-m," said Robinson. "Thanks for reminding me. Well, then, Thompson, make it the pop-corn trust; we've got to hit something in the food line."

Thompson busied himself with his notes, while Robinson paused a while to eat up the rest of his pencil, drumming on the table with the fingers of his left hand. For a moment he appeared lost in abstraction; then, pulling himself together, he jumped from his seat and hurried around the room, one hand plunged deep in his trousers pocket and the other running through his damp hair. No one seemed to pay any attention to him; they had grown used to the eccentricities of his genius. Suddenly he stopped and banged his fist down on the table. "It's a peach! Call up Bishop Jenkins on the 'phone and get him to give us something on graft among the clergy—'Canonical Corruption' would be a good title—any terms he wants. It's new. The public will simply eat it." Then, having worked off some of his surplus energy, he sat down and continued more quietly, "Well, Miss Watson, how is the rogues' gallery getting along?"

"I have reached modern times," answered the Roman matron, biting the words off icily. "For May I suggest the articles on Marcus Aurelius and St. Augustine. I have gone into detail enough to correct the popular prejudice in their favor and show them up for the depraved old men they were."

The harsh-voiced Sibyl subsided and Robinson rubbed his hands. "Very good indeed, Miss Watson; that will do for articles. How about fiction, Mr. Brown—about six stories, don't you think?"

Brown referred to a list. "I have one story of railroad life with a labor-union motif; a love affair in the Nebraska wheat-belt; the diary of an oiler on the Kron Prinz Friedrich; a courtship in Hester street; the reminiscences of a boy pickpocket at Elmira; and a pretty little sketch of cottage life at Newport—a little out of our line, but very well written."

"All right but the last," broke in Robinson. "How many times must I tell you that this isn't the *Smart Set*? I don't care how it's written. *Robinson's* must appeal to the great heart of the common people. I want it to smell of the oil-can and the fertilizer. It must take the millionaire back to the days when he did the chores, and make the factory hands understand that they are the backbone of the nation. What's good writing got to do with the American purchaser? Cut it out and run in something about the sweat-shops; they always take. Hold on, though, we haven't much for the women; try one of those naughty-boy stories of Miss McGuire's. And get up something special in the way of illustrations. Pictures make a magazine bearable; advertising makes it pay. How about advertising, Mr. Johnson?"

The large man smiled proudly. "Last year," he announced with swelling chest, "*Robinson's* printed about

eight hundred pounds of advertising matter—this year we expect to exceed two tons. I have arranged to have a special advertising supplement, weighing about eighteen pounds, shipped by freight to each subscriber with the May number."

Robinson sprang from his chair and wrung Johnson's hand. "Mr. Johnson, I'm pleased with you. Your salary will be doubled. That will do for this morning. I've got to catch a train." And he tore past me, slamming the door as he went.

A minute later Brown came in. "I'm ready now," he said. "Hungry as a shark; sorry to have kept you waiting; hope you didn't find it dull."

"On the contrary," said I, "I was extremely interested. Never before have I known so much about the magazine business."

"Oh, then the meeting interested you. I hoped you could hear us. They're a fine lot of men. Johnson could get a contract out of a mummy. Thompson revolutionized the drug business with his exposure of injurious moth balls. Smith knows more about the inside workings of politics than Aldrich himself; and as for Miss Watson—why, when John D. heard that she'd ordered a new typewriter he took to the woods and couldn't be located for months."

By this time we were outside in the street. "To Shanley's," I directed the chauffeur. "But tell me, Brown, who was the dejected little man who sat alone at the foot of the table and never said a word all the time?"

"That," laughed Brown; "oh that was Spivins, the literary editor."

A Logical Sermon Division.

WHEN the minister of Drumclechan church proceeded to announce the divisions of his sermon it was the most interesting moment of the discourse, and never failed to gain the attention of even the most indifferent member of the flock.

"Ye wull find th' text in th' feefth chepter o' th' first letter o' Peter, in th' eighth verse: 'Th' deil gaet haboot lak a roarin' lion, seekin' wham he may devoor.' For a' practical poorposes, ma breethren, th' text may be divetit into thra divisions. Th' first ane shall be summat o' a theological nature, in which we maun ask, 'Who th' deil is he?' Th' sacond wull be o' a geographical nature, in which we maun ask, 'Where th' deil is he goin' to?' Th' third, ma breethren, wull be o' a metaphesical nature, in which we maun ask, 'What th' deil is he roarin' for?'"

Equator on a Tear.

THEY were holding mid-year examinations in one of the public schools. The subject was geography. One of the questions was, "What is the equator?"

"The equator," read the answer of a nine-year-old boy, "is a menagerie lion running around the centre of the earth."

How?

Lyre—"I thought seriously oncé of becoming a poet."

Dyer—"What caused you to change your mind?"

Lyre—"Editors."

The Expense Account

By W. D. Nesbit

I AM going to ask the Browns to come up and spend Sunday," said Mrs. Figgers.

"I—er—I do not like to object," replied her husband, "but just at present I am a trifle shy financially, and I wish you would defer their visit for a few months."

"A few months? Why, surely, you don't mean it! The expense of entertaining them over Sunday would be trifling. Besides, they are coming to town on Friday to enable Mrs. Brown to do some shopping, and Mr. Brown to look after some business. It will be quite simple to have them run out here Saturday evening and"—

Mr. Figgers stopped her with a strange look. He reached into his desk and brought forth a sheet of paper covered with calculations of different sorts.

"Here," he said, "is a tabulated account of what it cost us to entertain the Simpkinses over Sunday a month ago."

"Quit joking! You know we did not go to any trouble or pains at all—simply had a nice dinner, and"—

"Wait a minute. Look at this."

Mrs. Figgers looked, and this is what she beheld:

To entertaining W. B. Simpkins and wife over Sunday:

Lawn retrimmed.....	\$ 1 00
Scrubwoman, two days.....	3 00
Man to wash windows.....	2 00
Floor polish.....	2 50
Man to polish floors down stairs.....	4 00
Piano tuned.....	3 50
New curtains for hall window.....	8 96
Waist for wife to wear at dinner.....	14 38
New suit for Johnnie.....	9 85
Telephone calls.....	80
Cut flowers for vase.....	1 50
Bottle furniture polish.....	75
Wife's skirt spoiled when polish was upset.....	20 00
Coat of white enamel on bath-room woodwork.....	5 00
New sofa-pillow.....	2 48
Six new doilies.....	3 00
Postage.....	04
Paper shades for electric lights.....	4 67
Can of paint for back stairs.....	40
My second-best trousers spoiled by said paint.....	4 80
Johnnie's every-day suit spoiled by ditto.....	6 00
Folio of classic music to put on piano.....	1 75

"I didn't get everything put down," Mr. Figgers sighed.

"I couldn't keep account of the minor details of groceries and meats and ices and stuff like that. And maybe I overlooked one or two incidentals. I was waiting to learn how much you paid your face specialist and scalp masseur for obliterating the traces of worry after the Simpkinses left, but in the main I have accounted for the expenses prior to the arrival of the Simpkinses. If you think we ought to entertain the Browns, I will engage a suite of rooms for them at a hotel, and we will go in and pay for their Sunday dinner and other meals during the day. That will be more sensible, because hotels don't remodel the whole place when some one is coming to spend a day."

But Mrs. Figgers merely remarked that he was a brute, and after having a good, satisfactory cry, wrote to Mrs. Brown that she would expect them without fail Saturday afternoon, and that Mr. Figgers could arrange to get off early that day in order to bring them out to the house safely.

Othello's Economy.

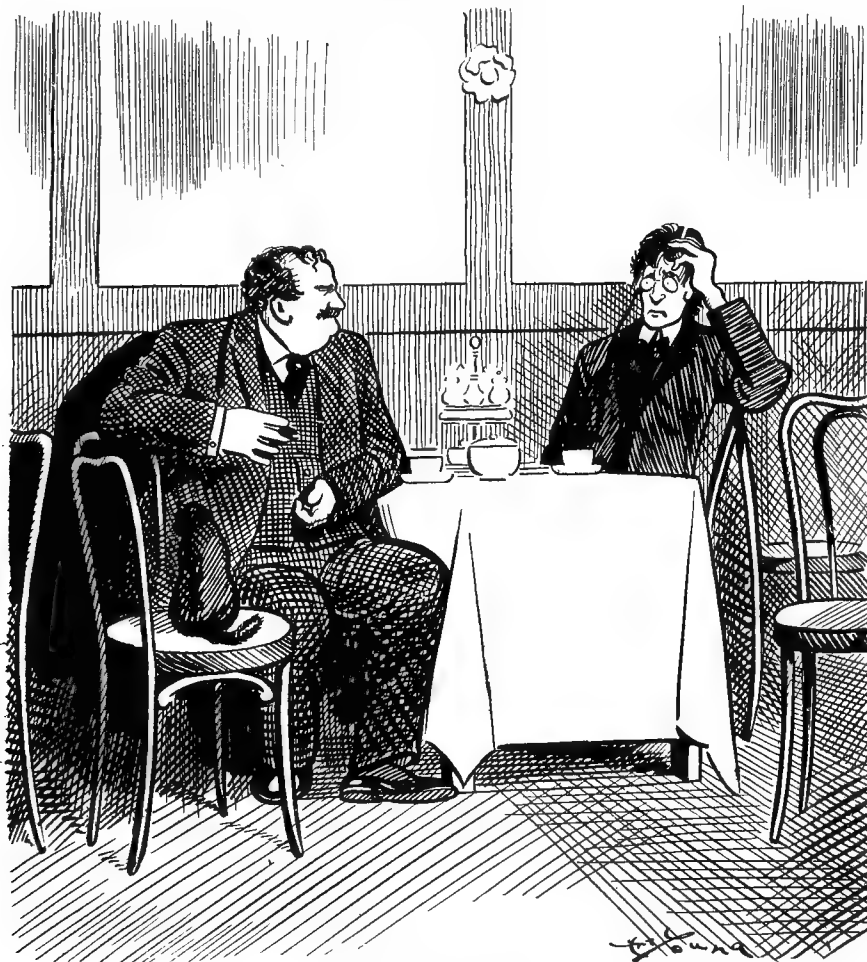
OTHELLO had just smothered Desdemona.

"There!" he ejaculated. "I guess that'll settle the alimony question, anyhow."

ONLY A FARCE.

THE MELANCHOLY ONE—"I sometimes wonder if living is worth while. The whole social system seems to me like a farce."

THE OPTIMIST—"Why, of course it's a farce. That's just why you shouldn't take it as if it were a tragedy."





TOO BAD.

BINKS—"Well, a year ago now, we didn't hear anything but war."

JINKS—"Yep. Blame shame it's all over, too."

BINKS—"What's a shame?"

JINKS—"To close the war when people were just getting able to pronounce those names."

The Main Trouble.

"THE main trouble with pedestrianism as an exercise," said the man with mental strabismus, "is that when a fellow first begins it his friends declare he is crazy, and that when he has been at it two or three days he begins to share their opinion."

The Mercenary Muse.

NO MADRIGALS will I indite,
No odes with thoughtful views.
A modest hope inspires my flight—
I need a pair of shoes!
No thrilling carols to the lark,
No diatribes at dollars.
My arrow flies for humble mark—
A half-a-dozen collars!

Assist me, oh, ye muses nine!
Inspire my trembling note,
To sing—and sell—until I shine

In a new overcoat!

ERNEST NEIL LYON.

Heard in the Slums.

TWO little smut-faced urchins of the Chicago slums were quarreling when the following spirited conversation was overheard:

"I'm mad at you," began the first boy, sticking his tongue out as far as he could.

"An' I'm mad at you," came back the answer as quick as a flash.

"Me brudder's mad at your brudder," was the next remark after a little wait.

"An' me brudder's mad at your brudder—so there, now!" replied the second speaker.

"Me mudder's mad at your mudder," was the next remark made by the person of the first part.

"Shure, an' me mudder's mad at your mudder," was the retort.

This was a poser for the party of the first part, but it kept him guessing but a moment, when he triumphantly exclaimed,

"Me hull family's mad at your hull family!"

This was too much for the party of the second part. He had nothing further to say, and the only satisfaction he had was that of making sundry wry faces at his companion as he ran home.

The Optimist.

THE optimist had just had both his legs cut off

"At least," he murmured gratefully, "I will no longer be told to step lively."

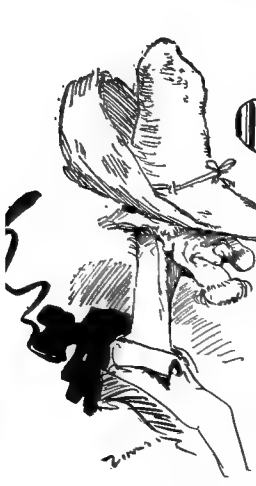


AT THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

SARAH SABLE—"I will say that Joel Attwood was a good man."

UNCLE CYRUS—"Good? Say, if Joel Attwood don't git inter heaven then the rest uv us don't stand no more show than a corn-husk in a cyclone."

Terence Feels a Bit Stuck Up Over News from His Son



JUST think!" said Mrs. Terence. "Me b'y Moike, in Noo Yarruk, writes his seyther thot he's joost afther bein' op-per-ray-ted on fer ap-pen-di-tis. Terence, he's a good bit shtook oop be th' noose bekase there ain't nobody around here iver had ap-pen-di-tis, barrin' owld Mrs. Hefferle, th' brooer's woife, an' it's sivinty-sivin darlers her owld man was afther payin' th' two docthors as kim over from Criston fer th' op-per-ray-tion. 'Twas a divil av a bit av bad look Moike was afther hovin' thot roon him oop ag'in th' throoble. He wroites oos thot he was inwoited out t' a 'shwill fonction'—phativer th' divil a 'foonction' may be—at a brown-shtone frontispiece house on Fift' Avenoo, an' thot th' cheff, or chiff, or chaff—me owld man cudent git th' shtraight roights av it—had filled him oop wid Wilch rabbit—rabbit! Fer me, Oi'd as soon ate a cat as a rabbit—an' thot th' little cotton-tailed pussy-cat sit hivvy on his shtum-

mick, an', sakin' to' git shut av th' roomblin' an' groomblin' an' achin' an' painin', me poor b'y shwilled down siveral pints av rid pop—hivins! think av it! An Oirishman drinkin' POP!—an' th' kitty-cat an' th' shwatened wind both together twishted some av Moike's insoide conthraptions six ways fer Sunday, an' a coople av xpensive docthors had t' coom in an' open him oop loike a roipe wathermillin an' cut th' ap-pen-di-tis out an' throw it away an' thin sew him oop ag'in loike a bushted grain-sack.

"Th' op-per-ray-tion coom t' a hoonderd an' sivinty-foive darlers, an' him hovin' but th' sivinty-foive, he asks oos, wid a tair-drop on th' litter-paper, t' be afther sendin' t' him th' hoonderd darlers t' make th' rist av it. Me owld man, Terence, sint it t' wanst, an' him roight gay t' do it; fer there ain't an Oirishman widin tin moiles av Pinhook iver had ap-pen-di-tis, or annything ilse wid half th' shtyle t' it."

ORA J. PARKER.

Filial Pride.

"THE trouble with you," we say to the dilettante son of the plutocrat, "is that you want to begin where your father leaves off."

"Not much," he retorts with a profound expression; "not much. Whenever the governor leaves off there isn't anything left for anybody else to begin with."



HER HOPE.

MOTHER (*hopefully*)—"Yes, Willie; it is your mother's great desire to see you grow up to be as handsome as your uncle there."



IN SUBURBIA.

Mr. GORTSTUK (*enjoying first winter in his suburban home*)—"Say, my dear, the builder who put up this house must have been one of those open-air Cranks."

The Bridegroom Explained.

DURING the night the ship on which the bridal couple were taking their honeymoon trip entered a thick bank of fog, near shore. When the bridal couple came on deck the vessel was proceeding at a snail's pace, and from the gloom ahead reverberated the hoarse warning of the fog-horn.

"Why don't they make the boat go faster, dearie?" asked the bride, looking into her husband's face with eyes which showed that she realized the fact that all human knowledge was centred in his head.

"Why, my angel, don't you hear that automobile tooting just ahead of us? You don't suppose the captain wants to be run over, do you?"

Greed Hereafter.

First shade—"Those Americans, methinks, are a very sinister people."

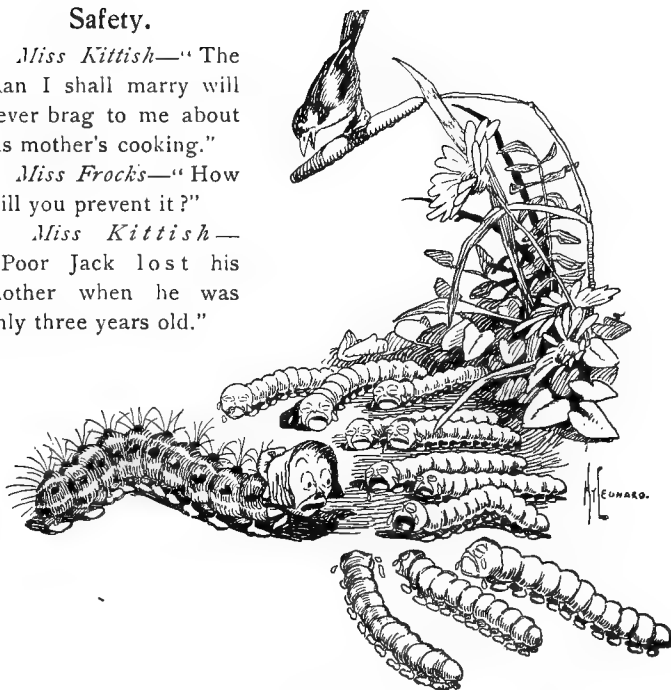
Second shade—"Yes; it is truly disheartening to visit the yankee quarter of our beloved elysium and there behold the number of counterfeit geese on exhibition, and each one guaranteed to be the genuine creature that saved Rome."

Safety.

Miss Kittish—"The man I shall marry will never brag to me about his mother's cooking."

Miss Frocks—"How will you prevent it?"

Miss Kittish—"Poor Jack lost his mother when he was only three years old."



ENVY.

CHORUS OF BABY CATERPILLARS—"Oh, mamma! Willie Hummingbird's got new shoes, and we all want new shoes, too."



WHICH?

THE ARTIST—"Turned down again, eh? Well, this is the last time I'll give you the chance to do it, Mr. Editor."

THE OFFICE-BOY (from behind the door)—"Say, boss, is dat a threat or a promise?"

At the Minstrels.

"**B**ONES," said Tambo, "I should like to ask you a difficult question."

"Certainly," responded Bones. "I shall be glad to answer it."

"Then what is the difference between an old pair of trousers and a small boy who bothers a bee-hive?"

"What is the difference, you ask, between a small boy who bothers the bees and an old pair of trousers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, that is easy. The trousers are stitched and hung and the boy is hitched and stung."

"That's a weak answer."

"Well, then, they are each due to retreat."

"Still wrong."

"I give it up, then."

"The trousers bag at the knees and the boy nags at the bees."

And the bass drummer sounded the tocsin call, which brought forth Mr. Everhard Pulsifer to sing his beautiful tenor solo, "Never, look a dollar in the face."

The Town That's Called DEAD EARNEST



SOMEWHERE east of the great divide
Is a town where I'd love to dwell;

And though I've never traveled there.

I know its people well.

I know them by the bred and brail
Of those it has sent forth

To test their metal in the world

And prove their honest worth;

For there they all are workers,

And none of them are shirkers.

A mighty pleasant town it is—

And its name is just Dead Earnest.

A barefoot boy fared forth from there
These many years gone by;
In letters large on fame's bright scroll
His name is written high.
The laggards, drones and envious
Who crowd the world's highway
Cry tauntingly, "He had a pull,"
Or "Luck gave him the day!"
But they're wrong. He was a worker—
He never was a shirker.
He was born and bred in the goodly town—
The town that's called Dead Earnest.



I know a lawyer stanch and true
Whose name on polished brass
Adorns a doorway in a town
Where eager millions pass.
His fortune came by chance.
To prove that he is shallow they
Pile up the evidence.
They forget that he's a worker,
That he never was a shirker.
For the goodly place he hales from is
The town that's called Dead Earnest.



A preacher that I know holds forth
While throngs attend his word.
No soul, touched by his eloquence,
But is profoundly stirred.

"Sensational!" his critics cry

In scorn of his success,

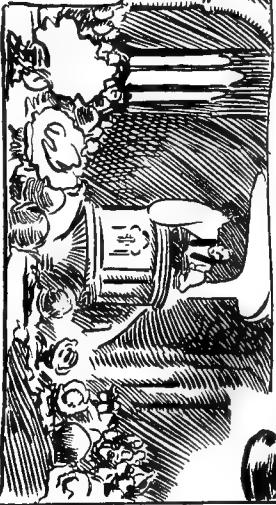
And speak as if they'd like him more

If the people liked him less.

The fact is he's a worker;

He never was a shirker.

The stamp of his native town is his—
The town that's called Dead Earnest.



The common folk of lesser fame
Who in Dead Earnest dwell
I know are homely, happy folk
That I would like right well.
The cynic and the misanthrope
Sneer at their lowly lot
Because they live and love and work,
Content with what they've got.
But cynics are not workers,
And misanthropes are shirkers.
Far from this pleasant town they dwell—
The town that's called Dead Earnest.

PERKIN WARBECK.





STILL UNSATISFIED.

EDITH—"I told papa that if he would prove, to my satisfaction, that the stories against Ferdy were true I would give him up."

ETHEL—"And did he do it?"

EDITH—"No; he simply proved them true."



HER JUDGMENT.

EMPLOYER—"And now that we are engaged to be married, I suppose I shall have to hire a new typewriter."
TYPEWRITER—"Not at all, dear. I shall attend to the hiring of your typewriters after this."

At the Club.

"YOUR dues are due," the treasurer
Observed to McAdoo.
"Please make no undue ado, sir,
But do just what is due.
Your dues, I say, are overdue—
Undo the due dues, do!"

Cinderella's After-thought.

CINDERELLA had just finished
the slipper-fitting episode.

"Dear me!" she remarked as her
lover was dusting off his knees, "I
do hope he is a real prince and not
a shoe-clerk in disguise."

Only the assurances of the fairy
godmother that everything was as
represented made the young woman
keep the engagement intact.

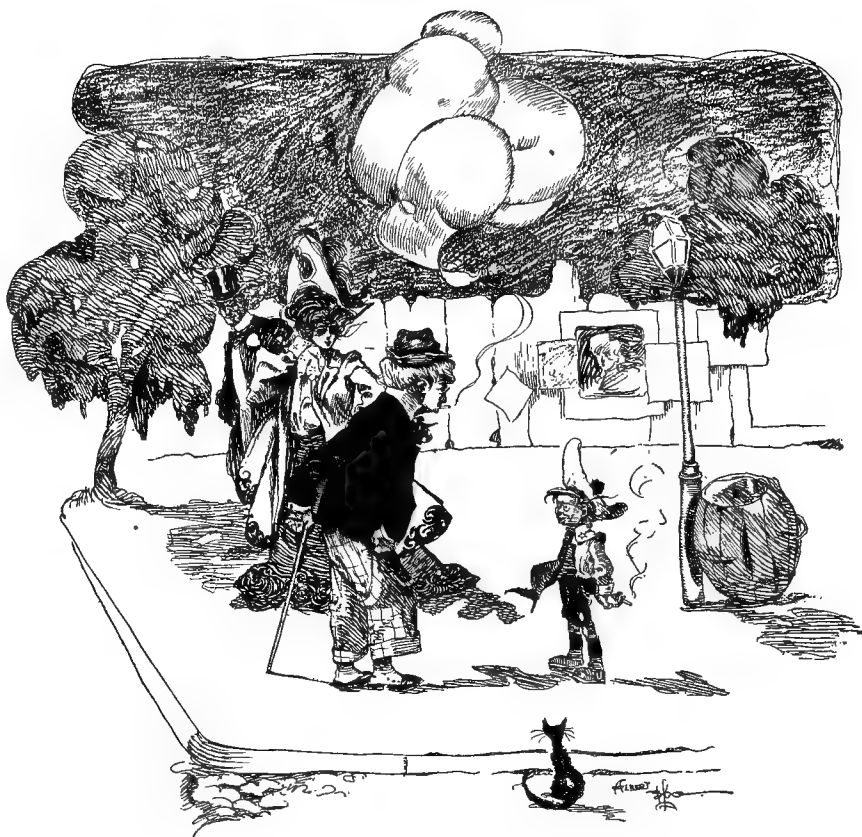
"OH," said the prominent man,
"I am not 'connected with
the company in any way."

"But they use your name on their
stationery," argues the interviewer.

"I know; but that is done merely
for effect."

"Then you are merely a figure-
head?"

"I don't altogether like that
word. Wouldn't it sound better to
say I am a letter-head?"



WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE GOOD?

"And I suppose you're a very good little boy?"

"That's wot! W'y, I only got out o' the reform-school yestiddy."



BUT THIS WAS GOLF.

HIS WIFE (*sweetly*)—"You're so very changeable, John. You made an awful howl this morning when I asked you to split some wood."



A "CHARITY" WORKER.

The Summer Girl.

WE TALK about her winsome ways
And rave about her witchery.
The truth is that she gets our praise
Because of her dropstitchery.

Of Course.

"HERE'S that article from Professor Resurch on 'The development of chiropody since the Elizabethan era,'" says the magazine editor to his assistant.

"Is it interesting?" asks the assistant.

"Yes; but it is oddly arranged."

"How so?"

"There are two pages of the article and ten pages of foot-notes."

No Use.

WE meet the extravagant woman at the bargain-counter.

"Why do you spend so much money?" we ask. "Would it not be well to lay by something for a rainy day?"

With a merry gurgle of laughter she replies, "Goodness, no! I never go shopping on rainy days."

As to Archimedes.

"ARCHIMEDES," reads the pupil, "leaped from his bath shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment, James," says the teacher. "What is the meaning of 'eureka'?"

"Eureka' means 'I have found it.'"

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

James hesitates for a moment, then ventures hopefully, "The soap, mum."

An Incorrect Simile.

WELL, we've struck at the shop again," said Tenspot to Hawkins.

"I thought you had a strike there a month ago."

"We did, and won it. Now we have another strike. We're lightning, I tell you."

"But I thought that lightning didn't strike twice in the same place."

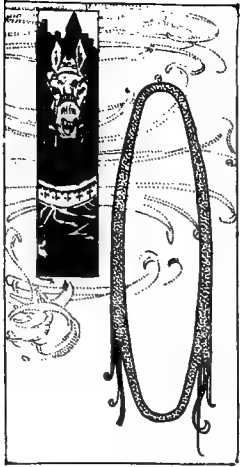


IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

CARLOTTA (*in disgust*)—"Come here, Bedelia, an' quit yer balkin'. Don't yer realize dat de eyes of de woid is on us?"

A Flying-machine and Dofunny

By R. N. Duke



WING to a slight accident, I desire to announce that I shall not appear in the "blue devil" again this season.

The blue devil is my flying-machine. I call it blue devil simply to distinguish it from the "red devil" and other forms of disaster known as the automobile.

The blue devil is my own invention. It is modeled after the ordinary dofunny, with some ideas of my own incorporated in the ground-plan. Most flying-machines fail, owing to some lack in the ground-plan. Those who

build flying-machines without giving sufficient attention to the ground-plan bitterly regret it when they are called upon suddenly to meet the ground and find that they left it out of their plan.

I finished storing the blue devil last night out in the henhouse. The henhouse is the only place I have to put my flying-machine to roost. It took me two days to gather it up from the corn-field, where I lit the last time. I flew out to the corn-field and rode home in a wagon belonging to one of the large city institutions. I generally take my own wagon along when I go out for a fly, but this time I thought I would let the city send out for me the way other cripples are sent for.

In view of the general interest taken in the subject of flying-machines, I will now discuss them fully and dispassionately, with a view to discovering just where we are at. I am aware that there is a widespread desire on the part of the public to fly. I am willing to do my part along with Professor Langley and other well-known aerodynamomechanicians to gratify the public in this matter.

In order to make my remarks helpful I will discuss the subject under the following heads:

First—The desire to fly as the impulse to the invention of the dofunny or flying-machine.

Second—How to make a flying-machine.

Third—How to make a flying-machine that will go up.

Fourth—How to make a flying-machine that will stay up after it gets up.

Fifth—How to make a flying-machine that you can also come down in after having gone up in it.

Sixth—Remarks for the good of the order.

The wish to fly is quite general. Most of the people I have known have wished to fly. I was once the editor and proprietor of a newspaper, and frequently when I saw the sheriff coming I would wish I could fly and take enough along with me to spend a few days on the wing and enjoy myself. A little while ago I was present when a wife discovered by accident that she had become wedded for a third time without having had a funeral in her family.

She was in deep distress, as any woman would be on finding that she had so many husbands on her hands to look out for, and suddenly she cried out, "Oh, I wish I could fly!"

When the great Washington stood on the shores of the Delaware on that memorable morning when he was about to embark his army on a cake of ice, he was heard to whisper to himself, "How I wish I could fly." Napoleon, climbing the Alps, exclaimed, "If only I could fly!" All about us are people who want to fly. Some fly to Canada, some to Mexico, some into matrimony. Thus I am convinced that the flying-machine will fill a long-felt want.

It must be noted in passing that the flying-machine would lose much of its charm if everybody could fly. Those who have the most intense desire to fly like to go alone. If the earnest bigamist, rising on joyful wing and heading for a far country, discovered that his faithful wives were also on the wing and headed in the same direction, can it be supposed for a moment that the flying-machine would afford him the same delightful recreation that it had before?

There are many ways of making a flying-machine, but, to my mind, one way alone is the right one. We must go to nature for the model. Watch nature fly. All great scientists watch nature. See Professor Garner sitting out there in his cage in the African forests. What is he doing? He is watching the monkeys. If we wish to be monkeys there is only one way. We must watch the other monkeys.

A number of New York scientists, I am told, are about to bring a lot of monkeys fresh from the innocence and purity of monkey life in the wilds of Africa, before they have been corrupted by association with man at Newport society balls and banquets, for a great experiment. The scientists will mingle freely with the monkeys and note the civilizing effect on them—on the monkeys, I mean. I have warned the scientists that there is a danger at this point. While the scientists are monkeying with the monkeys suppose the monkeys should monkey with the scientists?

But speaking of flying-machines, I hope I have made it plain that if we want to fly we must watch those things in nature which fly.

When I was studying out the blue devil I tried to get an eagle to copy after, but I couldn't get one, so I took muddy James. Muddy James is our family shanghai. The rest of the family call him muddy Jim, or just plain mud, but I call him muddy James because I desire to be nice in my language at all times.

Muddy James is an earnest flier, and when he lights we think there has been an earthquake, until we find out what has happened. He never tries to fly far and rarely ever undertakes to ascend. When I want to see him fly I set him up on the woodpile and then push him off with a broom. As a descender he has few equals. He flies down the woodpile in much the same graceful way you have seen a cow come down a tree. Of course, if you do not keep cows and watch them slide down out of the trees in the morning from their roosts, you will hardly get

a clear idea of muddy James getting off my woodpile by request.

The next step is to make your flying-machine go up. This is comparatively easy and need not delay us but a moment. With a good ladder and a barn it is not difficult at all to make a flying-machine go up—at least as high as the barn.

The problem of keeping your flying-machine up after you get it up is likewise very simple. Just leave it there,—on the barn.

The real crisis, what I may call the crux of the whole problem, is to make a flying-machine that will go up, stay up, and then at your will glide gracefully off in a long, sweeping slant to the ground. This is the moment that wrings the heart of the true aërialist with anguish, to find that after months of labor and enormous expense he is lighting out for hardpan with such spontaneous immediateness that if his mother-in-law happens to be standing where he is going to hit she is really in some danger. When the Langley Buzzard was shot out into the fresh morning ozone at Widewater, Virginia, it looked at first as if it might fly a little.

Then it turned its snub nose toward the broad bosom of the Potomac, and never stopped till it knocked an ugly three-cornered hole in the bottom of the river. Says Professor Simon Newcomb, writing of the flying-machine:

"We must not give up until we have gone to the bottom of the subject." Well, that is what the Buzzard did. Went right to the bottom of the Potomac. In the blue devil I have the first flying-machine ever made that will come down with a gentle teetering motion, like a sleigh going over the "thank-ye-ma'ams" in a New Hampshire road. When I wish to descend I step out of the blue devil and descend. This enables me to reach the earth by the most direct route. The blue devil can then saunter around in space until it gets ready to take a header. In this way I avoid injuring the machine by getting my feet tangled up in the tail feathers, and the machine avoids injuring me by ramming an aëroplane through my lung and banging me over the head with a church steeple.

Under the head of remarks for the good of the order I might casually mention that those people who live to be centenarians are noted for the fact that they have done most of their riding in wagons and similar wheel conveyances. The dofunny is extremely exhilarating, but it is also exceedingly wearing on the vasomotor tract and the spinal column. Those who ride in the air regularly can be picked out at a glance. Even when there is no inscription on their tombstones you can tell by the quiet way they have about them that in life they were addicted to the habit of saying to themselves:

"The birds can fly; why can't I?"



THERE MERELY IN A JUDICIAL CAPACITY.

FARMER REDHACKLE—"What are you doin' in my hen-house, you india-rubber dog?"

'RASTUS—"Why—er—ah—Abe Johnsing bet yo' had more'n twenty chickings, an' Pete Williams bet yo' hadn't, an' I'm jes de judge to decide de bet."



FINANCE.

IKKY—"Vill you dake mein vord fer segurity fer a loan ohf ten dollars ad two per cendt?"

PAPA GOLDSTEIN—"Vat do you vant ten dollars fer?"

IKKY—"So I can lend id to Abie Solomon at eightd per cendt."

Would Be Good Reading.

"THESE magazine editors are growing more impudent every day," growled the great man.

"So?" asked his friend.

"Yes. Here's one of them writes to ask me if I won't give him an article on 'How I succeeded in selling my first article on how to succeed.'"

SOLOMON had just ordered the baby cut in half.

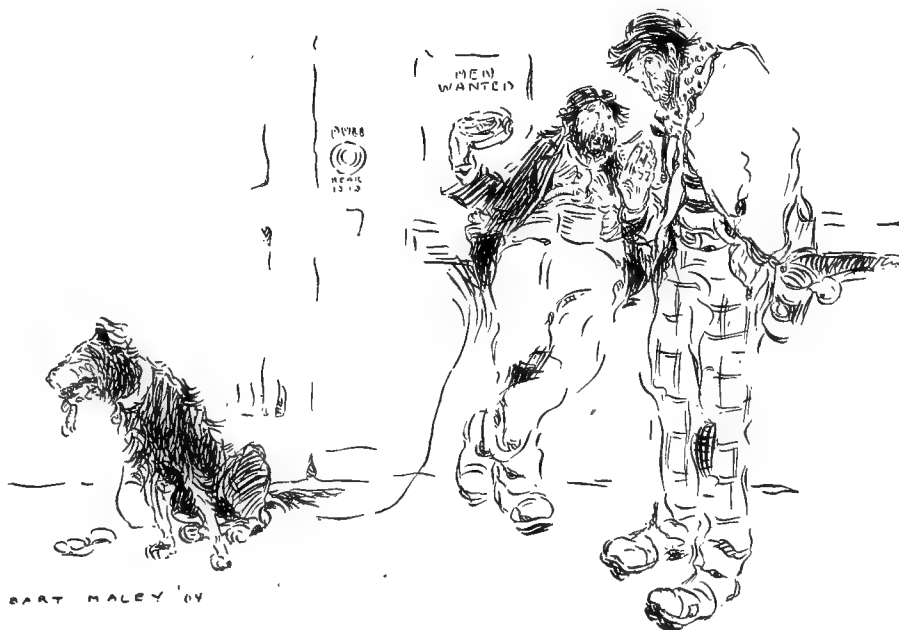
"Alas!" they whispered, "he is no politician. He doesn't seem to know enough to kiss it and get the father's vote."

Sadly the monarch realized that he would be a rank failure in a republic.

IT IS sometimes difficult to know enough not to know too much.

The Newest.

ALTHOUGH three moves are said to be equal to one fire, according to the newest proverb one fashionable wedding is equal to three fires.



HEARTLESS.

"Dat lady acrost de street 's de meanest ever."

"How's dat?"

"W'y, I tells her me an' me dog is starvin', an' she hands out a bunch uv dog-biscuits."

In the "Union" Parade.

First bystander—

"Queer, wasn't it?"

Second bystander—

"What?"

First bystander—

"Why, the only men who rode in carriages were the walking delegates."

A Fine Angler.

Madge — "In what way is she such a clever girl?"

Marjorie—"Well, she always knows how many times she can safely refuse a fellow's proposal without losing him altogether."

His Status.

McGuyer — "There goes one of our best-known men of letters."

McGawk—"Indeed? A novelist, I presume?"

McGuyer — "No; he's a sign-painter."

The Diplomacy of Little Edward

By J. W. Foley



EDWARD!"

When mamma said "Edward!" with that precise inflection, there was usually something doing in the punishment line.

"Yes'm," responded little Edward, who had just come in, his freshly starched and ironed waist wet and bedraggled all down its fluted front.

"Didn't mamma tell you she would have to punish you severely if you played in the rain-barrel again?" demanded Edward's mother with severity.

"Did you, mamma?" inquired little Edward innocently, the water dripping from his sodden front upon the polished kitchen floor.

"Now, Edward," said his mother impatiently, "you know I've told you that a dozen times. This time I'm going to punish you. You are a naughty boy to fret mamma so. Come here this moment!"

Edward approached doubtfully. "It wasn't my fault," he said, his lip beginning to quiver. "It was Gummy Wudgeon's fault. He said if you rest your stomach on the edge of the rain-barrel and put your head down in and holler 'hello!' without your feet touching the ground you'll see gold-fish in the barrel; and when you try it the trick is to spank you with a barrel-stave, and Gummy spanked me and I fell into the barrel head first, and Gummy got scared and run away, and if the barrel hadn't tipped over you wouldn't have had any little boy at all," he concluded soberly.

Mamma gasped in mingled anger and alarm. "Well, of all the boys, that Wudgeon boy is the worst! Now I shall certainly punish you, Edward. It is the only way I can make you see the need for obeying mamma always. I dislike to do it, for it hurts me more than it does you, but I shall punish you just the same. Now go and bring me the hair-brush!"

Woe-begone, Edward, still dripping, went dolefully in search of that useful article. "Mamma," he ventured when he returned with the weapon in his hand, "if I hadn't crawled out of the rain-barrel when it tipped over you wouldn't ever have to punish me any more, would you?"

"If you hadn't crawled out of the rain-barrel, Edward, you would have drowned," said mamma soberly. "I must punish you so you will remember not to do such a dangerous thing again."

Edward soberly proffered her the hair-brush. "You—your papa would have felt awful bad if I had drowned, wouldn't you, mamma?" he suggested. "If—if you had gone out there and found me all wet and my hair all out of curl, and picked me up and I couldn't speak to you,

you'd have felt awful sorry, wouldn't you?" The earnestness in his tones was tragic.

Mamma gasped in terror at the reflection. "Oh, Edward!" she cried, tears starting to her eyes, and dropping the hair-brush to the floor. "It would have been too dreadful!" She clasped him in both arms and hugged him as though fearful some evil chance would rob her of her boy. Then she remembered her threat and cast about for the hair-brush.

Edward climbed up on her knees. "My! I'm awful glad I didn't get drowned," he mused softly. "I wouldn't want to go away and leave you, mamma—even if—even if you do have to whip me when I'm naughty. I just love you ever so much." He clasped her neck with two little arms.

Mamma brushed back the matted hair. "Mamma only punishes you for your own good, Edward," she explained.

"I—I suppose it makes your mother feel awful bad—after you die—when—when she remembers how she punished you, and now you're dead and can't get up in her lap and tell her how you know she had to do it, and how it don't hurt any more, anyway, don't it?" pursued little Edward innocently. The hair-brush lay forgotten in mamma's lap.

Mamma did not answer at all this time, but a tear trickled down her cheek.

"I guess I'd better get my whipping now, so as to get my crying over and not bother papa when he comes," suggested Edward bravely.

Mamma made no move toward the chastening.

"If you punished me with this *very* hair-brush and then—then I should fall in the barrel some time and get drowned, you'd always keep this brush, so's to remember the time I *almost* drowned before, wouldn't you?" inquired Edward, eying the brush curiously. "But I wouldn't feel bad," he continued, "because I'd be an angel then, and I'd look down and say, 'Don't cry, mamma, it didn't hurt much anyway, and I don't care, 'cause God never uses a hair-brush. He only says how sorry He is when you're bad!'"

"Edward," said mamma after a minute, "I guess you'd better put the brush back on the bureau."

"Yes, mamma," said Edward obediently.

"And you'd better go up stairs and ask Nettie to put a dry waist on you. You might catch cold with that wet one."

"Yes, mamma."

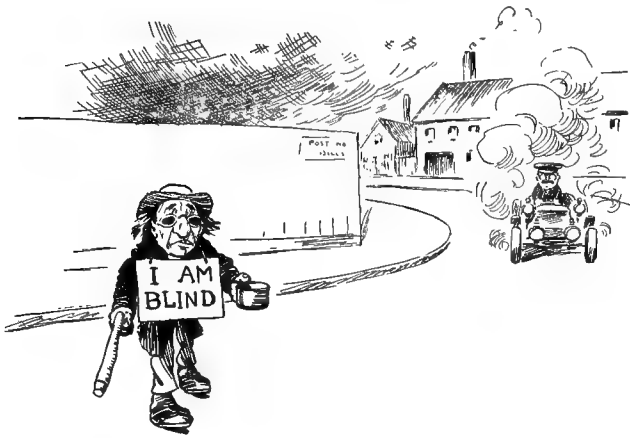
"I came awful near getting punished, Nettie," he confided to her up stairs as she incased him in a clean waist and kissed him the while. "Mamma was awful cross, but—someway—she forgot all about whipping me. She's awful funny, ain't she?"

"Come on, Gummy," he shouted as he darted out a side door. "Come on over! I ain't mad! We'll play it on Crummy Rogers."

"Hands Up!"

LOVERS on an evening sweet,
Close we walked along the street.
Hand in hand? No; we'd be caught,
So we worked this little plot:
One of hers and one of mine
In my pocket all the time,
As we journeyed, not too fast,
In our courtship days now past.

Wedded now—the best of wives—
Walk together all our lives.
Hand in hand? No; that's forgot.
Now she works this little plot:
Both of hers and none of mine
In my pocket all the time,
Money journeys much too fast
As our married days are passed.



1.

Reverend Si Slopper's Notes.

DE DEBBIL hab a clo-
ven foot, an' de man
what try ter fool yo'
when he bin drinkin' hab
a clove in his mouf.

De debbil go about
like a roarin' lion, an'
some folks go about lyin'
an' roarin'.

De book say dat de
lion an' de lamb gwine
ter lie down tergedder.
Ef yo' notice de per-
formance yo'll see dat
de lion will git up by
hisself.

Dar am not much en-
couragement fo' de rub-
berneck. De book doan'
say nuffin' 'bout de giraffe gittin' t'rough de
eye ob de needle.



2.

Solved at Last.

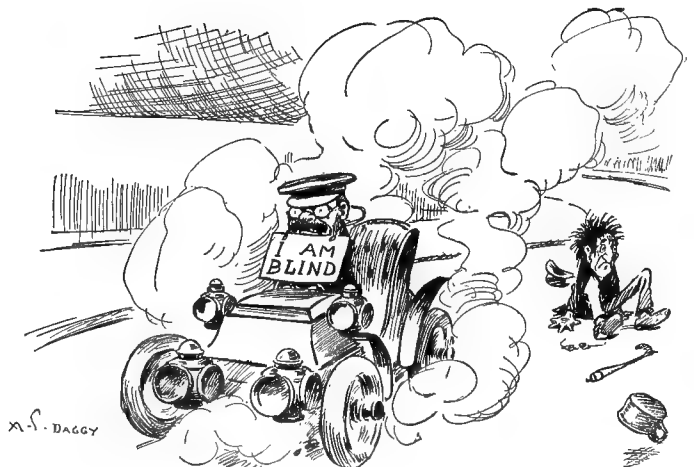
"I used to be," growled the husband, "that
women taught their daughters how to cook.
Then, when people couldn't get a servant, as we
can't, the wife would take hold of things and all
went well. I must say I don't see what the next
generation will do."

"The next generation will be all right," re-
torted his wife, opening some more canned meats.
"The mothers of to-day will teach their daugh-
ters how to hunt for cooks."

The Cuban Question.

Mr. J. Smith—"What is this Cuban question
I hear so much about?"

Don Gomez Garcia Gonzales de Habana—
"Lend me five pesetas, señor?"

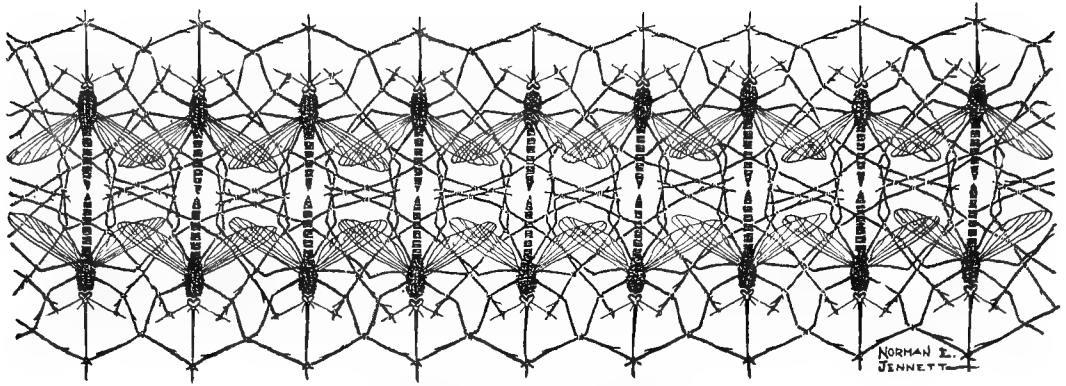


X.S. Dagg

3.

Hope.

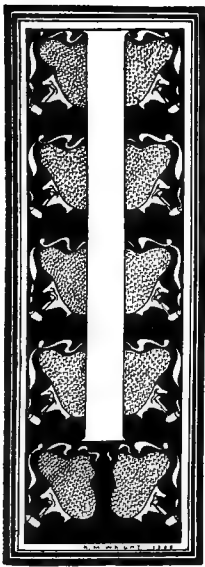
"NO, Mr. Puffet,"
said the fair young
girl; "I cannot promise
you an opportunity to
teach me to swim this
summer. You see, I
have agreed to let twenty-
five young men teach
me, one after the other,
and I fear that by the
time they are through
the season will be over.
But," seeing the look of
disappointment on his
face, "you may either be
the first one to teach me
to skate this winter, or
the first to give me a
swimming-lesson next
summer."



MOSQUITO-NETTING.

Fable of a Man and the Woman Who Was Sure

By L. J. Stellmann



IT CAME to pass, once, that a man loved a woman. He did not claim that it was original, nor did he realize that it was commonplace. He simply loved her with a heart that was potentially strong and hitherto untried. To the woman it was pleasant to be loved. She did not really encourage the man, but she tolerated him charmingly and without thought.

When the crisis came she was sorry and proposed to be a friend; but the man was bitter and without a sense of humor, so he went away. The woman missed him, vaguely, and neither of them forgot; so that in the after years, when the man had found himself, they became friends indeed.

The man said: "After all, I was not a fool; for she is a good woman, and I did not understand." And, upon the ruins of a shattered ideal, he built, slowly, cheerfully, and with vague but hopeful purpose, a more substantial house.

The woman said: "What a beautiful friendship! He is one among ten thousand. I shall cherish it, and have him always to protect me when I am in need." Whereupon she shared her joys with others and came to him with her sorrows, saying: "See how I trust you." And he lightened them.

The man was glad. "I am helping to unfold a soul," he told himself with awe. It gave him inspiration, spurred his fancy into finer flights, and brought him laurels, both of love and fame, from other hands. With each fresh burden that the woman brought for him to share his heart grew lighter and more tender. And the woman valued him above all men, for he never failed her, and he understood her as no other did.

One day she said: "You must do this for me." It was a petty thing; the lightest burden of them all; but in her eyes, instead of faith and trust, he read assurance. The man arose and faced her calmly. "I regret," he said with cold politeness, "that it is impossible."

She stared at him, amazed. "Permit me," he continued, "to tell you, who know much of men, this one thing which you have not learned: Never let a man feel that you are *sure* of him. If he is a real man he will rebel. A man will make great sacrifices for a woman, oft-times unasked, but he will not be taken for granted. Unless he is a poodle-dog by nature, he cannot be trained to fetch and carry. Good-bye."

Between her hurt and anger the woman found no words to answer him. But after he was gone she wept and stretched out her arms to nothing, and her capacity to love awoke. But the man who had been great of heart throughout the years poured balm upon his vanity and called himself a fool, redeemed. He forgot, and his love turned elsewhere, into many channels. The woman sorrowed vainly and became a sharer of others' burdens for his sake.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

SHE'LL soon receive the sheepskin,
And so we may surmise
That she will find it useful
To pull wool o'er our eyes.

Building Up a Practice.

"I HEAR that Dr. Sawyer attributes his professional success to his automobile."

"Yes. People thought he must have a very large practice to be able to support an automobile and a chauffeur, so of course they came to him. He's not a bad doctor, either."

"HE has a wife in ev'ry port," says they. "No wonder, then, he stays to sea," says I.

Preparation.



THE knife I grind
Because I know
I'll shortly find,
Agleam aglow,
The thing of things
Which onto me
Nails fast the wings
Of ecsta-see.
The knife, alas!
Will very soon
Most lightly pass
Across the moon—
The moon of gold,
The which I sigh
To fondly hold—
The pumpkin pie.

Influence of Early Surroundings.

WE ARE listening to the new prima donna.

"Her voice has a great range," we say. "How did she obtain it?"

"It is rumored," explains our friend, "that she used to be a cook."

IF YOU spend too much for your trunk you will have no money left for the trip.

Barred from the Want Columns.

"I WANT to advertise for a man," said the lady, approaching the want-advertisement counter in the daily newspaper office. "I want to get a man to carry coal in the winter, keep up the fires, shovel snow, mow the lawn in summer, also sprinkle it, tend the flowers, mind the children, wash dishes, sweep the front porch, run errands, and all that kind of work—in short, I want a man who will always be around the place and can be called upon for any kind of hard work. He must be sober and reliable, of good appearance, not over thirty"—

"Pardon, madam," said the clerk; "we cannot accept matrimonial advertisements."

Why She Wept.

CLEOPATRA dissolved the pearl. "Did you ever see a costlier banquet?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Antony scornfully. "I once tipped the waiter."

Seeing her pains had gone for naught, the lily of the Nile wept bitterly.

PANDORA had just opened the casket. "Now," she said, "the lid is off."

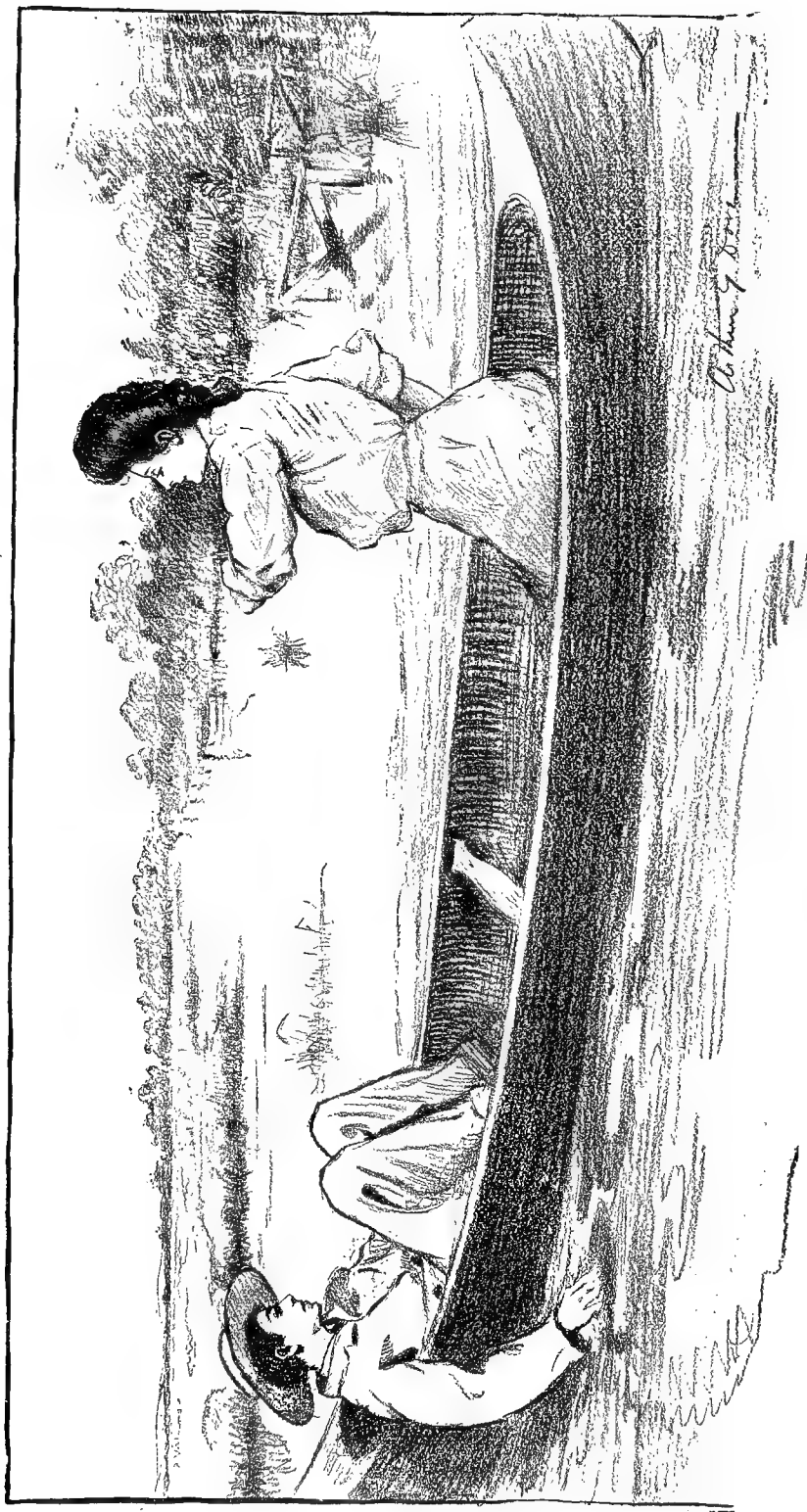
This is the origin of the expression, Devery to the contrary notwithstanding.



BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

CAMILLE—"Oh, Harold! are you sure I am the only woman to whom you have ever proessed your love?"

HAROLD—"Yes, dear. (*Aside.*) The rest were all *girls*."



SHE KNEW HIM.

HE—"Did you tell your father I was a poet?"
SHE—"No; I didn't have the nerve. He has read your books."

Still Busy.

Visitor (at insane-asylum)—"Have you any celebrities here at present?"

Attendant—"Oh, yes. That lady yonder writes all the rhymes for a breakfast-food firm, and that man in the padded cell makes out the summer-train schedule for a railway company."

Criticus—"When a man is no longer cocksure of any thing he is old."

Cynicus—"No; he is dead."

Tempora Mutantur.

HE USED to say her neck was like a swan's;
But now, when scornfully he sneers and laughs,
Her eyes resemble much a startled fawn's—
He says her neck is quite like a giraffe's.

A New Patient.

"NO ONE pays much attention to the sick man of Europe now," said Gummey.

"No; the sick kid of Europe is receiving the most attention," replied Glanders.

A Hard Task for Him.

"YOUR fingers seem pretty well twisted and bruised," we write on the pad which forms the medium of conversation with the deaf-and-dumb youth. "Are you on the ball-team at your institution?"

"No, sir," he writes in reply to our question. "I have taken up a course in Russian."

Friend—"Marriage is a lottery."
Confirmed bachelor—"Take no chances."



MOAN OF THE TIED.

SWISH—"It's strange we often hear of the self-made man, but never of the self-made woman."
 SWASH—"That's true; if there are any I reckon they're ashamed of the job."

Heard Down the Dumb-waiter Shaft.

"YES, Captain Hooligan; it's me boy as ye was always a-chasin' and tryin' to put inter prison as has come home from the war with—what do you call it?—the middle of honor, and the president himself shakin' him by the hand. And ye can put that in yer cigar and smoke it, Captain Hooligan"—

"Fightin' in Keyser's saloon, my dear, and the bartender blacks his eye and he's locked up, and the judge fines him ten dollars, and"—

"Not a dollar in the house to bury him with, and she near the time, poor creetur! The alderman paid the undertaker and put the childer to school and"—

"Quit Danny McBride, as likely and as dacent a b'y as ever walked the fourth ward, to run off with that smooth dude feller with the high collar as was always hangin' round the place. And they do say as he's a crook as has done time in three"—

"Mrs. Richter, I'll thank yez not to hang yer Dutch aprons on my line again. Perhaps ye'll kindly return the jar of salt I lent yez last"—

"De old guy met her at Larry's picnic—all pearl-powder, blue eyes and hair-dye. Well, she got next to his two thousand in de bank, and when he woke up one mornin', a week after, she'd vamoosed wid de whole caboosh, watch, chain, and all, and his boy, who's in de central office, says"—

"Lord, Mrs. Mulcahy! to think of the girls in these days. Walked out of the paper-box factory the other morning, and the next we heard she was in the chorus up at that theatre on Broadway. And now they say she drives in Central park every day with"—

"And when he was brought up for sentence the judge gives him fifteen years, and Mrs. Rafferty she drops like a stone right down in the coort"—

SAQUI SMITH.



ROOMIER.

UNCLE SI—"Here's your room, mister."

COUNTRY BOARDER—"Um—yes. If it's all the same to you could I sleep in the dog-house instead?"



A GOOD TIP.

"Say, Jim, if yer want a good smoke always foller one uv dem long-nosed fellers. Dey t'row away de biggest stumps."

It Cheered Him.

"MY POOR friend," said the reformer, who had stopped Mr. Rusty Ragsonn, "I would speak a few words of encouragement to you. No doubt there are moments in your sad life when all seems dark and drear; but I wish to assure you that, no matter how gloomy our existences may be, if we but look we may discover signs of the utmost encouragement, and"—

"You're dead right, boss," answered Rusty hurriedly. "I see an encouragin' sign right now."

And he hastened across the street, where a large banner proclaimed that free lunch was served at all hours.

Theatrical manager—"You claim that your play is unusually true to life. In what way?"

Playwright—"A week is supposed to elapse between each act, and there's a new cook in every scene."

Her Reason.

Mrs. Dorcas—"Our club held its election to-day."

Dorcas—"As you're so advanced, my dear, I suppose you voted the straight anti ticket?"

Mrs. Dorcas—"Yes; for all except one candidate. I didn't like the way she wore her back hair."



A SHORE GAME.

HE—"I'm after that little heart of yours."

SHE—"Well, it will take a good big diamond to get it."



THE DEAR, SWEET GIRL!

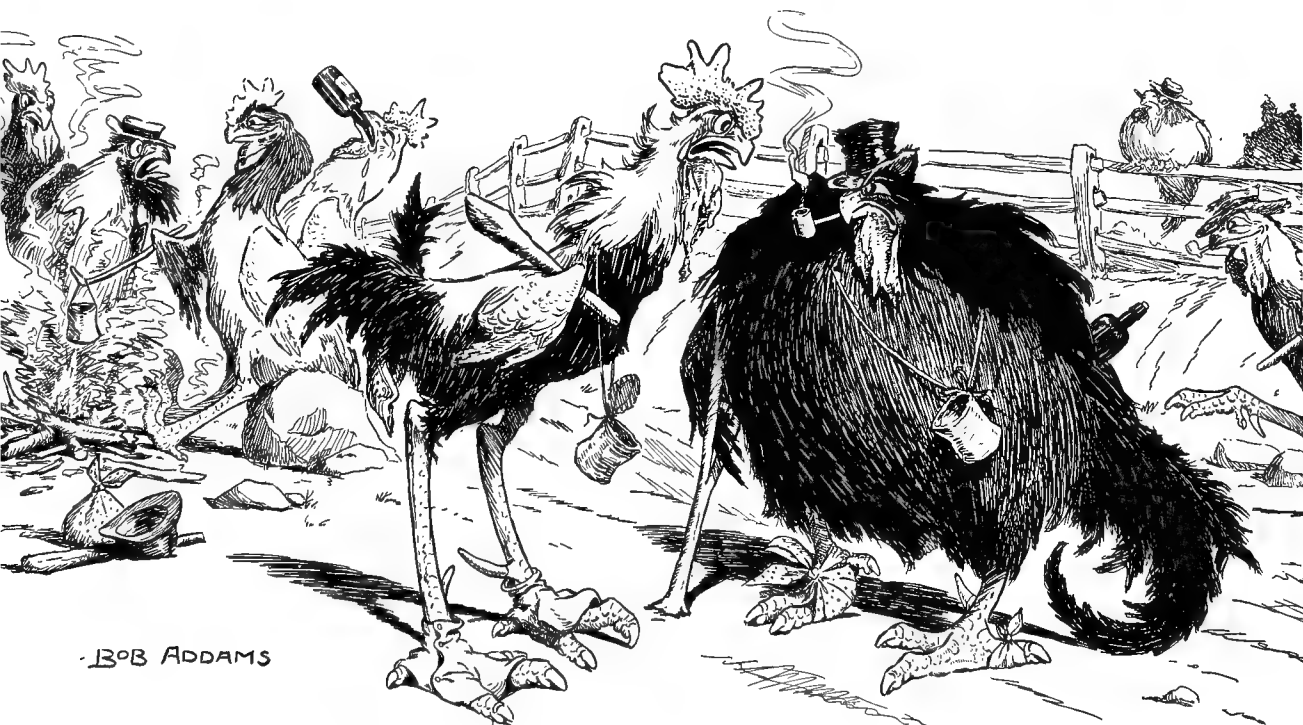
HE—"But there are worse things than kissing, don't you think?"
SHE—"There must be, for I certainly can think of nothing that is better."



FALSE ALARM.

EVERYBODY—"Run for your lives! The sea-serpent, and it's coming ashore!"

But it was only Mr. Spielkraut's imported prize dachshund taking his morning swim.



BOB ADDAMS

ENVY.

SKINNY—"Say, Fatty, what's de matter wid youse?"

FATTY—"Too much corn."

SKINNY—"Gee! dat's a fine complaint ter have."

FATTY—"Not very, when it's on your foot."



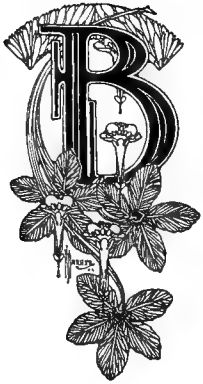
A LOVE-MATCH.

.. Did Lord Notasent marry well?"

"Gad, no! Why, his creditors only got ten cents on a dollar."

How We Did the Stock Exchange

By R. N. Duke



ABBITT made us do it. Babbitt toiled not, neither did he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not as well fixed as Babbitt appeared to be. Babbitt had three kinds of money—money to spend, money in bank, and money to burn. Babbitt's money came from stock speculation. He would put up twenty dollars in the morning, and at night he would come home and tell us how easy it was to go forth at dawn singing a merry roundelay and return at eventide with a city

ash-cart loaded with the coin.

Morton, Bennett and myself gradually reached the conclusion that Babbitt ought to have somebody to share his prosperity and—but there is where this story begins.

The stock speculator must have two things—he must know how to buck the market and he must have some money. We went about the thing in a business-like way. We figured that it would take us three months to accumulate the coin for our initial operations, and that three months would be just about the requisite time to acquire the expert knowledge necessary for our purposes.

Our next step was to purchase a set of books for a stock-brokerage business. We then listed ourselves on 'change as Morton, Bennett & Co. Then we began business, but it was all in your mind's eye, Horatio, you understand. For the next three months Morton, Bennett & Co. were a hustling firm. Our method was quite simple, and to explain it will show how adroit and astute were the young men back of it. If the street had known about it there would have been many tremors of anxiety among people like Gates and Morgan and the rest of the Wall-street herd. Fortunately, they knew nothing about it. Our scheme was to open our books with a credit of \$500. Then we were to study the market carefully each day, and play, buy and sell, and note our profits and losses, and gain in experience every day and see where we came out at the end of the three months. Of course this was to be done in a kind of war-gamish way, without actually costing a cent if we lost or gaining a cent if we won. But if at the end we came out with a clean book profit of a million, say, it would show that we would be a pretty strong team in the actual market.

My part in the firm of Morton, Bennett & Co. needs a word of explanation. I did not know anything about stocks. Neither did they. That is, at the start. But the point is, I was not supposed to learn anything about stocks, while it was their object to study up and become the shiftiest operators ever. I was the bookkeeper, thus relieving my partners of the tedium of this branch of the business. But I was also the brake on the wheel. It was my cool judgment that was needed to give balance to the firm. Bennett was daring Morton was enthusiastic,

Yoke them together and you would have a dangerous team. They realized it themselves. But with my cautious, calculating nature, glacial judgment and repose of mind, the firm would have all the elements that give solidity to the most successful partnerships.

We decided that our first move should be something in the nature of a flyer, just for fun. We would run out in the "street" like colts and kick up our heels and make one big plunge, just to see how we would come out. Seeing we would lose nothing by it, we might get a pointer that we would never get from small, cautious deals. So the morning we began business our Mr. Morton was instructed to bid on a block of Sassafras debentures, with the idea of unloading later in the day. The Sassafras was landed on an eighth rise and dropped four cents before the day was out, and we figured that if there had been anything up on it we would have lost about \$4,000.

I booked this loss in proper shape, and then we had a consultation. My partners were for laughing at our misfortune, and said that we were not in earnest and would begin real operations the next day.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I will not stand for anything of the kind. There is no baby play in business. We have had our fling. We sowed our wild oats and now of the whirlwind we are reaping destruction. In short, Morton, Bennett & Co. is bankrupt. Our capital is wiped out and we are in debt \$3,500. I propose that we get time on this debt and make an honorable effort to lay the foundation of success on this failure."

That is how it happened that Morton, Bennett & Co. began business bankrupt. We gave notes and borrowed \$100 to do business on the next day. Our next deal was on margins in a straight stock, and we backed our judgment on a bear movement, and during the next four days I had the satisfaction of entering \$400 on the credit side of the ledger.

We were just getting our stock legs on, so to speak, when Morton came home one night and said that Hocking Valley preferred was a gold mine that nobody knew anything about, and in the next five days we could make \$40,000. Morton was walking on air. Bennett said we ought to go for it. I said go slow. But on looking it over my partners decided to go in heavy on Hocking Valley, and, sure enough, we cleaned up about \$13,000.

From now on I must say that Morton, Bennett & Co. did a flourishing business. At the end of the first month I took off a trial balance, and found that we had paid off our notes, cleaned up everything in good shape, and were \$15,000 and some cents to the good.

My partners by this time were convinced that I was invaluable to the firm. It was my judgment that saved us at every crisis. Keep more than you spend was my motto. When you risk a dollar put another in the bank to cover it, I said. Hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst, was the way I preached to my associates. While, as a matter of fact, I did not at any time know the differ-

ence between C. B. and Q., 4 11-44 and a brindle calf in a clover field, it was my cool, calculating forethought that made our firm a solid, money-making machine, feared and respected by all who knew it.

At the end of the second month we had made \$27,-542.67. And yet we had started with a measly \$500, and had lost that the day we began business. We had reverses which saddled us with a debt that would have discouraged most men, but courage did not forsake us. We will win yet, was my word to the house, and when we have paid every cent of this liability the world will see what kind of stuff we are made of.

What an example we have here to young men just beginning in business. I commend it to all. Here was fidelity and perseverance. Here was honor, the finest asset of any house. Here was the principle of learning the business through and through by experiment. And I was learning to keep books, learning a fine, vigorous, convincing penmanship, and my figures inspired confidence at all times.

The house had some bad deals. In the first half of the third month we went too strong into Mint Juleps common and dropped over \$20,000 so quick that we hardly knew what had become of it. But we recovered on some big operations in P. D. Q. non-assessable, and the end of the month, the end of our experimental term, found us with a bank credit of \$57,816.43. We had made \$19,000 and over apiece in three months, or more than \$1,500 a week. Yet we were without experience when we began, and almost without capital, and this tidy little nest egg was made without intrenching on our regular business in the least.

We should learn from this that there is no such thing as luck or chance in business. These people who are always bemoaning their misfortune and blaming the world should consider the case of Morton, Bennett & Co. We see now it is the fellow who goes in to master a business, to look into its smallest details, who wins. We did not rush in unprepared. We did not go into it slipshod and depend upon mere luck. We took up the matter in a business-like way, hired an expert book-keeper, who could at the same time and for the same price be a brake on the hot-headed firm, and then went in to win. Of course we won.

Meanwhile, during these three experimental months we had saved up the \$500 needed to begin the real business, and it was with confidence born of proven ability and success that we commenced on the first day of the fourth month to put into practice the knowledge we had gained. I opened a new set of books, and on the evening before we commenced we went out and celebrated with a little supper, and the theatre afterward. We felt like men who would be worth \$57,000 inside of three months.

P. s.—I hate to bust up a pretty little business romance, and it was my thought at first to let the last chapter of my story remain unwritten. But that would not be right. It would not be frank and honest. The fact is that we put our \$500 into stock of the real kind, and it slipped away from us with a gentle, gliding motion, like the purring ripples on a pond of a June morning. Our \$500 left us, and it has never come back any more. We did not know how it was done. All we distinctly understood was the fact that it took just four days to bring us the sad realization that our \$500 had wingfully wafted away, like lamb's wool on the breath of the morning.



A BAD COMBINATION.

"Dolly Dashaway married a poet."
"What a combination! Is her father supporting them?"
"No; he seems to have forgotten the combination."

Hats—Just a Few Odd Sizes

By Louis J. Stellmann



HERE goes another!" exclaimed Jones hotly, "and he said just a few odd sizes." I looked around, saw nothing unusual—and said so.

"See that young fellow with the yellow shoes and frayed cuffs?" cried Jones, grasping my arm. "He's got one."

"Got what?" I asked.

"See," said Jones. "Look at it!" He closed his eyes. "It's emblazoned on my soul in all its horrid detail," he said wearily. "Terra-cotta crush and fancy band—pearl gray, with four narrow stripes of alternate black and green—just a few odd sizes." And he stopped with a groan.

"That's right," I agreed. "But what's the matter with it? Looks rather natty, I think."

Jones groaned again. "That's what I thought—when I got mine," he said. "It was this way: The other night my wife said to me, 'We're spending too much money, John. Now that business is dull, we ought to economize a little.'

"Yes," I said. I was reading the paper.

"Couldn't you smoke a pipe when you're in the house?" she suggested. "Mrs. Harper says her husband does."

"Harper's spent twenty dollars on meerschaums lately," I said, with a grin. "No; I don't believe in false economy. But I'll tell you what I *will* do—I'll wear this hat another season. It looks pretty bad, but maybe I can get it re-blocked."

"That night, when I came home, Mary said: 'I've got a little surprise for you.'"

"Not a new necktie!" I said sternly.

"No," she said, with reproach.

"Nor a pipe!"

"Of course not!"

"Well, then—tell me the worst," I said.

"I've a mind not to give it to you at all, for being so mean," said Mary. But she went over to the bureau and got out a nondescript-looking package that might have been anything from a silk shirt-waist to a chafing-dish.

"It was a hat. 'I got it for a dollar and forty-five cents,' said Mary. 'Isn't it nice?'"

"I turned it over, gingerly. You know how suspicious a fellow always is of his wife's bargains—but, honestly, I couldn't find a thing wrong.

"It will probably fade in a week," I objected.

"It's guaranteed," she said triumphantly, waving a slip of paper.

"I tried it on. It fitted perfectly. 'Where did you get it?' I asked her.

"At Spiegel and Duper's," she told me. "They are three-dollar hats marked down. Just a few odd sizes, the clerk said. Just a few, mind you."

"Well, I wore it down town next morning, and I was proud of it. On the car was a young fellow with one of the same sort—a stylish-looking chap with patent leathers.

"I'm right in the fashion," I thought. "Once in a while a woman does smell out a real bargain."

"Down at the office I got the first shock. Miss B——, my stenographer, came in a little late. 'I stopped to buy a hat on the way down,' she told me, 'and I liked it so well that I wore it.'"

"It was the counterpart of mine, except that she had a veil trimmed around it and the sides pinned up. 'Spiegel and Duper's are selling them for a dollar and thirty-eight cents,' she said—'just a few odd sizes.'"

"Yes, I know," said I. By and by Smithers dropped in about a deal.

"He had one!"

"What do you think of this hat?" he asked. "Got it at a bargain. Spiegel and Dup'—"

"I touched him on the shoulder and pointed to the hat-rack, where mine reposed beside Miss B——'s. Then I started. There was a third one.

"From the bookkeeper's office came a wail. 'Yes, they're all the rage. Spiegel and Duper's. Just a few odd'—"

"Let's go and get a drink," I said to Smithers. We went to a little place around the corner and the bar-tender didn't have change for my five.

"Just wait a second," he said, "I'll go out and get it next door!"

"He put on his coat—and hat!"

"It was another!"

"Smithers gasped. Then he fished a quarter out of his vest. 'Here's the change,' he said. We bolted our liquor and fled.

"On the corner a shabby gent asked me for ten cents to get a meal. Over his left ear was pulled a terra-cotta hat with a gray striped band.

"Where did you get that?" Smithers asked him.

"Picked it up in the street," he said.

"During the afternoon I met forty-four white men—I counted 'em—eighteen colored men and twelve Japs. When I got home Mary and I had a little talk. Then I rang for the janitor.

"Dennis," I said sweetly, "you've been very attentive to us. In fact, I may say that the janitor service in this house is better than in any other we have known. Here is a little present for you."

"Théré was more perplexity than joy in his face. 'Beggin' yer pardin', surr, he said, 'is there annythin' wr-rong with these kind o' hats, I dunno?'"

"Why, of course not, Dennis," Mary spoke up. "What makes you think that?"

"'Oh, nawthin' mem,' said Dennis, 'only—I got six others from gintlemen in th' house.'

"'This is the limit!' I yelled.

"But it wasn't. The next day I saw a horse wearing one. Yes, sir! So help me! An old brown nag that was pulling a dirt wagon. Its ears were poked through in a couple of places and the dust had disguised it somewhat, but there was a bit of the ribbon still hanging to the rim—enough to identify it."

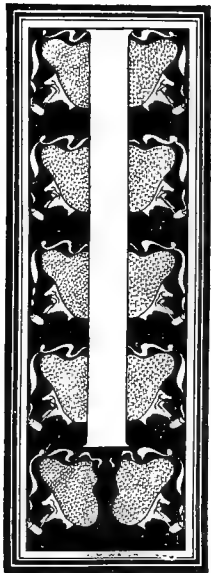
"Jones stopped and looked at his watch. "Good

Lord! I'm due at the ferry in ten minutes," he exclaimed, and broke for the elevated station.

As I was thinking it over, I met a sandwich man. His sign read :

Hats! Hats! Hats!
The "Lawson" Crush.
Only a Few Odd Sizes Left
At Spiegel and Duper's
Buy Now.

A Daring Innovation



It cannot be done!"

The words are spoken by I. M. Presario, the famous arbiter of things dramatic and theatric, as the case might be.

"But I believe it can," responds James Smith, the unknown author of unknown dramas.

Mr. Presario shakes his head sagely.

"The confidence of youth," he muses. "How often have I seen it! My dear young friend, what you suggest is impossible. No man who hopes for success as a writer of plays, comic operas or burlesques would dare to fly in the face of public opinion, as you suggest."

"None the less," replies James Smith, "I am convinced that the time has come to write a production of the sort."

"I admire courage, my ambitious friend," said I. M. Presario, "and I will say this: That if you write it, as you say you can, I will at least give it a trial production. Remember, though, that I tell you it will never be accepted by the theatre-going public. There are certain things the people will not stand for. I have managed problem plays, and plays that were not even problematical, but worked out the whole sum in the first act. I have sounded the depths and seen the heights of realism—but your idea goes a little too far. However, as I say, write it, and if you can carry out your ideas I will put it on."

It was the first night of James Smith's new comic opera, "The Minus Quantity." Subtle hints of a great surprise for the audience had worked popular interest to a white heat. The theatre was crowded. At the close of the first act the people looked at one another, and some of them shook their heads sagely.

"A bold man, this Smith," they whispered. "If he has written a second act along the same lines as the first"—

The sentence was always finished by an ominous shake of the head.

The second act began in breathless silence. Line after line of the dialogue and verse after verse of the songs was followed with the intensest eagerness by the audience.

Each move of the characters was watched keenly. At last the finale approached. The characters were forming for the closing ensemble. Suddenly the music was interrupted by hoarse shouts of protest from the audience.

A strange silence ensued. The orchestra ceased playing. The actors, trembling, held their places as though afraid to move. A man arose in the parquette. Evidently, by some psychologic wave, he had become aware of the fact that he should serve as spokesman for the audience.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried.

Still the silence reigned.

"Must we sit here and tolerate this, in the guise of dramatic effort?" again cried the man.

Low murmurs of approval came from the rest of the audience.

"Again I demand the meaning of this!" he shouted. "Is this show going to be permitted to end without the time-honored scene where the low comedian is saturated with seltzer from a bottle held by the high comedian?"

"Seltzer, Seltzer!" roared the audience; and the tumult did not subside until a bottle, hastily procured from a neighboring bar, was brought to the stage and the ancient and accepted symbol of sublime merriment presented to the gaze of those present.

But out into the bosom of the chilling night fled a man, his head bowed and the whiplash of disappointment and defeat whirring about his conscience. It was James Smith, and after him followed the low, gurgling comment of I. M. Presario, "I told you so."

W. D. NESBIT.

Cullud Crust's Outing.

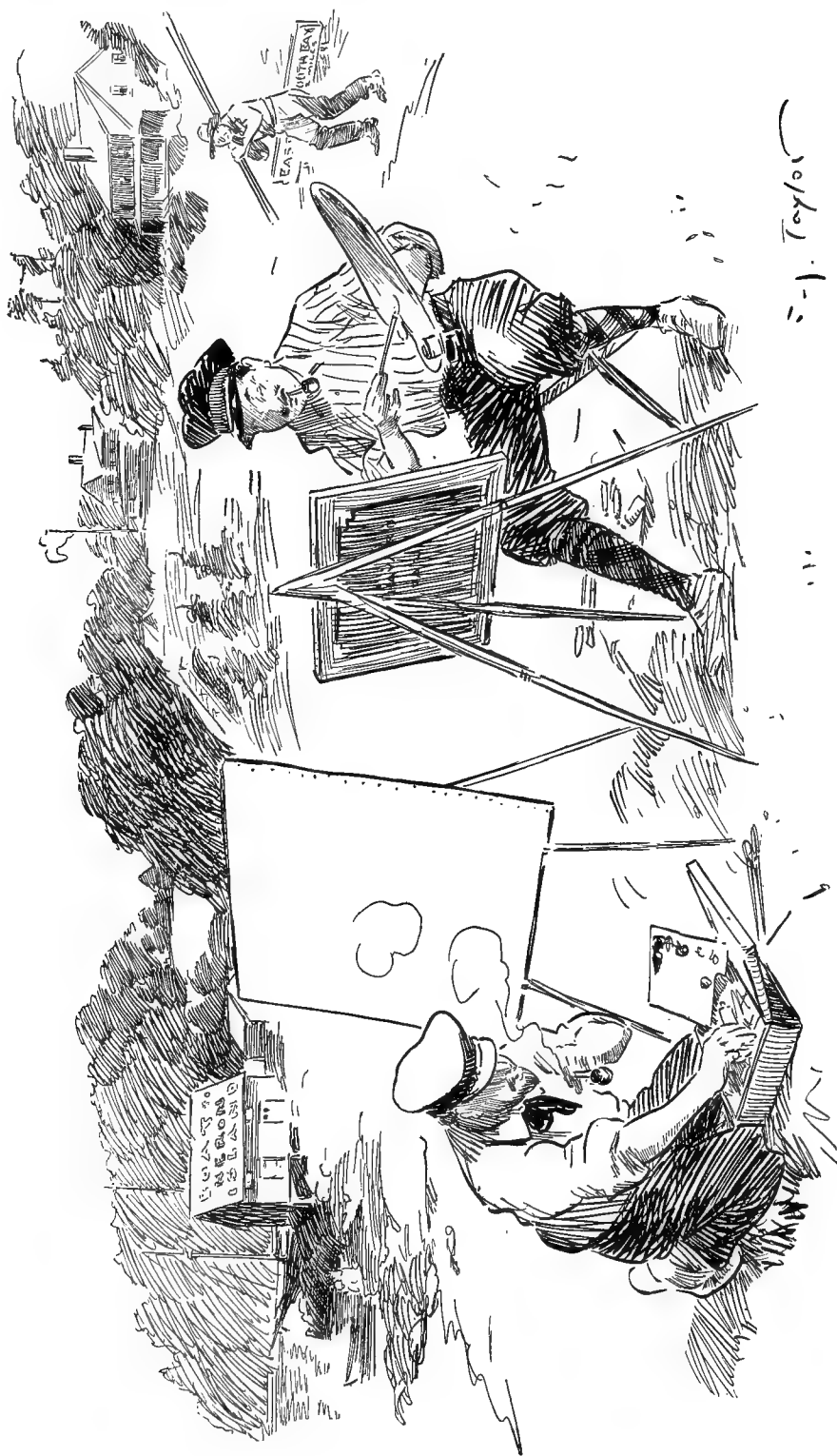
'RASTUS DAVIS gone ter summerin'
(Washin' dishes down in Maine!);
Writes dat he am doin' de seaside—
Dat coon gib me sudden pain.

'Mandy Jackson left her lodgin'
(Bet she gone ter loop dat loop);
Writes dat she am in de Buckshire—
Dat she flew de city coop.

'Tildy Didymus left her last place
Rudder suddin, 'pears ter me;
Sends word back ter Hanna Stevens
Dat she's coolin' by de sea.

Huh! Dem city niggers tire me,
Puttin' on dese frills an' fizz.
Dey's all got de razzle-dazzle—
Dat's why dey ain't whar dey is.

FRANK H. BROOKS.



J. Taylor

WELL EARNED.

"So van Dauber's rich uncle, the pork-packer, died and left him a million?"

"Yes ; but Van earned it all right. Why, he used to go round and praise the 'old masters' that his uncle 'picked up' in Europe."

Vanity and Its Reward

ONCE there was a very simple landscape that lay restless under the sun and rain, sometimes bitten by the frost and then roasted and parched by the heat. This landscape was never quite satisfied with itself, and was always changing its clothes. In the spring it would get quite enthusiastic and come out in the most delicate greens, while in summer it flaunted itself in the eyes of every one. It was in the autumn, however, that its most conspicuous costume was donned, and then it became fairly brilliant; while in winter it seemed as if the landscape had fairly spent its energy and was lying back exhausted.

At no time, however, was the landscape wholly satisfied with itself, and it was always complaining of Mother Nature about her niggardly treatment. This is doubtless due to the fact that certain kinds of vanity are insatiable.

One day a gorgeous advertisement came trundling along, and the landscape was immediately struck by it. Besides, the advertisement was very cleverly worded, and appealed to the landscape because it was so different. So the landscape said to the advertisement,

"Come here, won't you, and rest on my willing bosom."

"That is precisely," replied the advertisement, "what I wanted to do. Much obliged." And at some little trouble it climbed up and settled back on the landscape with a self-satisfied smirk.

The landscape was delighted. When any one passed by and looked up it said smartly, "There! what do you think of that? Nature, after all, is an old foggy. She did her best, but she couldn't turn out any of those fine dabs of color. Besides, there is now an added intellectual charm to me. So I am good to look at in more ways than one."

By and by another advertisement came along, and, seeing his brother, he stopped short and said,

"Confound you! you have the best situation here. But never mind. Now that you *are* here, of course, it wouldn't do to be without me." So he climbed up and leaned forward as far as he could without toppling over.

The landscape didn't like the second advertisement quite so well as the first, and she thought it was rather forward to jump up so quickly without her permission.

Still, it was bright and cheerful, which was something; and it was a change, which was something more. And so the landscape said to Mother Nature, somewhat scornfully, "There! just look at me now. You couldn't have done all this. I'm beginning to be some one. I'm taking part in the affairs of the world. I'm right up to date."

Mother Nature sighed. "I'll see you later," she said sadly.

Sure enough, in a short time another advertisement came along and, seeing all the others, stopped. Then another and another, and after a while whole troops of them. In vain the landscape protested. The advertisements didn't even ask her permission until one day, as in countless numbers they squatted upon her broad sides, disfiguring

everything they touched, and raised their Babel to the heavens, an old friend of the landscape's, who used to visit her and whom she knew to be a man of judgment and taste, exclaimed as he passed by in a carryall,

"Well, well! that landscape is ruined!"

And the landscape, cheap, common, degraded, shook with shame, knowing it was even so.

Moral—"You didn't know when you were well off," said Mother Nature in the distance.

T. M.



A CONSIDERATION.

BACHELOR—"Would you advise a chap to marry for love or for money?"

NEWLY WED—"For love. Then he won't be so often reminded of what he got married for."

A Boy's Opinion of His Dad

WHEN I was a little lad,
At the age of five to eleven,
I thought I had the greatest pa
That there was under heaven.
What my papa he couldn't do,
No others need to try,
And when it came to knowing things,
He passed all others by.

He always seemed to me possessed
Of marvelous perception,
Devoid of pride or self-esteem
Or cunning or deception.
Years rolled along, and I became
A lad attending school—
'Twas then the thought first came to me
That father was a fool.

At sixteen years of age I thought,
As boys oft do to-day,
That what was left for me to learn,
Or study, would not pay.
But dad, he viewed it different,
And ruled with iron will.
'Twas then I thought that he became
To me more foolish still.

At eighteen years I thought I was
A man, and knew it all;
And when dad told me different,
'Twas then my blood would boil.
For then I *knew*—I did not think—
That really my old man
Had got to be the durndest fool
That there was in the land.

Years rolled along, and I became
A man. In public life
I found it was a rugged road
Bestrewn with care and strife.
'Twas then I sought old dad's advice,
His words so good and true,
And found him not so foolish
As I'd thought long years ago.

Many years have passed and gone,
My hair is tinged with gray,
And often do I think of him
Who's long since passed away.
And now as in my infancy,
A child of five to eleven,
I think he was the *grandest* man
That there was under heaven.

J. C. LA ROY.

A Wonderful Patent-medicine Sign

AN agent for patent medicine, having missed his train, was compelled to remain at a lonely farm-house for the night. He offered his rural host a bottle of stomach bitters as remuneration for his keep; but this was declined by the rustic, with words as follows: "By jockey! I don't belong to the Brothers of Divine Providence, and my wife doesn't belong to the Sisters of Doomed Disappointment, but a strange line of visions chased me to a conviction that you can sometimes believe in signs. I had been living on sour milk and corn meal for some time, and my stomach was out of kilter. I took several patent medicines, but they offered no relief."

The farmer tipped his chair against the wood-shed, and refilling his pipe resumed, "You can read the sign in that puff of tobacco smoke." This assertion was followed by a cloud of smoke which nearly hid the sun as it quietly sank behind the pig-sty. "Why, we had a thunder-storm the other day, and when old Shoo-fly, our favorite cow, came home at night, she had the monogram branded by lightning on her hind quarter. The hailstones broke the lights in the greenhouse and left only a few, which formed the same initials. I was reading the evening paper the other day, and a fit of astigmatism took possession of my optics, so that all the letters on the page disappeared except those forming the sign. Then a gust of wind swept the paper into the air, and it circled aloft until lost to view. Then it fluttered home again and fell in the yard, and on it were written by an unseen hand the same letters. I went out to the flower-garden the other day to see how my flowers were coming up, and in one bed they

came up so as to spell the same mystic form. My boy was attracted by the queer antics of a big black snake, and called me to the road to see it perform. The snake had gone when I arrived, but it had spelled the same sign in the dust with its tail. I went to my room that night, and when I looked in the looking-glass I saw a skull instead of my face, and on the frontal bone there appeared the same letters. I felt that I had better take a dose of patent medicine and look again. I turned to the stand to get the bottle, and there on the label were branded the new letters." The farmer knocked his pipe against the heel of his left boot and continued, "Now, you must be curious to know what the letters were and what they stood for. The letters were 'R. J. L. for D.' I went to bed and cogitated. It all became clear to me in the morning. The letters signified: Read JUDGE'S LIBRARY for Digestion. No, sir; I don't want your medicine."

H. H. HUDSON.

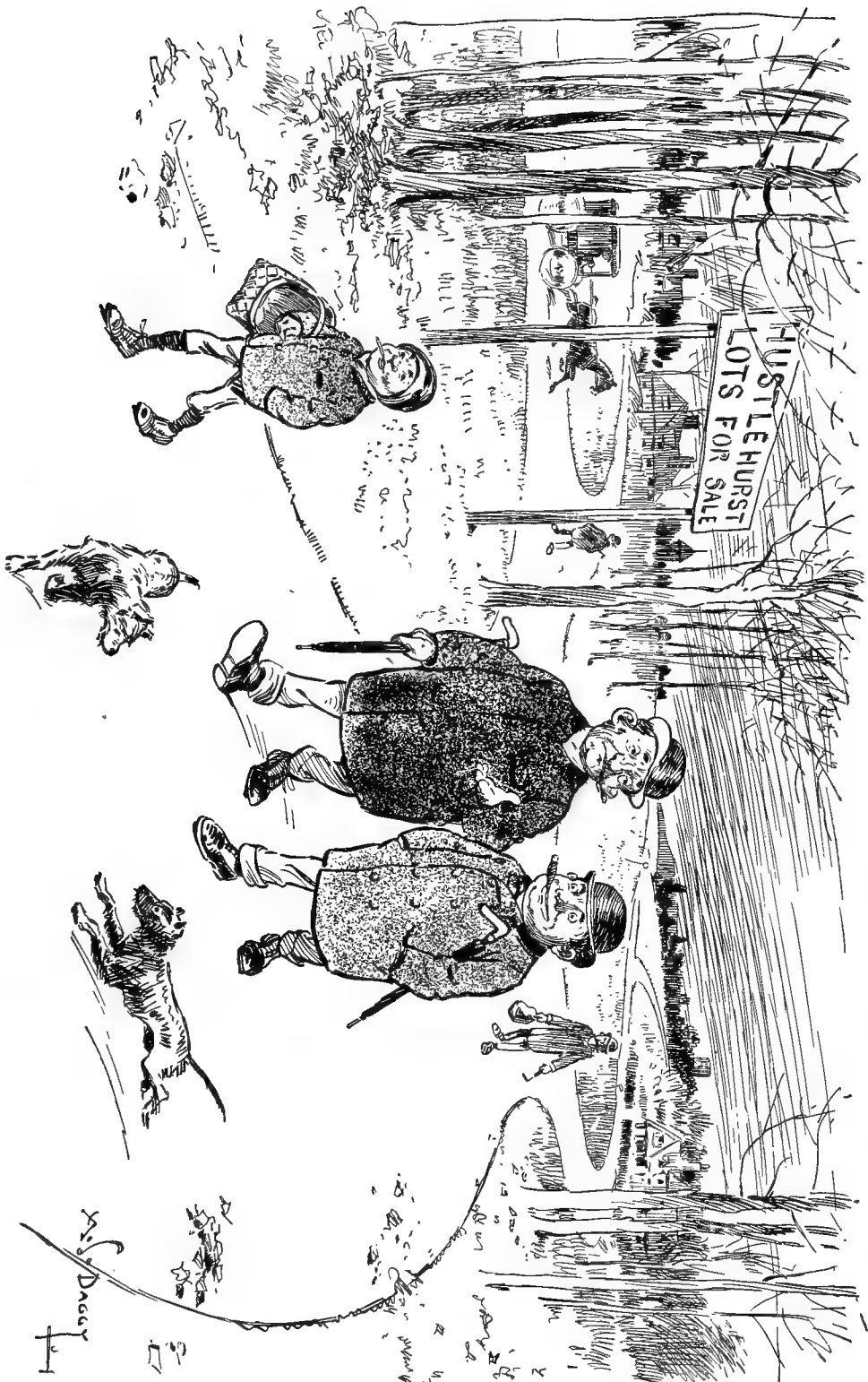
Good Reason.

A TEACHER was endeavoring to explain to his class the law or cause of the circulation of the blood, and to make it more clear decided to give an illustration.

"Now, children," he said, "if I stand on my head the blood will rush to my head, my face becoming flushed. Now, when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood flow into them?"

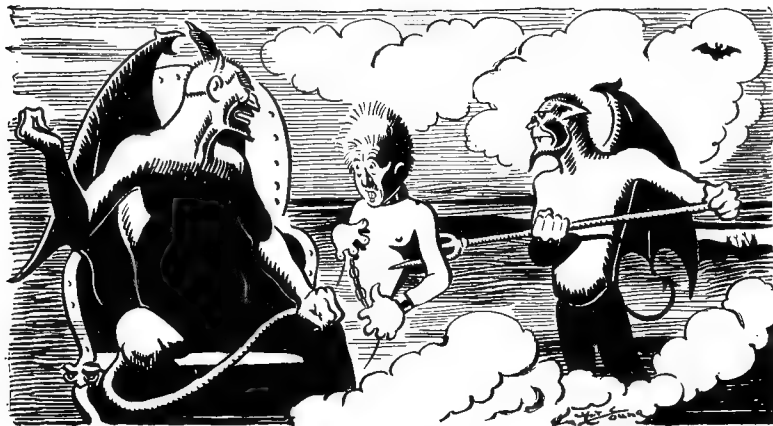
The class was silent and thoughtful for a minute, when one little fellow piped out, "Why, sir, because your feet ain't empty."

J. E. MC GREGOR.



LIMITATIONS.

"You can't fool all the people all the time."
"Lord! I don't want to. If I could only fool my wife for five minutes occasionally I'd be satisfied."



NOT PREPARED.

SATAN—"Who is he?"

GUARD—"An anarchist assassin."

SATAN—"Hang a stone to his neck, then throw him into the lake of boiling brimstone, and keep him there till I can think of a punishment severe enough to fit the crime."

An Apology.

THE proprietor of the Savoy Hotel, Denver, noticed a new man at work polishing the brass name-plate on the front of the building, and, walking up to him, said, "What are you doing there?"

The man did not reply, and the proprietor repeated his question a trifle sharply. The man finally looked up and with a wan smile said,

"Why, I'm carryin' coal an' wood into the basement so that the balloon can go up, and the old lady can git the milkin' done."

The proprietor walked away, and the man told another employé of his smart answer, and was horrified to learn that it was the proprietor whom he had been trying his humor upon. Feeling that he ought to make an apology, he went into the office, and, approaching the proprietor, he said,

"Boss, I didn't know 'twas you I was talkin' to so fresh out there a few minutes ago. But," he continued, nervously twirling his hat in his hands, "there are so many blamed fools come along askin' fool questions that if a man tried to answer 'em all he'd never git nothin' done!"

FARNUM ST. JOHN.

This Will Happen.

COME, my child; let us hie ourselves to the convention.

See yonder man, who has the inquiring expression on his face and the bewildered look in his eyes.

Observe how he is asking those about him all about what is being done and why it is being done.

Do you know who this man is?

Neither do we; but we know this about him:

He is the man who explained so completely to his wife last night the intricate workings of the national conventions.

Would it not be fine if all married men were as smart as they try to make their wives think they are?

Punishment to Fit.

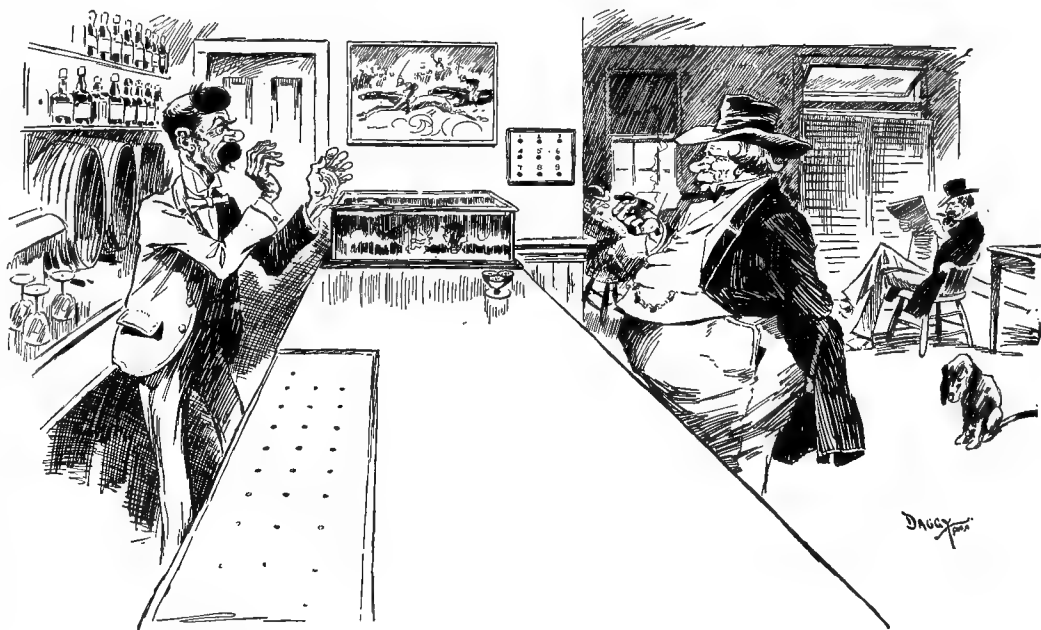
"PARDON me," said the person on the first gridiron as the late arrival in Hades passed near him; "pardon me, but would you mind telling me why you carry that peculiar contrivance about with you all the time?"

"It is part of my punishment," explained the one addressed. "In my earthly life I made and sold fire-screens—the ornamental kind—and now Satan says I've got to lug this one around and try to find some use for it."

At the Whist Club.

Hostess (in astonishment)—"I was surprised that Mrs. Newbegin won the prize. It was just due to dumb luck."

Mrs. Eckspert—"Dumb luck," indeed! Why, she chattered every minute."



STAVING HIM OFF.

MAJOR GOODFELLER—"Have you heard of the latest whiskey trust?"

BAR-TENDER—"Stop, major, stop! The slate is broke."



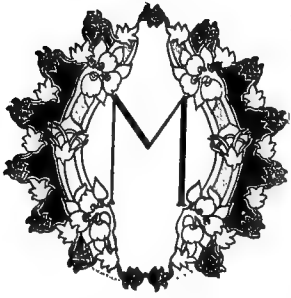
WHY HE WAS SURE.

PETE PERSIMMONS—"But why am yo' so shuah dat de Lawd will answer yo'r prayer?"

BROTHER JOHNSON—"Why, didn't I hab two rabbit's foots in mah pocket all de time I wuz prayin'?"

Driven from Home; or, The Barrel Was Empty

By Morris Wade



RS. CLATTER speaks : Henry, my dear, you will have to—what? the coffee seems awfully weak? Well, it is some weaker than usual and for the very good reason that I do think that you have been drinking your coffee altogether too strong of late. The fact is, it would be a

good thing if you would give up coffee altogether and drink cocoa shells or some of these excellent imitation coffees that are just as good as the real coffee if one only thought so. I feel sure that it is coffee that makes you so nervous and irritable at times. A speaker at our Scientific-research Club was telling us the other day of the great harm coffee was doing the American people. We are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, and—but, as I was going to say, you will have to run in and order another barrel of flour to-day, and I do hope you will not allow yourself to forget it, for—oh, yes, that speaker at the club said that coffee was responsible for a great deal of loss of memory, and because of its effects on—on—well, on some nerves or muscles or something or other, I forget which. Anyhow, he said it was bad for the memory, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that was the reason why you forget so much that I say to you. But I do hope you won't forget about that flour. I need it right away. The cook tells me that she had to fairly scrape the bottom of the barrel to get enough for the last baking, and she has to bake again this week, and of course she can't do it without flour. That is a self-evident proposition. What? You think the flour goes very fast? Well, I'm sure that not an ounce of it is wasted. It may be that the cook—but there, I have no reason to suppose that she does, so I won't say anything about it. But Mrs. Badger told me the other day that she caught *her* cook in the very act of carrying not only flour but coffee and sugar and tea to her brother's family, and I'm sure that our last barrel of flour hasn't lasted anything like as long as the barrel before, and I don't think that we have had any more company than usual, and—anyhow, it's all gone now, and, as I say, you will have to order another barrel before the next baking, and flour has gone up, too. If there is anything that hasn't gone up in price I'd like to know it. Butter is two cents a pound more than it has been and coal has been higher ever since the big strike, and if this big strike keeps on there is no telling—Johnny, you keep still while your mother is speaking! Meat is higher than it has been and—yes, I think you may as well get the same brand of flour we had the last time. It hasn't that delicate yellow tinge really good flour has, but the cook prefers it to any other, so of course we shall have to have it, and, as I think I said before, we must have it right away, for the barrel is entirely empty and we must have another barrel by Friday even-

ing, for the cook always sets her bread to rise that evening, and it stands to reason that she can't do it without flour, and they would just as soon send up a barrel from the grocery as a few pounds. Then, it is cheaper to buy it by the barrel, for the clerk told me so one day. The fact is, it is cheaper to buy everything in large quantities, and when it comes to flour the barrel is worth something. Barrels are always handy to have about the house, so I hope you will be sure to send up a barrel, for the old one is quite empty and—Lucy, will you and Willy keep still and let your mother tell your father what she wants him to get down town?

If you stop on your way down town and order the flour, Henry, it will be more likely to come up to-day, and then it would be here. Of course we don't actually need it to-day, but it would be nice to have it in the house. I had no idea that we were so near out, or I would have ordered it myself when I put in my weekly order. The cook didn't tell me until this morning that the flour was out, although I have told her over and over again to always tell me when things were running low, and of course she knew that the barrel would be empty after the next baking, and now it is entirely empty and we must put in a special order for it, and I can't order it because I have a seamstress coming to-day to make over a dress for me, and I must stay right here with her, for she is some one I have never had before, and I don't feel that I can trust her to do it as I want it done unless I am right here; so if it won't be any trouble to you, dear, I wish you would order the flour and impress upon them that the barrel is empty. The cook said she had to scrape the bottom of the barrel and—what is that? You have heard that before? Perhaps I did mention it, and if I did it was to impress upon you the urgent need of another barrel at once. It would be a good thing if you just jotted down the brand—"Lily White." The cook will not use any other, and I hope you won't let them work off any other "just-as-good" brand on you, for the cook is so set in her opinions, and I could never make her think it was just as good as the "Lily White, and she is so cross when she cannot have everything her own way. In fact, she was cross because she had to scrape the bottom of the barrel to get enough flour for the last baking, and if you should forget to send up another barrel there would be no living with her, and, anyhow, I don't want to give the children baker's bread. You never know what you are getting when it comes to baker's bread, but I do know that there is not the least nourishment in it and that it often contains alum and other substances that are injurious, and that is why I shall always insist on making my own bread. No one can say that I do not give my family nourishing food to save labor. If more women fed their husbands from their own kitchens instead of from the bake-shop there would be less intemperance in the world, for it was demonstrated at our club the other day that it was lack of nourishing food that drove so many men to the

to make the children polite in the home and—you going without your second cup of coffee? You won't forget to order that flour, for we can't make bread out of an empty flour barrel, and the cook—why, Henry! That is a nice thing to say right before the children! Do you feel justified in using such language because I happen to remark that the flour barrel is empty and—dear, dear! I don't know what will become of that man's nerves if he doesn't stop drinking so much coffee! And it's affecting his memory, too. I doubt if he remembers that flour. I think I shall call him up on the 'phone before noon and just ask him if he has forgotten that the flour barrel is empty.



"I hear he is a confirmed bibliophile."
 "How awful! I always fancied he was a teetotaler."

The Colored

Fiddler's Anthem.

GIT yo'r pardners, fust kuatillion!
Stomp yo'r feet an' raise 'em
high.

June is, "Oh, dat watahmillion!
Gwine to git a home bimeby."

S'lute yo'r pardners, scrape per-
lately;

Don't be bumpin' 'gin de res'.
Balance all! Now step out light'y.
Allus dance yo'r level bes'.

Fo'ward, foak! Whoop up, nig-
gahs!

Back ag'in? Don't be so slow.
Swing cornahs! Min' de figgahs!
When I hollers den yo' go.

Han's aroun'! Hol' up yo'r faces;
Don't be lookin' at yo'r feet.
Swing yo'r pardners to yo'r places.
Dat's de way—dat's hard to
beat!

Sides fo'ward! When yo's ready
Make a bow as low 's yo' kin.
Swing acrost wid op'sit' lady!
Now we'll let yo' swap ag'in.

Ladies change! Shet up, dat
talkin'!

Do yo'r talkin' arter while.
Right an' lef'! Don't want no
walkin'.

Make yo'r steps an' show yo'r
style.

BESSIE O'BYRNE.



A JEWEL.

FATHER—"Who is the best writer in your class,
Bobby?"

BOBBY—"Jack Bulger. He writes the excuses
for every feller in the class."

Mammy's Dream of Rest.

WHEN I go home ter glory
I 'spec' ter be all drest,
An' crawl up ter de fountain
An' jes' set dar an' rest

Dar won't be no mo' washin',
No ironin' on nex' day—
Jes' settin' roun' an' restin',
Watchin' de angels play.

No gittin' up nex' mawnin'.
No gwine ter bed at night;
Nuffin ter do but set dar
An' jes' res' in de light.

Mebbe sum great white C'ris'mus
Mought cum erlong some day,
An' Gab'r'el den mought ax me
Fer bresh de clouds away,

But dat wo'd be laik dancin',
An' Gab'r'el den wo'd say,
"Git back dar in yo'r rest-place;
Nuffin' gwine on ter-day."

An' den, de harpers harpin'
In robes ob golden lace,
We'll sing out, "Dinner's ready"
Cum up an' taik yo'r place.'

Outclassed Them.

"AND so the other eleven
simply mopped up the
earth with you?" asked the
first student.

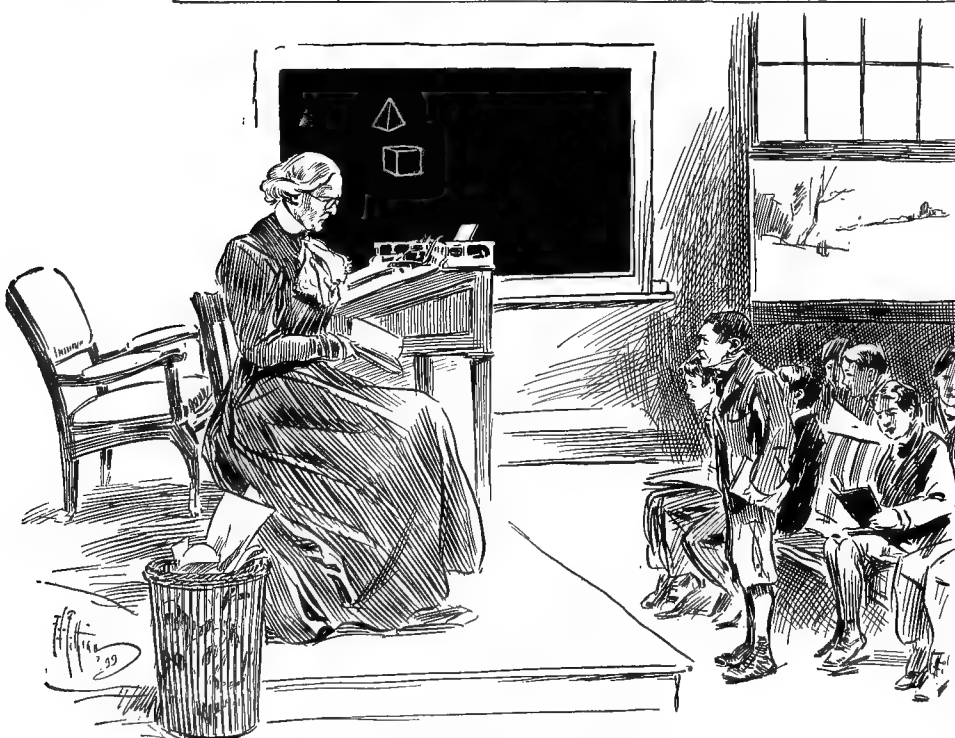
"Yes," was 'the sorrowful
answer; "but it 'wasn't any
wonder. Do you know
what they did? They
rung in a United States
senator as centre-rush."

The Whole Story.

BOBBY had endeavor-
ed to remove a
glass of jam from the
closet-shelf. The glass
had slipped from his
fingers and crashed to
the floor, making a sad
muss. "Oh, my!" said
Bobby, when the
speech of which horror
had deprived him had
returned. "Oh, my!
Some one's been mon-
keyin' with that jam!"

Munn—"I discov-
ered a curious thing
about one of my hens
the other day. She
eats tacks."

Chausen—"And
lays carpets?"



A ROUGH GUESS.

TEACHER—"Why was Wellington called the 'iron duke'?"

SCHOLAR—"Well—er—I—er—s'pose he had a 'duke' sumthin' like Jim Jeffries."



REPARTEE.

WEARY WALKER—"Ah, g'wan! Yer talkin' through yer hat."

The Green Velvet Bag

By Emmett Campbell Hall

NAN GAVE it to me on my birthday, shyly and with her pretty girlish blush. It was in a pretty box, wrapped in yards of soft paper. When I finally succeeded in extracting it, I gave it a kiss for the sake of the giver (I had *not* kissed the giver). It seemed to have something of her dainty personality, too. It was a green velvet bag, about ten inches deep and eight wide, a leather thong closing the top, and with my monogram embroidered on the side.

It was pretty, all right, and even I could see that the dear girl had put an awful lot of work into it—but what was I expected to put into it? I was considering this problem, with the aid of much tobacco, when Billy Allen came in, and though I quickly threw a paper over it as it lay on the table, Billy pretends to be a reporter, and says that he is expected to be very observant.

"What's that green?" he demanded.

"Why, a bag, of course," I said scornfully. "Does it look like a pipe or a gun-case?"

"It *looks* like a present," Billy said, wagging his head wisely.

"Well, what do you do with it?" I asked hopefully, thereby confessing my ignorance.

Billy regarded me disdainfully.

"Why, put things in it, of course," he said.

"But what sort of things?" I queried.

Billy snorted.

"Now, look here, Austin; when a fellow goes fooling around having girls give him bags and all sorts of things, he needn't expect fellows to take up all their time telling him what to do with them. If you don't know what to do with it, why don't you just pack it away in a box?"

I don't hold that against Billy, for he didn't know Nan. Treat that little girl's bag that way? Not much! Besides, she would be sure to ask me, the next time I called, in that pretty little timid way of hers, if I was using it. I knew Nan.

Billy smoked up most of my cigarettes and went away, leaving me and the bag together. I hung it up on the wall as an ornament, so that I might truthfully prevaricate to Nan.

Of course, hanging up there, everybody who came in noticed it. Tom Marsh picked it up in a familiar manner. Tom's room at college used to resemble a fancy-work booth at a church fair.

"You keep your money in it," he announced authoritatively.

Judging by the size of it that dear girl must have thought me a millionaire; but I was glad of the suggestion, and by hunting around through all my clothes I was able to get enough together to make one corner sag slightly. The next day, going down on the car to the office, I had to borrow a nickel from a man I detest, and always go a block out of my way to avoid.

Will Halloway snorted disdainfully when he saw the use I was making of the bag.

"You keep papers in it—your bills," he said.

"Oh, I use that trunk over there for that," I answered sorrowfully.

Ned Hastings look at Will pityingly.

"Austin, don't heed his chatter. You keep your jewelry in that bag," he remarked decidedly.

"But I haven't any, except my cuff-buttons, which I wear, and my watch, which generally isn't in my keeping," I protested.

They left in disgust.

The next evening Ed Carter treated the matter lightly.

"Seems to me, Austin, anybody would know a tobacco-bag when they saw it," he remarked with a smile of condescending pity.

This seemed a little more practical, and I promptly dumped my fresh pound-box of plug-cut into the bag. I rather thought it would hardly keep so moist, or be so convenient as in the jar on the table, but if Nan had given me a tobacco-bag, I certainly intended to use it.

This worked all right until Gilray, who paints things and generally pretends to be artistic, and all that, came in. He watched me fill a pipe from the bag with æsthetic horror written upon his face.

"That's nothing short of sacrilege—I wouldn't have thought it of you, Austin," he said in a grieved voice.

I silently dumped the tobacco from the bag back into the old jar upon the table.

"Well, what *is* the proper filler?" I inquired politely and in a soft voice. You see, Nan had given me the bag.

"Why, your neckties," he explained.

I rather hated to crumple them into the bag, and I thought it would probably be rather inconvenient getting them out, but if Nan thought that was the proper way to keep ties—

Nan took to complaining that I simply reeked of tobacco—the plug-cut *is* rather strong. Things had been going exceedingly well, and occasionally Nan would be in a position to notice. She also said that I was not so neat as I used to be with my ties.

After Maddox had said that it was for my hair-brushes, and Gilray, renigging, for matches; and Hart that it was intended for handkerchiefs, and Morton that it was obviously for shaving things, I gave up trying to make the changes, and told them that whenever they came in and didn't like what was in the bag to change it. After that, every time one of them came in he would stir things all up and put something else in the bag. Some of them got to such a point that they would hardly speak to each other, and Morton took to stopping by on his way home from office to put in shaving things. When Hart wanted to come at six o'clock in the morning to put in handkerchiefs, however, I had to draw the line.

There was one good feature about it, however. Whenever I couldn't find anything I wanted I could just reach into the bag, and generally get it.

Nan and I had been married a month, when one day

she came across the green bag among my things. She came over to me with it in her hand, and I pulled her down on my lap.

"Dearest," I said, "you know I love you, don't you?"

"Of course, silly!" she laughed.

"Then, dear, you won't mind my asking what that pretty bag was for, will you?"

A little puzzled frown came between Nan's arched eyebrows.

"Why, it was for—for—why, it was for a birthday present, of course!" she said conclusively.

Dominie Dough's Trust.

PREACHIN' eb'ry Sunday mawnin'

At de ringin' ob de bell.

Bredderin, please ter recomember

Dat collecshuns am whad tell.

Sunday-school come arter dinner ;

Preachin' come at eb'nin'-time.

Sistahs ob de sewin' S'rosis,

Doan' fo'git ter fotch a dime.

Pastah's poah fund Monday eb'nin—

Conterbushons tuck all day.

Doan' fo'git ter s'prise de pastah

When yo' passin' down his way,

Prah-meetin' come eb'ry We'n'sday—

Hope ter see yo' all come in.

Fill yer scuttles up to brimmin'—

Debil lub a empty bin.

Bredderin, doan' put up yo'r treasuahs

Whar de moth corrupt an' rust.

Plant de "long-green" sho' an' steadfas—

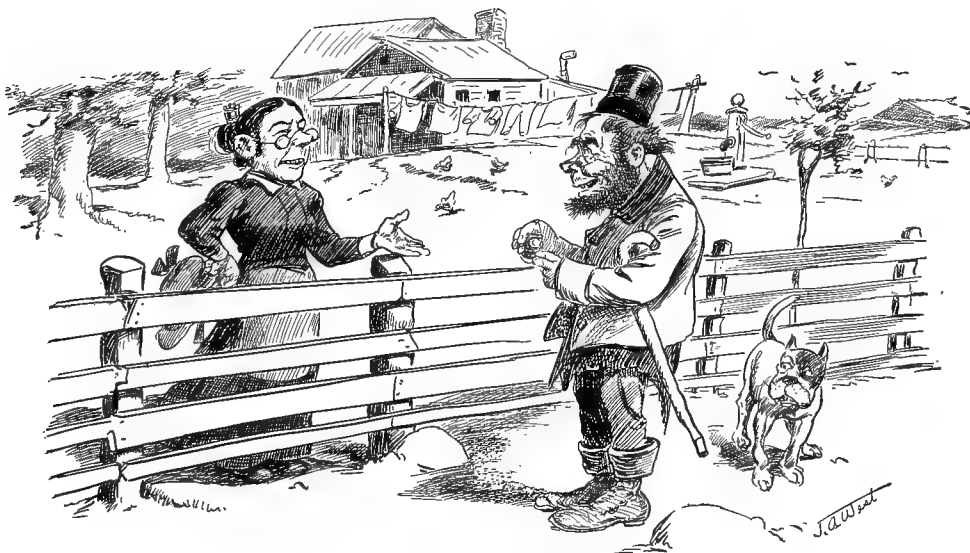
Come an' jine de pastah's trust.



SUGGESTION FOR A MODERN SKY-SCRAPER.

Hang your furniture outside if you have no room.

WATER in a ship's hold can stay at the same level. Love in a household can't—it'll git more or less, as sure as fate.



"OF TWO EVILS."

LADY—"What would you be willing to do if I gave you some of my daughter's nice, fresh pie?"
TRAMP—"Most any'ting but eat it."

Fame.



FROM head to foot I'm picturesque
In decorations, don't you know;
In filigree and arabesque
I simply glimmer, gleam and glow.

All sorts of court-plaster conceits
My gargoyle-grinning head adorn,
And nothing in the art line beats
The Maltese cross upon my horn.

These high-art patches make me proud
Until I don't know what to do.
No more the girls would round me crowd
Were I a lion in the zoo.

And I am brimming full of glee,
For highest fame 's now mine, you bet.
A football idol, after me
They're going to name a cigarette.

An Old Salt's Observations.

TH' softest bed-springs in th' world is a hard day's work
took jest before retirin'.

I wonder what my wife would think of me if I paid a
dollar ev'ry year to take a paper tellin' all about th'
newest style in oil-skins, an' describin' of th' latest fash-
ions for th' summer sou'westers?

Jim Jones has great descriptive powers. "It was so
dark las' night," says he, "that Tom's black hat stood out
ag'inst the night like a pure white spot. An' fog! We
sounded an' brought up mud that was a good deal thinner
than th' air. Th' crew took turns a-breathin' of it for to
git relief."

"I should think," the young girl said who come on
board while we was takin' on a load of railroad rails,
"you'd be afraid to carry sech a heavy cargo." "It ain't
th' heft of loads so often as it is insurance weight that
sinks th' ships," says I; an' I've been chucklin' ever since
because I was so cute.

A passenger an' his wife was
quarrelin' on th' ship, one day, to
beat th' band. "What's the mat-
ter?" says I, comin' up. "He says
them queer-lookin' banks off there
on th' horizon is th' coast," says
she, "an' I tell him that they're
clouds." "Humph!" says I, an'
walked along. They had an awful
fight about it, an' when they got
ashore to New York city she took a
cab to her lawyer's an' he took an
elevated train to his'n. They was
divorced. P. s.—The banks they
scrapped about was icebergs.

Two men was fightin' terrible
on th' dock. I stopped 'em, an'
found they'd been disputin' as to
what color hair was prettiest. A
red-headed man had saved one of
'em from drownin', an' the other's
wife was auburn haired. Puzzle—
Which one of 'em was fightin' for
red hair?

EDWARD MARSHALL.

A Man of Business.

THE angry father kicks the young man
from the front steps.

"Sir," says the young man, picking
himself up, "I would like to call your
attention to the goods handled by my
house. We make the best line of soft-
rubber soles and heels that you can find
anywhere."

Father goes back into the house rub-
bing his chin and wondering whether,
after all, he has not made a mistake in
refusing to welcome so great a business
genius into his family.

A Watery Joke.

NEPTUNE had just propounded a
riddle.

"How do you know I'm not from Chicago?" he
asked.

"Because you use a fork," answered the mermaid.
"And how do you know I'm not?"

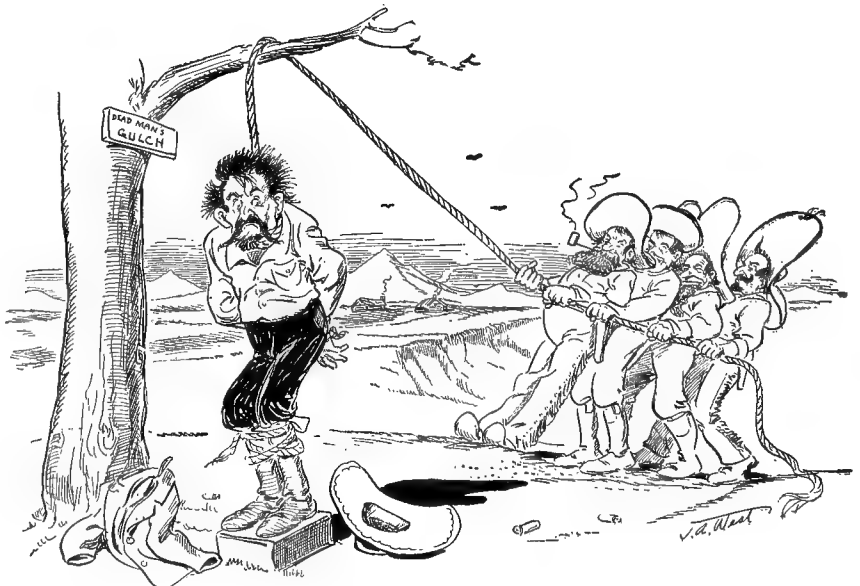
"You haven't any feet," he replied.

However, when they sprang this on the rest of the com-
pany passing mariners reported angry seas.

Cranberry Jubilate.

C **RANBERRY-SAUCE**, cranberry-sauce,
Cranberry-sauce, heigh-ho!
That's the jam of jams
That wins our salaams
When it sets the damask aglow.

Cranberry-sauce, cranberry-sauce,
Cranberry-sauce, ha, ha!
Paints the banquet red,
And we stand on our head,
While we toot joy's tra-la-la!



THE EXCELSIOR BRAND.

A "four-in-hand neck-tie" that is all the go with horsemen in the west.

The Hay-haired Man Suffers Remorse

THE MAN whose hair is of the color and consistency of hay had shown up at the office in the morning at the usual time, but his appearance was impressively feeble. It was not until lunch-hour that he became communicative.

"Do you know," he asked, "what it is to be bowed down with grief, overwhelmed by regret, and stricken with a searching species of riotous remorse?"

"Drive on," said the man with the blue mustache sympathetically.

"Very well; I'll tell you. Yesterday afternoon I received from my wife a mystic missive containing news which was to me of tremendous import. Only once had I to read the words my wife had penned ere I deemed it meet and proper that I should dally o'er the large, lovely and luscious cocktail before repairing to my home. It was my treat unto myself. I did it right. I imbibed. I gazed upon the toxic demon, Rum, in all his luring glad-someness. He appealed to me. I looked at him through plain glass, cut glass and frosted glass. They had dif-

ferent kinds in different places. I ingulfed liquid lullabies; I toyed with Bacchus; I bothered with high spheres; I flirted with the vinous, vivacious enslaver; I made goo-goo eyes at things to drink which contained alcohol. I indulged in a replete repletion. Let me state here, however, that I trust that no one who knows me will believe that I went beyond the limit. I was a gentleman. But I unhesitatingly admit, with that candor at all times becoming a gentleman, I was nerved up. I could feel every nerve in my body. Each nerve tingled with dignity and exuded, as it were, the essence of independent citizenship. I am a temperate man. I believe in the refuge of spirituous succor only under the most exalted circumstances of dire need. I needed. No man in my position could doubt that he needed. The need did not merely cry out; it delivered eloquent orations; it shrieked with pathos; it hurled petitions at me with mighty, resistless logic. The uproar of the large damp voice won out. Thus, and thus only, was I encompassed; I was flooded with courage and dauntless with high-grade spirit.

"And when I reached my home—the home of my beloved wife, of my sweet children, growing up into the glory of manhood and womanhood—I may say that nothing was too good for me, and that I could have raised the devil with a whole army if the army so desired. The crisis was upon me; I was upon the crisis. With proud and princely tread, with challenging huzzas ready to leap forth from my virile breast, I mounted the steps of my residence and gallantly marched within its portals. My wife confronted my far-flung battle-line. I drew from my bosom the mystic missive she had sent me and flashed it before her transfigured features. 'Woman!' I cried."

"Hold on!" said the man with the blue mustache. "What did the mystic missive say?"

"Mother has come!"

"Well, you were primed, weren't you?"

"I was prepared," corrected the hay-haired man sadly; "but—it was my mother who had come, not my wife's."

FRED LADD.



AT THE CODFISH BALL.

THE COD—"Is that 'fresh' guy down here for a 'cod'?"

THE HADDOCK—"No. I've an 'ocean' he's merely 'rubbering' about for 'divers' reasons. Sea?"

November.

THE melancholy days have come,
The flowers fade away;
The crickets upward turn their toes,
And early dies the day.

The mourning turkeys now are led:
To death, and worse, perhaps;
The partridges, with muffled drums,
Are sadly sounding taps.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON

Dedicated to John T. Brush et al.

"WHAT do people mean, pa, when they say the first shall be last?"

"They have in mind the New York baseball club, that starts the season at the top and ends at the bottom."

IT IS probable that it is the distance that lends enchantment to the cooking "that mother used to do."



CEMENTING THE FRIENDSHIP.

CASSIDY—"When Dick Croker was over in England he done all he cud to incr'ase the good-feeling thot England has for Amerikay."

COSTIGAN—"How so?"

CASSIDY—"Whoy, he hasn't had a horse win yit and has lost five thousan' pounds."

Possibly the Tree of Knowledge.

THE writer one day walked down Blank street behind two persons who were evidently revisiting scenes that had for them some associations with the past; for they spoke eagerly, recalling incidents connected with the objects they passed.

"That's it," one of them exclaimed as they paused before a house with a large garden; "that's the dear old house!"

"Yes," cried the other excitedly, pointing to a corner of the garden; "and that is where the—the—oh, the—what-you-may-call-um-tree grew—you remember."

"Oh, yes, I know," with equal excitement; "you mean the—the—thing-um-bob."

This classification of the tree seemed to satisfy them both; for after gazing pensively at the spot where the "thing-um-bob" had grown they passed on with an expression of reminiscent pleasure on their faces.

No Wonder.

Duff—"I tell you that boiler-maker swings the sledge-hammer in great style, doesn't he?"

Huff—"He ought to. He learned the trick playing golf."

Not Funny.

"IS HIS new play a tragedy?"

"It must be. There are two marriages in the first act."

A Scientific Test.

A PHYSICIAN'S little daughter, who had given her head a hard thump on the sidewalk, cried out to her mother, "Oh, mamma! I did knock my head so hard; but"—feeling the pretty member over carefully—"I don't think my brain's hurt, because I tried it, and I can spell c-a-t, cat; c-a-t, cat—and c-a-t does spell cat, don't it? I'm sure my brain's all right."

Not Up to Date.

Mrs. Richmond—

"What is your objection to your new pastor?"

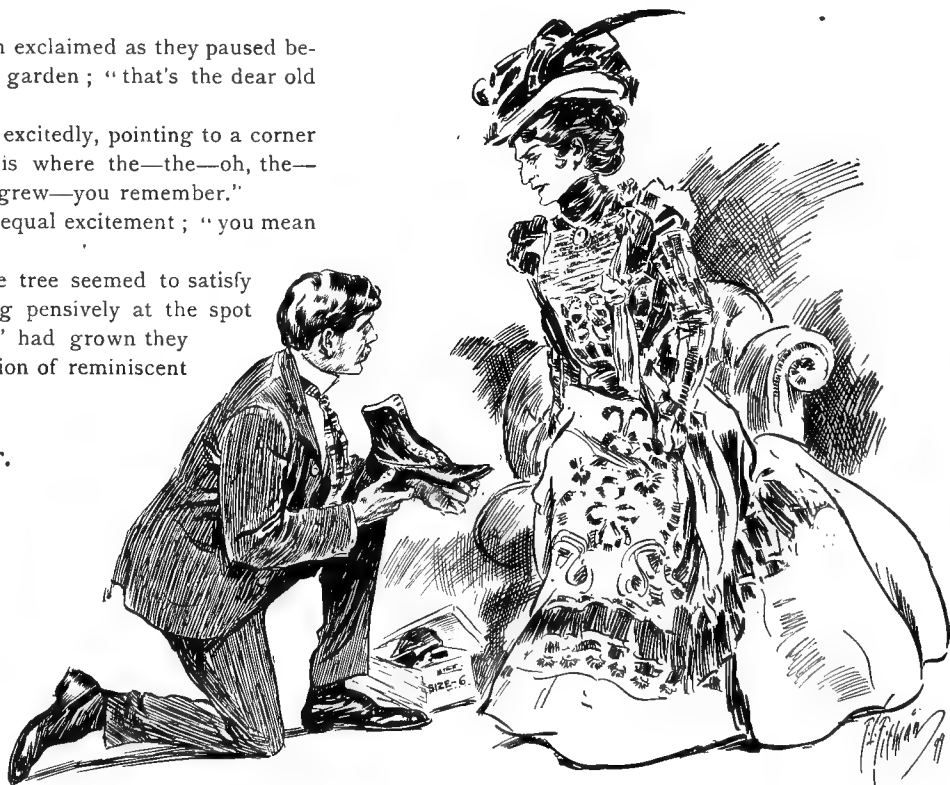
Mrs. Bronxborough—

"Oh, he's such an old foggy. Why, he's never once been tried for heresy."

At the Zoo.

Smith—"They say the elephant has a poetry of motion peculiar to himself; but I cannot understand it, can you?"

Jones—"Not at all. It must be the magazine-poetry of motion."



DIPLOMACY.

TACTFUL SHOE-CLERK—"Here is a pair of one-and-a-half shoes that the maker has marked number six by mistake. Just try this on, please; I believe it will just fit you." (Trial and speedy sale.)



ANOTHER STORY.

POET—"I have a little poem here entitled, 'Is life worth living?'"

OFFICE BOY—"Well, if yer want ter find out 'is death worth dying,' walk right in."

—The End—

The Home-coming of Mrs. Scott

By W. W. AULICK



WISH, Phil, you would let me go for a week to my sister in Woodland. I really feel as if I had been neglecting her all these years, and there seems no better time than now to make up for it."

Thus Mrs. Scott, in the middle of her unpacking, paused to consult her husband.

"Sounds reasonable," said Scott good-naturedly, and with a comfortable prevision of uninterrupted poker sessions at the club.

"It is not only reasonable, it is right," said Mrs. Scott weightily, smoothing out a fourteen-dollar shirt-waist with tenderly careful fingers. "Rose has so few pleasures, poor thing! it will do her a world of good to have some one straight from the city to freshen her up. Phil, it is my duty to pay her a visit."

"Righto," agreed Scott cheer-

ily. "Of course, Stella, my love, you could not by any chance be planning to overwhelm your humble country relative with the grandness of your city ways and wardrobe." He threw an encircling arm about her and kissed her on the full red lips, robbing them of their threatened rebelliousness.

"Well, I'll tell you, Phil," said Stella, resting for a minute on the arm of his chair, and turning her honest, long-lashed blue eyes up to his, "there's no use pretending, and I'm really not a bit ashamed. I do want to go back to Woodland and let them all see how well I have gotten along. Isn't it natural? I think every girl feels that way—as if she would like her native heath to witness her triumph in the big world. I'll take a cab at the station and have the driver go through Main street, past the drug-store and the ice-cream parlor and so on up to the end of the little road where Rose's cottage is. We will draw up with a great flourish!"

"Do country cabs flourish?" asked Phil innocently. "I don't recall hearing the term used in that connection before."

"This cab will flourish," said Stella positively, "otherwise I should not hire it. As I said, we, or I, will draw up with a great flourish; the driver will jump down from his high seat and rush to help me out. He will then carry my suit-case—the one your brother gave you after he had come from abroad and which still bears the nice labels—Rose will come to the door with the nineteen hundred and six baby in her arms, and we will fall on one

another's necks and embrace. It will be real good to get back to the old place."

"Seems to me you used to express some such sentiments as regards getting away from the old place," suggested Phil retrospectively.

"I know I did," admitted his wife. "It was good to get away because we lived in an unfashionable part of town, and Rose's husband didn't particularly like me and was always smoking a pipe and thinking about the work at the mill. I don't see how Rose could have married a mill-worker, do you, Phil? And then, when Aunt Sadie invited me to live with her in New York, and I saw a chance of getting away from the marble-topped table in the parlor, with the red-plush album, and the mottoes in green worsted on the wall—well, of course I was glad to get away, Phil. Who wouldn't have been? And then, after I had come to my aunt's, there was *you*, and how do you think I could have reconciled myself to life in Woodland after that?"

She gave her husband's hand a gentle squeeze, and went on with her unpacking.

"I'll have so much to tell Rose," she said. "Won't she be interested in hearing about all the theatres in New York, and all the professional people we know, and the smart hotels and restaurants we visit?"

"Not forgetting the Poggeries," suggested Scott grimly.

The Scotts had just returned from a not altogether satisfying trip to the Poggeries, on Long Island, where the board was forty dollars a week, the meals irreproachable and the guests unapproachable.

"I shiver even now when I think of it," said Phil. "Two weeks without a 'good-morning' from anybody but a waiter you had to tip to say it, and who even at that looked around guiltily to see that none of the moneyed aristocracy noted his lapse in our plebeian direction—a place where a man's worth was reckoned by the number of automobiles he kept and the frequency with which he changed his clothes. Precious lot of snobs, those people."

"Oh, we simply weren't in it," said Stella honestly. "But that needn't prevent me from telling Rose about the natural beauties of the place and the delicious cooking. Did you ever eat such squab, Phil?"

"It was fine," said the diplomatic Mr. Scott. "Next to the way you broil it, I like the Poggeries squabs best of all the squabs I remember eating."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Scott. "Then I may go, Phil?"

"Certainly, and I'll finance the venture to the extent of a hundred," promised Mr. Scott readily.

"You're a dear," decided Mrs. Scott, and she sat down to write her sister.

Mrs. Terhune answered with proper promptness and gratifying thankfulness. She would be delighted to welcome her dear little sister Stella and do all in her power to make the visit pleasant.

"But you must make up your mind to put up with the quietness of the country, and I know this will not be easy for you after your many amusements of the city," wrote Mrs. Terhune. "We have moved, and you may not find things as you left them some years ago, when you went to live with Aunt Sadie. But I know that, for my sake, Stella dear, you will try to make yourself as happy as possible, for I do want to see my little sister very, very much. My two big boys and girl and their father, as well as the baby, want to see you, too, so come along as soon as you can. Let me know what train you are taking, and we will meet you at the station."

"She's a darling," declared Mrs. Scott as she finished the letter, and the cook, waitress and general housemaid in one removed the breakfast things. "I'm so glad I'm going to bring a little pleasure into her life. Poor thing! She never gets to see a New York opening or a sight of the crowd driving in Central Park on Sunday."

"Maybe she's happy in her own way," said Phil. "How much does her husband make?"

"I don't know. He's still in the mill, she wrote me a short time ago. They don't pay the men very well in a mill, though Joe was always a good workman."

"Well, you see," said practical Phil, "money goes a longer way in the country than it does here. Now, for the fifty dollars we pay for this flat we could get a whole house, and a mighty fine one, in Woodland, I dare say."

"Oh, yes," agreed Stella; "Rose and Joe paid only twenty-five dollars for theirs. It was a very pretty little house, too. I suppose times haven't been so good, and they've had to move into a cheaper house. Children take a lot of money, you know. However, I'll make the best of the visit."

"That's right, sweetheart," said Phil; "always accommodate yourself to circumstances. Be as much at home in gingham as in Worth. Don't let your sister suspect your feelings."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Scott, most tender-hearted of women; "I'll make her feel perfectly at ease. Now, may I ride down town with you? I want to buy some things for the folks. Here is the list:

"Rose—A pair of silk stockings.

"Joe—A pair of Turkish slippers.

"Harry and Bob—A green and a red necktie from a Fifth avenue firm.

"Trotty—The latest popular sheet-music.

"Baby—A pair of fancy bootees from the baby bazaar.

"There, you see," said Mrs. Scott triumphantly, "I've picked just the things they haven't got, and just the things they're sure to want. You may compliment me on my good taste."

"Unnecessary," said Mr. Scott. "Proceed."

"Rose will be tickled to death with her silk stockings. I remember the time I had only one pair and wore them only on Sunday. I always prayed for rain on those Sundays. Then, those Turkish slippers for Joe. I'll tell him they are just like the ones you wear, and I'll leave them

wrapped in the paper with Bantine's name on it, so he'll be properly impressed. Of course the two boys must have neckties just alike except for the color. They can wear the Fifth avenue labels outside, like you threatened to do with the tie your client brought you from Paris the other day. Trotty is learning music, so I shall get her 'In the Shade of the Telegraph Pole,' 'Wait Till the Corn Pops, Mollie Dear,' and a few others. Country girls always like the ballad form of song."

And so these purchases were made, and in due time Mrs. Scott fared forth. Perhaps "due time" scarcely is the term here to be employed, for it was an earlier train than she had intended which had the privilege of transporting the lady. She had found herself at the station a full three-quarters of an hour ahead of time, with a train leaving in five minutes for Woodland. So she took the early train in preference to waiting on the station bench.

Usually the trip from New York to Woodland is a tiring one, for the stops are many and the general run of the country level and unmoving, but to Stella the time was full of interest. Already she was greeting Rose and the children and playing Lady Bountiful to perfection. And why couldn't she go even further and invite Rose and Trotty and the baby to return with her for a visit to the city? Phil could sleep on the couch in his den, and she and Rose could have the bedroom, with another couch in the drawing-room for Trotty, and the big clothes-hamper for the baby. It would be a little crowded, but, then, think of Rose's pleasure! And then the conductor opened the door and called "Uh-and! Uh-and!" twice—just like that—for no well-regulated conductor ever omits calling his version of the station twice, though there are some of the traveling public who feel that a single announcement in English would suffice.

Of course there was no one on the station to meet Stella, three-quarters of an hour ahead of time, and this she rather liked, for it would permit her to make a more effective "entrance," as they say on the stage. So she arranged with the solitary cabman to convey her to the address Rose had given her, settled back comfortably on the seat, gave her hair a correcting tug or two, went through certain mysterious motions with a bit of chamois skin drawn from her bag, and, in short, enjoyed herself after the manner of her kind until the vehicle stopped in front of a handsome residence, and the cabman held open the door.

"This can't be the place," said Stella. "You have the wrong number."

The cabman was positive he had the right number. "What was the name of the party you wanted?" he asked.

"Terhune," said Mrs. Scott.

"All right, miss," said the driver; "they live here."

"Oh," thought Stella, "I see now; they are boarding here. I remember they have some very pretty boarding-places in Woodland. But I'd rather live in one room of my own than board. However, I suppose they know best what they can afford."

She walked up the pretty graveled way to the broad, green-vined piazza with its easy-chairs and divans. The front door opened and a young girl, followed by a baby

bull-dog, stepped out. She paused at sight of the visitor and then rushed forward with a little cry of welcome.

"Why, it's Aunt Stella," she said. "We weren't looking for you until a later train."

"What a big girl you've grown, Trotty," said Stella, in admiration of the fresh coloring and neat figure of her niece.

The baby bull-dog barked in a complaining soprano and the noise brought out Mrs. Terhune. After the extravagances usual to such occasions Mrs. Terhune referred to the train.

"Too bad we didn't know about your change of plan," she said. "Joe was going to meet you at the station and make you feel welcome."

"It was all right," said Stella. "I drove up in a cab."

"Oh, yes," said Rose absently; "to be sure."

"Do you like boarding?" asked Stella, as they showed her to her room.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Terhune impersonally. "You see, I never tried it."

"Well, you're trying it now, aren't you?" persisted Stella.

"Why, no," said Rose. "We don't go out for our meals. We eat right here in the house."

"And do you have all of the house?" asked Stella.

"Why, yes," said Rose simply.

Stella gasped.

"Excuse me a minute," said her sister. "I want to show you something pretty."

She disappeared and Stella glanced around the room. It was a beautiful apartment, with the wall-paper in rose, and Stella wondered if her sister had remembered rose was her favorite shade. The paper certainly had the appearance of having been put on very recently. On the centre table stood a great jar of blush roses, and on a reading table at the side, to which depended an electric drop light, lay the magazines of the month. There was a rose coverlid on the dainty bed and a profusion of fragrant extracts on the dresser. Stella began to pinch herself and had only partially satisfied herself of her wakefulness when Rose appeared again. With her came a white-capped nurse, and with the nurse the nineteen-hundred-and-six baby.

"Admire her, Stella; you really must," said Rose, taking the infant from the nurse, and Stella did admire the pretty child. Also, Stella noted, with a touch of resentment, that her tiny niece was wearing bootees every bit as fine as those reposing in Mrs. Scott's trunk, and wearing them as if they were no novelty.

Stella had a hundred questions to ask, but she scarcely knew how to begin. Rose seemed to want to do all the listening.

"Tell me all about your life in New York," said Rose, and though this was exactly what Stella had come to Woodland to do, she found herself rapidly losing interest in the recital. It didn't seem so exciting as she had thought it would seem. But Rose seemed interested. She leaned back in the rocker and regarded her younger sister fondly. In so leaning back it was impossible for Stella not to notice that the Terhune hosiery was of finest silk and most fashionable hue.

"I rather fancy I won't invite Rose and Trotty and the baby to visit us," thought Stella. "It would involve taking in the nurse, too, and Phil would have to sleep on the roof."

"Let me show you around our possessions," said Rose, after she had insisted on hearing Stella's account of the delights of Broadway, New York.

"You never told me you had anything like this," said Stella reproachfully as they passed a conservatory and entered a little recess where sat Trotty at a piano.

"You never asked me," said Mrs. Terhune calmly. And Stella had to admit that there was truth in this.

Trotty was practicing softly. Stella started to say, "Oh, Trotty, I have two grand ballads for you," but something whispered caution, and she amended it to—

"Do you like ballads, Trotty?"

Oh, yes; Trotty approved of ballads.

And did Trotty play "In the Shade of the Telegraph Pole," and that other, "Wait Till the Corn Pops, Mollie Dear"?

"Why, yes," said Trotty; "that is, I used to play them when they first came out. I gave that music to a girl friend, but if those are your favorites, Aunt Stella, I'll get them at the music-store this afternoon and play them for you."

"Oh, no," said Stella faintly. "I was just wondering if you were familiar with those songs."

"They were very pretty songs," said Trotty, with an application of the past tense which nearly maddened her aunt. "Do you like any of these?" and she drew out a pile of sheet music from the latest of Broadway's successes.

"Come along, Stella," said her sister, "and see the rest of the house. This is Joe's room, and at the end is my room, and between we have a sort of sitting-room. Nice big closets in this house, aren't there?" and she opened one in her husband's room, to show the size. Trousers-racks, boot-trees and the like evidences of a comfort-loving man met the gaze of the city sister. Also, peeping from a canvas slipper-rack on the side of the door were as natty a pair of Turkish sandals as ever came out of the East.

"The boys' room is here," explained Rose, opening another door. Stella glanced curiously around the place. She was looking for something she didn't want to find and was yet sure of finding. Her eyes rested on a rod projecting from the side of the dresser, and she sighed. The rod held a score or more of brilliantly-colored ties of the Fifth-avenue stamp—and among them the highly-prized red and green.

Stella sank weakly into the nearest chair.

"Why, dear," said her sister solicitously, "what's the matter?"

"I don't feel very well for a minute," said Stella. "I guess it's the change of air."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Terhune. "It might have such an effect. Oh," as the sound of wheels was heard on the driveway, "there's Joe."

Stella aroused and met Joe as he stepped from the dog-cart and handed the reins to a servant, who led the horse off to the barn.

"Thought you had forgot to come," he said heartily. "I met the train at the station, but managed to miss you somehow."

"Oh," said Stella, "I came on an earlier train," but this time she didn't add, "I rode here in a cab." Somehow the remark didn't seem appropriate.

That night, as Rose and Stella sat in the visitors' room,

Thanksgiving Dreams.

"**M**ISTAH DARKLEIGH," said Brother Snowball, "I hopes dat ef yo' dreams anything about tuhkeys dat yo'r dreams cum true."

"An', Mistah Snowball," was the polite rejoinder, "I hopes dat ef de tuhkeys has any nightmares erbout yo' dat de same cums true, too."

First boy—"We had the minister for dinner yesterday."

Second boy—"We had a turkey."



EVIDENCE.

"So the engagement is broken? Did she give him back the ring?"
 "I judge so. He's bought a new suit and redeemed his watch."

and the younger sister had come to some sort of an acceptance of the situation, she asked suddenly, apropos of nothing,

"But, Rose, you told me in your letter only the other day that Joe was still in the mill."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Terhune quietly; "that is why we are living here. You see—well, Joe owns the mill."

Mammy's Estimate.

MAMMY LUCY, the kitchen goddess, was explaining her late arrival one morning. She said,

"'Deed, I done met de fraishes' white man dis mawnin', an' I wouldn't met him ef it hadn' bin I got on de wrong street wilst comin' ter wuk. I got on de wrong street, an' hit ain' daytime yit, an' I keep a-goin' an' keep a-goin', an' bimeby I jes' knows I's lost, 'case I ain' nebah seen none ob dem houses whah I is den. So 'long cum one ob dese yere pos'menses, an' I ask him ef he cain't tell me de way ter Linden av'noo. Wid dat he look at me kin' ob

smah't like an' say, 'No, I cain't. I jes' know dat white man foolin' me, so I jes' gib him ez good ez he sen's. I says, 'Well, den, peahs ter me dey's *two* fools on dis street.'"

Drum-stick Solos.

THE small boy with the drumstick
 Plays solos on his teeth
 Until his smile shines sweetly
 Athwart his gravy wreath.

That smile curls round the drumstick,
 And all its brownness gilds
 As swiftly as this tid-bit
 The small boy's joy upbuilds.

There's gravy on his eyeballs,
 There's gravy on his grin—
 Oh, that his fancies could be
 But tattooed on his skin!

They'd be the unctuous pictures
 To tell the seer just how
 Pro-dig-i-ous-ly happy
 That small boy is just now.

There Are Others.

"**W**HAT'S the matter with me," said the parrot, "is that I"—he was an old bird and therefore knew enough to address himself when speaking in confidence. Honest confession is good for the soul, but not for publicity—"talk too many and say too less."

An Expert.

"**W**ELL," said the dish-washer to the new chef, "you certainly know how to stuff a turkey."

"I ought to," answered the new head of the penitentiary kitchen. "I was sent here for stuffing ballot-boxes."

One Drawback.

"INDEED," says the chairman of the committee on invitation to the cannibal king who is being urged to visit this country, "you will be very enthusiastically received in America."

"But," is the somewhat dubious reply, "it will be no time until it becomes known there that I have four hundred wives."

"What of that?" retorts the chairman. "That will only make you sure of an open-armed welcome from society."

"Yet," continues the cannibal king, "I never had any divorces."

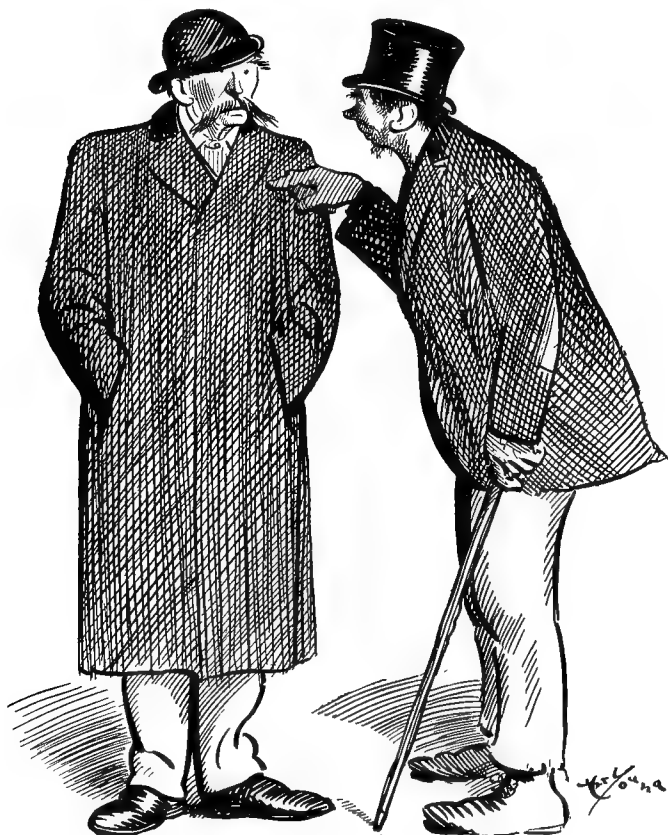
However, the urgent chairman succeeds in convincing the royal personage that society is always ready to forgive any little idiosyncrasy.

A Radical Cure

Biggs—"I understand Mrs. Strongmind married her husband to reform him."

Boggs—"Reform him? Of what?"

Biggs—"He used to be a regular brute to his first wife."



BRIGHT IDEA OF CASEY'S.

CALLAHAN—"Casey 's makin' lots av money these days. He's wurkin' sixteen hours th' day."

O'ROURKE—"Sixteen hours th' day? Oi'll repoort. It's ag'in th' rules av th' union to wurk more than eight hours."

CALLAHAN—"Ah, but Casey belongs to two unions."

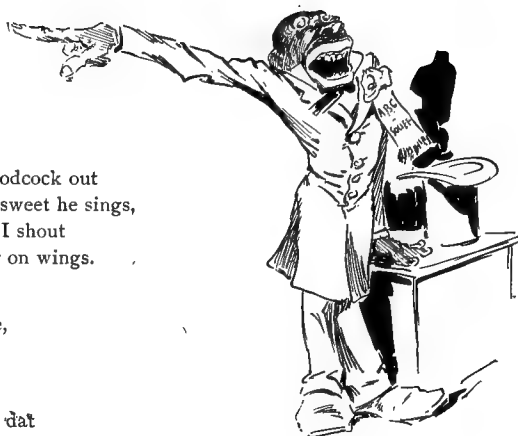
A 'Possum Pæan.

DE 'POSSUM's nice an'
ripe
An' juicy through an'
through,
An' I kin hear him pipe
His music in de stew.

He beats de woodcock out
Ob sight as sweet he sings,
An' dat is why I shout
As if up dar on wings.

De steamin' ob dat stew
Jes' fills me wid romance,
An' makes me bend in two
Like fury when I dance

Unto its music, dat
Jes' makes me shout "Hooray!"
De 'possum makes me fat
An' happy all de day!"



His Probable Fate.

"WA-AL, some ways I'd like to an' some ways I guess I wouldn't," said honest Farmer Bentover when the suave dispenser of encyclopædias had paused in his siren song. "Ye see, if I was to sign for that 'ere cyclopedee in forty-seven parts, includin' the index an' appendicitis, I'm sorter afraid I'd hev to work so hard to pay fer it thet I'd be too tired to enjoy readin' it; while if I read it at my leesure, as I'd ort to, in order to git the good of it, I wouldn't hev time to earn the price. So, all things considered, I guess I'll hev to deny myself the privilege, as it were. Looks sorter like rain off to the northwest, don't it?"

An Aureated Lament.

OH, my heart is weighed with sorrow,
Geraldine,
Yesterday 'll ne'er be to-morrow,
Geraldine.
As I watch the shadows pass
On the zephyr-braided grass,
Hear me sigh, alack, alas!
Geraldine.

Oh, I'm sizzling with a grieflet,
Geraldine,
As I note the falling leaflet,
Geraldine.
And I murmur as I stray
Down the songless woodland way,
Hillyho, a welladay,
Geraldine!

Oh, I reek with indecision,
Geraldine,
Though the squash-pie gilds my vision,
Geraldine.
If I toot a toot of glee,
All the hills sing back to me
Sadly, "Tra-la-la-lee!"
Geraldine.

R. K. M.

It takes a lot of common sense to get a man out of the trouble a little nonsense got him into.



PROOF POSITIVE.

Mr. JONES—"I met my old friend Thompson on the street to-day, and he told me he was married to a very rich wife."
Mrs. JONES—"Huh! I don't believe it!"
Mr. JONES—"I do. Why, he asked me to lend him a quarter."

That Terrible Child.

IT was in the cars. The ladies were sitting together, busily engaged in conversation. On the seat facing them sat a little five-year-old boy. He had been looking out of the window, apparently absorbed in the moving panorama of the outside world. Suddenly he turned from the window; he began searching about the car, exclaiming in a high, piping voice,

"Mamma, which man is it that looks so funny?"

"Hush!" cautioned his mother. But the boy was not to be hushed.

"I don't see the man with the bald head and funny red nose."

By this time the car was in a titter, save and excepting one elderly gentleman with a very bald head and a very red nose. His eyes were riveted upon his paper with a fixedness that was quite frightful. Again the boy,

"Oh, now I see him! Ho, what a bright nose! What makes it so red, mamma?"

"Georgie!" shouted his mother in a stage-whisper; but George was not to be stopped.

"Mamma," he continued, "what made you say he had a light-house on his face? I don't see any light-house."

Again, "Georgie!"—and this time with a light shake.

Once more the piping voice, the bald-headed passenger gazing at his paper more fiercely than ever, and growing redder every moment.

"Mamma, I don't think his head looks like the state-house dome. It's shiny like it, but it isn't so yaller."

While the titter went around again, George's mother whispered rapidly to the boy, and gave her young hopeful a box on the ear, which seemed to partially divert his attention from the bald-headed passenger, but not entirely.

He cried once more through his tears,

"You said his nose was red as a beet, mamma; I didn't say nothing."

Strange to say, the bald-headed passenger didn't take part in the suppressed laughter that followed, but he put on his hat and hid his nose in the paper, over which he glared at the boy as if he wanted to eat him.

RHEA GREIG.

Preparation.



THE knife I grind
Because I know
I'll shortly find
Agleam, aglow,

The thing of things
The which I see
Nail fast the wings
Of joy on me.

The knife, alas!
Will very soon
Most lightly pass
Across the moon,

The moon of gold,
The which I sigh
To fondly hold—
The pumpkin pie.



IN BOSTON.

THE KID—"Yessir; me name's Emerson E. E. Emerson."

THE MAN—"And what do the 'E's' stand for?"

THE KID—"Why, Emerson, of course."

Cause of the Delay.

THE Eliza Ann will have to be docked for repairs," says the captain of that steamer, entering the office of the excursion-line.

"What's wrong with her?" asks the president of the company.

"Her walking-beam won't run."

On Her Dignity.

"I UNDERSTAND," said the dignified English matron, "that your father made his money in—in trade."

"What do you mean?" asked the American heiress.

"That he amassed his wealth by buying and selling commodities that the common people needed."

"He did nothing of the sort!" retorted the angry heiress. "I want you to understand that papa did not work a lick for a cent of his. He made it every bit by skinning people with watered stocks. I guess that's just as easy money as the kind that you inherit, isn't it?"

Aqua Essence.

Doctor—"Did that drug-clerk say anything when you asked him if he had added the aqua pura to the prescription?"

Assistant—"Nothing. He just smiled acquiescence."

THE Venus of Milo was under discussion.

"Poor girl!" remarked her friends; "she just wore her arms out devising new ways to show off her engagement-rings."

Seeing it was merely a case of the eternal feminine, we were fain to believe the explanation.

Fansy—"I wish it 'ud clear up."

Rootsy—"Why, dis rain won't hurt de grounds."

Fansy—"But t'ink how it'll swell de boards in de fence!"

Pod Tunket's Mint-julep Bed

By Howard R. Garis



IVE topics seemed to have died out among the crowd sitting on the benches in Hank Mack's store at Harmony Vale. Everything of interest had been talked about, from the developments in the beef scandal to the death of Deacon Shottfly's gray mare. Josiah Armstrong took a fresh helping of Green Turtle fine-cut and remarked:

"I see Pod Tunket's mint bed 's been tore up."

"No!" exclaimed Hank. "Who done it?"

"Pod, 'cordin' t' what I heard," answered Josiah.

"An' him that fond o' juleps that he'd git up in th' night t' make one," commented Hank. "What ailed him? Sign th' pledge?"

"Not so's ye could notice it," went on Josiah. "He were forced t' it."

"Who done it?"

"His wife. 'Pears there was some mix-up over th' matter."

"Fust I heard of it," came from Bud Elkins.

"Same here," put in Smouch Slifkins; "but that ain't s'prisin', 'cause I been so busy I ain't hearn no news in a month."

"Thought everybody knowed 'bout it," went on Josiah, shifting his cargo of Green Turtle. "It was this way. Pod never were much of a hand for alcoholic stimulants in any form until a few years ago. He'd take a little camphor an' water, maybe, now an' ag'in, when he had th' misery in his stomach, an' I have known him t' take cider that was th' least mite vergin', but that were all. That is, prior t' this spring."

"Then it 'pears he went down t' South Carolina when his regiment that he fit with in th' Civil War had an excursion to some battle-ground there t' unveil some sort of monument. Down there he learned t' drink mint juleps, an' what's more, he got t' like 'em. When he come back one of the first things he done was t' go out where a lot of mint grew wild by the brook back of his smoke-house."

"He stood contemplatin' it, an' then he begun pullin' th'-weeds out. Then he sorter seemed t' wander in his mind like, an' he pulled a sprig of mint, chewed on it a while an' swallowed hard. In th' midst of it Alvirah, his wife, come out."

"What ye doin'?" she says.

"Nothin'," Pod says back, quiet like. "Kinder looks like rain, don't it?"

"Alvirah didn't say nothin', but she sorter looked s'picious at Pod. Then he edged away from th' mint bed an' tried t' start a general conversation on various interestin' topics, but Alvirah only sniffed, for she knowed Pod's failin'."

"I guess most of ye know," went on Josiah, "how dead set for temp'rence Alvirah was. All over th' house were such mottoes as, 'Look not upon th' wine when it is scarlet,' an' 'Woe to him what asks his neighbor t' have a drink,' an' 'Touch not, smell not, handle not,' an' so on an' so on. Then she belonged t' every temp'rence society she could git wind of—th' Cold Water Band, th' Amalgamated Daughters of Temp'rence, th' W. C. T. U., th' Purity League, th' White Ribbon Circle, an' many others, each one of which used t' meet every so often at Alvirah's house. At such times Pod would wander off an' gaze sad an' mournful like at th' mint bed."

"One night, after a long spell of sittin' an' thinkin' South Carolina thoughts, durin' which he chewed several sprigs of the aromatic herb, as th' poet calls it, Pod wandered up th' hill back of his house t' where Chot Ramsey's apple-jack factory was workin' over-time."

"It were th' first occasion Pod had ever approached close t' 'th' vile sink of iniquity,' as Alvirah termed it, for Pod's wife kept a pretty middlin' close watch on him."

"But this evenin' there was a session of th' Royal Ladies of th' Look Not Upon th' Wine When It Is Red Band at Alvirah's house, an' Pod knowed he were safe for a time."

"Chot see him a comin' an' kinder wondered at it, but he didn't let on, an' says, real friendly-like, 'Won't ye come in an' rest yerself, Pod, an'—er—er—have a glass of water—er—suthin'?' and Chot gave him th' wink."

"No," says Pod, short and snappy; but Chot could see he were clinchin' his hands an' swallowin' hard. Then Chot noticed suthin' green in Pod's grasp."

"What ye got there?" he says.

"Mint," says Pod. "Whole bed of it down t' my place."

"Ye don't say so!" spoke Chot. "Would ye mind givin' me a bit? I'd like a mint julep first rate, an' there ain't nothin' better t' make one with than some of my old apple-jack. Better come in an' have one. It's more 'n ten year old. Anyhow, mint juleps is a sort of half-way temp'rence drink."

"No," says Pod, slow an' hesitatin', swallowin' hard. Chot could see a terrible struggle was goin' on in Pod's mind. He give Chot th' mint an' was comin' away. Just then he noted a pipe runnin' from a side of th' factory down the hill."

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Well, I had a notion once of runnin' a pipe-line from th' apple-jack vat down t' th' village tavern," says Chot, "so's they wouldn't have t' come up here for a supply. But I give it up after I'd run th' pipe as far as your mint bed."

"Pipe still connected?" asked Pod.

"Yep," says Chot.

"Pod give a careful look around," went on Josiah, stowing away another bale of Green Turtle. "Then he come close t' Chot an' whispered. Chot appeared some

s'prised, but after a while he smiles, an' he an' Pod went back t' th' still-room.

"'Twa'n't long after that I was passin' Pod's place jest at dusk, an' I see him busy over his mint bed.

"'What ye doin'?' I says. Pod jumped like he was shot, but as soon as he see it was me he got ca'm. He winked one eye, slow an' careful, an' says,

"'Want a horn of mint-julep necter, Josiah?' Now, if there's one thing more 'n 'nother I'm partial to, it's mint juleps, so without much hesitation I calalated I'd risk one. But I didn't see how it was goin' t' be had, then an' there, 'specially rememberin' Alvirah's hate of th' demon rum, an' I says as much.

"'Just you wait,' says Pod. He reached under a stone that was on th' bank of th' spring that supplied th' brook an' pulled out a glass tumbler. Then he yanked up a handful of mint an' put it in the glass.

"'Hold on,' I says, 'I ain't got down to horse fodder yet.' 'Wait,' says Pod, slow an' impressive like.

"Then he reached his hand in his pocket an' pulled out a little bag of sugar. Next he put in th' tumbler a little cracked ice, from a chunk he'd evidently brought from th' ice-house near by. Then he stirred th' mixture up an' give it to me. 'Drink her down,' he says.

"Talk 'bout necter!' proceeded Josiah, shutting his eyes to recall the picture to his mind, "it was th' best thing I ever tasted. I just whispered 'more,' an' Pod made another. Then I had a third, an' likewise a fourth.

"'What be they?' says I.

"'Mint juleps,' says he.

"'Where does th' lick—th' apple-jack come from?' says I, for I hadn't seen him put none in, yet it was there.

"'Oh,' he says, winkin', 'that's where th' patent comes in.' Then, takin' me back of th' ice-house, an' makin' me cross my heart not t' tell, he explained th' secret.

"It 'pears he had Chot put a spray attachment on th' pipe that ended right over th' mint bed, an' had its origin, so t' speak, in th' apple-jack vat. At stated intervals Chot would turn on th' good old juice, an' it would run down th' pipe an' be scattered over th' mint.

"This had been goin' on for some time, an' nature, 'cordin' t' Pod, had done th' rest. Th' mint, havin' an affinity for alcohol an' its compounds, had absorbed th' apple-jack inter each leaf an' stem, until they was just saturated with th' juice. In consequence, all that was necessary t' do were t' pick th' sprigs, put 'em in a glass with ice an' sugar, crush 'em up a bit, an' that would make th' apple-jack trickle out and create as fine a julep as was ever mixed below Mason an' Dixon's line.

"After that," went on Josiah, smacking his lips, "I paid frequent trips t' Pod's place, an' him an' me got t' be quite experts on juleps. We let a few chosen ones inter th' secret, an' it got so, arter a while, that mint parties got t' be quite th' fashion amongst us.

"Alvirah, it 'pears, was kinder s'picious, seein' so many men foregatherin' with Pod so often down by th' mint bed, but he satisfied her by sain' he were thinkin' of organizin' a mint trust, an' the sessions were only meetin's of th' stockholders. So Alvirah kept up her temp'rence gatherin's, an' bought more mottoes 'bout not gazin' on th' wine

when it was red, but there wa'n't none concernin' th' mint juleps when they was green."

"Why don't ye git t' th' p'int of th' story?" interrupted Smouch Slikins. "Tell how th' bed were tore up."

"I'm comin' t' that part," went on Josiah. "This has t' be done decent an' in order or not at all. Ye see, all this while th' mint bed were gettin' juicier an' juicier. Th' apple-jack were sprayed on it reg'lar till th' place got t' be a spot of unalloyed delight an' pleasure, an' it were a joy merely t' linger there, as th' poet has it. Pod an' me an' some others got our fill an' was congratulatin' ourselves that Pod had gumption t' invent such a thing.

"One day there was a meetin' of th' Loyal Matrons of th' Amalgamated Society for Puttin' Down Rum, at Alvirah's house. They talked on th' lick question from all sides an' laid th' demon out good an' proper—killed it, embalmed it, buried it, an' put a tombstone t' mark th' place, all reg'lar an' accordin' t' form. Then, havin' done their duty as they seen it, they give themselves up t' th' pleasures of drinkin' unlimited quantities of strong tea t' steady their nerves, consumin' a free lunch of biscuits an' cake.

"It were 'long in th' artemnoon that old Mrs. Tewkesberry, Jephtha's relict, ye know, got heartburn dreadful bad. She was in considerable misery, an' there was quite a commotion. Alvirah wanted t' know if there weren't suthin' she could do t' alleviate th' attacks of pain, an' Mrs. Tewkesberry allowed there were.

"'Git a little mint,' she says, 'crush it up in a glass, put some hot water an' sugar in, an' give me that. It allers helps.'

"'I'll do it,' says Alvirah, an' she run out t' th' mint bed an' gathered a generous quantity, all unconscious of th' fact that th' sprigs was impregnated with apple-jack t' a considerable degree. She run back an' wa'n't no time mixin' up Mrs. Tewkesberry a good stiff drink, so t' speak.

"Soon 's th' hot water struck th' mint there arose a most aromatic odor. Some of th' women, who had reformed husbands or brothers that had dallied with th' wine cup, sorter wrinkled up their noses an' sniffed. Then they gazed sorter sharp-like at Alvirah, but she, good woman, never havin' knowed th' smell or taste of th' demon rum, was only anxious 'bout Mrs. Tewkesberry.

"'Take plenty of it,' she insisted t' th' heartburn sufferer, an' Mrs. Tewkesberry done so. She 'peared t' hesitate th' least mite arter the fust nip, but then she went bravely on, like one of th' old-time martyrs, I expect. She drained th' glass an' says, faint-like, 'More.'

"Alvirah give it t' her. 'I declare,' says Mrs. Tewkesberry, 'that's done me a world of good. I feel ten years younger.' She sit up, her cheeks kinder flushed, an' she says,

"'Sisters an' fellow-members of th' Loyal Matrons of th' Amalgamated Society for Puttin' Down Rum, let's enliven' th' session a bit. I'm goin' t' sing a song in honor of Sister Alvirah, who has entertained us so noble an' hospital like. Will you kindly join me in th' chorus as I sing each verse of "For She's a Jolly Fine Matror."'

"Then Sister Tewkesberry started in, but th' heartburn remedy must have gone t' her head, for she couldn't git through one verse. She had t' sit down, but she still

had voice enough t' ask fer another helpin' of hot mint tea.

"Then up riz old Miss Hollyhock. She give one look at Alvirah, walked over an' sniffed at th' glass in which th' mint tea had been mixed, an' she says,

"Sisters, we have been basely betrayed. We are in th' stronghold of th' demon rum. Let us away. Sister Alvirah, we will send a committee to wait on you.' An' at that all th' matrons, 'ceptin' Mrs. Tewkesberry, walked out, with their heads checked up over an' above high. Mrs. Tewkesberry had t' go t' bed fer a spell.

"Well, in due course a committee from half a dozen of th' temp'rance societies that had heard 'bout th' affair waited on Alvirah. She was formerly charged with bein' a traitor, an' with administerin' t' a sister th' demon rum under th' disguise of mint tea.

"Of course Alvirah denied it, an' offered t' let th' investigation committees test th' mint. They all took advantage of th' offer. I'll bet there were more 'n a dozen tests made. Some tested it hot, an' some cold, with ice in. Even then some wa'n't satisfied an' took specimens of th' mint home, where they could test it in solitude an' undisturbed by foreign influences.

"One old lady, th' head of th' Touch Not Taste Not Handle Not Club, sent for samples six times 'fore she were ready t' give her decision, an' even then she said she'd like more time t' consider an' make tests.

"Th' upshot of it was there was a caucus called of all th' temp'rance societies in Harmony Vale. Formal charges were made agin' Alvirah, an' a whole lot of th' mint, with th' other accessories, was taken t' Temp'rance Hall t' be tested by a chemist th' women hired.

"This chemist mixed th' stuff hot an' cold. Then he put it through th' third degree, an' drank considerable. Then he give it as his opinion that th' mint was th' finest example of an alcoholic plant he'd ever run across, an' he wanted t' know where it growed. Th' women was too excited t' tell him, havin' all their s'picious confirmed, as it were.

"We will now vote on th' matter of expellin' Sister Alvirah Tunket,' says th' chairlady. 'But, in order that no one may labor under th' fear she is votin' in ignorance, I will have the chemist prepare a supply of th' vile stuff, hot an' cold. Each sister may drink some, an' so satisfy herself that under the guise of mint we have here a most deadly form of th' alcoholic beverage known as mint julep, which we have sworn to put down.'

"There was a sort of murmur at this, but th' chairlady says,

"I know some of you may think that t' do this will break your pledges, but I do not think it will, for it's in th' line of sacred duty, an' in order that none may vote agin' her conscience. So form in line, sisters.'

"They formed. Th' chemist had mixed plenty of th' stuff, an' each member made a good test. Some wa'n't quite sure on th' first application, an' made a second or third. Then they voted t' cast Sister Alvirah into th' outer darkness, an' passed a resolution of sympathy fer Mrs. Tewkesberry fer havin' t' drink th' demon rum that day when she had heartburn.

"There wa'n't none left of th' stuff th' chemist mixed,

arter th' meetin','" went on Josiah, "an' they do say that some of th' sisters got real excited afore the session adjourned, but of course that's only talk. Anyhow, Alvirah was expelled."

Josiah took a fresh ration of Green Turtle and got up.

"But what about tearin' ou' the mint bed?" asked Smouch Slifkins.

"Oh, yes," said Josiah. "That night Alvirah made Pod take a spade an' tear it all up. He tried t' beg off, sayin' it were all an accident, but she allowed she was goin' to be vindicated."

"An' so Pod don't have mint juleps any more," put in Bud Elkins.

"I wouldn't hardly say that," ventured Josiah, with a smile. "Ye see, I took t' raisin' mint not long ago, an' it's jest about nice now. Besides, Alvirah ain't quite so hot on temp'rance as she were, an' I understand Pod has a jug of some sort of liquid hid under th' hay in th' barn."

Nodding to the crowd, Josiah passed into the outer darkness, and his footsteps could be heard dying away down the road.

The Pumpkin's Glow.

THE hollow pumpkin flashes in the cold
And gilds the spirit of Thanksgiving day.

Its candle-torch emits a dancing spray
Through eyes and mouth of witchery untold.
It wears a smile that ripples fold on fold—

The selfsame smile that makes our features gay

When the great moon of pie we put away
Till we're within a pumpkin cloth-of-gold.

Oh, V-shaped wedges—four unto the pie—

You constitute the orb that sets aglow

And holds us in an ecstasy transfixed

Until we sing and dance and fondly sigh,

"You quite outpie all other pies, although

You're made of squash, with sweet potatoes mixed."

Very Probable.

"WHAT are the probabilities for to-morrow?" asked the star boarder of the drug-clerk, who was looking over the paper.

The drug-clerk turned to the weather-page and, seemingly unconscious that the landlady was behind him, read. "For to-morrow and Saturday hash, followed by turkey soup and croquettes."

Enterprising Man.

"TELL you," said Mr. Fadoogus, "our grocer is a shrewd fellow. He is always on the lookout for schemes that will bring trade his way."

"He must be successful," said Mr. Wunder.

"You bet he is! Why, he has the biggest rush right now on mince-meat that you ever saw. He is giving away a box of pepsin pills with each pound of it."

Matronly Warning.

"THE farmer," said the young turkey, "seems to be very fond of me. He throws the choicest morsel of corn to me every day, and in many ways shows his admiration for me."

"Well," advised the old turkey, "I wouldn't let it go on if I were you. You are apt to lose your head over it"

Golf as She Is Played.

(According to cracked players.)

WHEN teeing don't go in for high-balls.

One drive on the green is worth four in the bush.

Don't let your modesty prevent brassy shots.

In taking your ground don't forget to replace the divots.

In all plays remember to keep "a little bit off the top."

A man must not play too near a lady—he might bunker.

To get into the pit proves that you have plenty of sand.

A player who gets on the green is entitled to a cup.

When hungry drive to the one-hundred-and-fifty-yard stake.

No tea-caddies allowed on the course.

An extra pair of shoes is recommended in case you go through.

Use the links when hard up for cuff-buttons.

According to these rules a player can go around the course in thirty-nine if he is a good lie-er.

Why It Didn't.

Madge—"Did that novel you've been reading end by the hero and heroine living happily ever afterward?"

Marjorie—"Why, no. The author married them in the early part of the book."

A Colombian Belle.

First Colombian native—"I believe Mr. Sidearms is to marry one of the society belles of the Colombian territory."

Second Colombian native—"Yes; she is a daughter of fifteen or twenty of the revolutions."

Friendly Information.

"FOOL that I was!" shouts the hero as the calcium sputters in his face; "fool that I was to let him escape! Ere this he is miles away."

"He can't be, mister!" cries Uncle Abner Sagback, rising from an orchestra chair. "Don't ye let 'em fool ye no longer. I seen him sneak out between them painted trees not five minutes ago, an they ain't a train out o' town fer two hours yit. He ain't got away; an' if ye say so I'll go git the marshal."

Twisted.

LACHESIS had gotten the thread of destiny into a knot.

"What does it signify?" inquired Clotho.

"A automobile accident," replied the sister fate as she jerked the twist straight.

And Atropos, smiling, hung up her scissors.

Still Glad of It.

"OLD man, I overheard you proposing to Miss Flipp in the conservatory. I congratulate you."

"But she refused me."

"Then I do congratulate you."

Just So.

Teacher—"How many make a million?"

Johnny Smart—"About one in a million, I guess, ma'am."



A VICTIM OF "CLASS" RULE.

LITTLE ETHEL—"Mister Roosevelt says there are no 'classes' in this country."

HER BIG SISTER—"Well, what of it?"

LITTLE ETHEL—"Well, I don't think he knows anything at all about it. Why, in our horrid old school there are seventeen classes, so there!"

A Hardship of Modern War.

She—"The strain on the soldier in modern warfare must be very great."

He—"It is. Sometimes the photographer isn't ready, and you have to wait hours, and then the pictures may prove failures."

Humors of the Press-clipping Bureau.

THE press-clipping bureau is a useful invention. Writers interested in special subjects can, by means of the assistance of the press clipper secure nearly every item and article on a given subject that are printed in the magazines and papers. Authors—I am one and I know we all like to be tickled in the vanity rib—can, by paying a small sum, read all the good and bad of them that appears in print. One clipping bureau with a sense of humor sends out with its requests for subscriptions a picture of a sadly, madly dyspeptic gentleman opening his packet of press clippings at the breakfast table. He looks hurt.

"Pa," says his small boy, "What is a press-clipping bureau?"

"Hah!" the author-dyspeptic exclaims. "It is a concern that sends you one hundred insults for a guinea."

But the press-clipping service has its humor, too. Girls are used to mark the papers for clipping, and they glance rapidly over the columns, marking the items to be clipped with a blue pencil. If a subscriber has specified his interest in the tariff, every item containing the words "tariff," "duty," "impost," etc., is marked. Some of the results are surprising. As editor of a magazine devoted to furniture, bedding, etc., I receive hundreds of clippings a month. Such key-words as "cabinets," "beds," etc., are searched for by the girls in making up our clippings; excelsior is used in making cheap mattresses. One clipping came:

"VERDUN, Kentucky—Mr. Silas Jones has moved to *Excelsior* street."

Beds provoked this clipping,

"LAONA, New York—Farmers have cleared up a big profit from their ginseng *beds*."

But perhaps the best related to cabinets. It was short and to the point,

"BELGRADE, March 9.—The Servian cabinet has resigned."

ELLIS BUTLER.

The Progressive Esquimau.

"**O**BERVE," said the polar explorer, "that you are rapidly adopting the ways and manners of the more civilized regions."

"Yes, indeed," smiled the gentle Esquimau. "We make the saloons close at half-past November, and we expect to pass a curfew law that will require all the children to be off the streets at two days after October. In time we will enjoy peaceful, quiet nights."

Stillwell Attit—"Is Penfield a hack writer?"

F. Unny Fellowes—"No; he is a slow coach."



I
WAYLAYING WILL—"Shell out, now! I want booze!"



2



HE GOT THE BOO'S (BUT NOT THE "BOOZE").

How Would You Like To Be the Conductor?

Charles A. McMahon



TICKETS ready, please!"

With this salutation, delivered in a cracked, high-pitched voice, the conductor on a local express commenced to collect the thin paste-board certificates that helped make dividends for the company's stockholders. The click-click of the busy punch was a familiar and therefore uninteresting sound to most of the passengers who crowded the car and who were engaged either in reading or in quiet conversation.

About half-way back in the car, and sharing the seat of a drummer, sat a middle-aged man, unmistakably a farmer, whose every appearance indicated that the company was carrying about three-fourths of a jag more than a first-class ticket usually calls for. The countryman was returning from the city, where had evidently taken place a periodical reunion with his old friend, John Barleycorn. Judging from the top-heavy demeanor of the man, his mussed-up appearance and semi-intelligible stare, the last meeting must have been a most enthusiastic one, their friendship having reached a state more mellow than wise. He seemed to be attracted by the bustling, business-like manner of the conductor, and to admire, so far as he was able, the rapidity with which he made change, tore off mileage and punched tickets.

"Un'erstansh his biznish s'all right, don't he?" This to the traveling man, who acknowledged the interrogation by quietly opening his paper to another page. Thinking his question worthy of a better answer, the farmer proceeded to reply to it himself. "Thash wat he doesh. Smart fellow, too, by thunder. Brimful of biznish, ain't he?" And he continued to follow the movements of the conductor with an uncertain gaze.

Stopping opposite the seat wherein sat the knight of the grip and his happy if irresponsible companion, the conductor glanced quickly down at the latter and said, "Get your ticket ready," at the same time taking the proffered mileage book from the drummer and handing him the slip to sign. Having marked and punched the detached portion, he returned the book and tapped the farmer on the shoulder, repeating his request for a ticket. Smiling up into the conductor's face in the most foolish and expressionless manner possible, the countryman replied, "All right, kernel, I've (hic) got it here som-(hic)-where," and he began to fumble helplessly in his pockets while the conductor, to save time, turned to take the ticket and number of a half-fare clerical from a young clergyman sitting directly opposite.

The conductor's manner was unmistakably nervous as he again turned to his befuddled passenger.

"Where's your ticket?"

"Jes take yer time, guvner (hic), 'n I'll fin' it (hic) here

in a minit. Don't s'know ye'allus losesh time w'en y'urry?" Slowly his hands sought the four pockets of his vest without result, and the irritation of the conductor increased with the seemingly malicious deliberation of the altogether innocent but tantalizing agitator of the soil.

"Come, come! I haven't any time to lose."

"Thash right, guvner (hic) 'n it don't do no good to hunt for lost time (hic), either. Ain't tha' right, neighbor?" to the drummer, who had looked up from his paper. Pulling out a paper-covered memorandum, he opened it and with no better success than before. He tried to return it to the pocket in his vest, but that receptacle had seemingly grown suddenly smaller and the book refused to enter. The train now struck a pretty sharp curve and the conductor caught his charge as he was lunging heavily out into the aisle. The paper-covered account-book again claimed the farmer's attention, and wishing to have his business methods approved by a man of the conductor's business-like appearance, he opened the book to several pencil-scrawled pages and remarked, "Thersh where I keep my 'counts. Good plan (hic) to know jes where y' stan', don' y' s'thing so?"

The man in the uniform didn't say whether he did or not. Passengers now began to peep over the tops of their papers, and not a few smiled rather audibly, to the added discomfiture of the conductor, who clicked his punch impatiently. The farmer's fingers sought the pockets of his coat, and from there the outside openings of his overcoat, in aimless search of the elusive transport.

"S funny w'at a lot of clothes (hic) a mansh got in his pockets, ain't it (hic)? Ought to have one big pocket (hic), reg'ler whopper, 'n we wouldn't have s' much trouble findin' things. Ain't that right, conductor?"

The conductor reserved his opinion, if he had one, concerning the one-pocket innovation, and remained long enough to tell his passenger in no uncertain manner to have his ticket ready when he returned from going through the rest of the train.

"Thash right, boss; go right through. I'll have 't all right. Nice 'gree'ble feller (hic), ain't he?"—this last to his seat-mate, who quickly resumed the reading of his paper. The search for the ticket was abandoned immediately, and for several minutes the farmer sat in silence, his head swaying back and forth on his shoulders like an erratic pendulum. His attention was soon aroused as the train passed through a small village whose few scattering houses seemed to arouse his unreserved contempt. "Thash a bum town, ain't it?" Taking the outward glance of his companion as a manifestation of interest in his remark, he continued, "Guess thash Four Corners. Big munis'pality, ain't it? 'Bout all they got there's the four corners and a post-offis, 'n they run that 'round through the country on wheels. Notis the box-car they got there for a depo? Thash on wheels, too; find more wheels there than you do in some of the seaport towns." Other

sapient remarks followed in the drooling, philosophical manner of a half-drunken man. Although the passengers were not particularly edified, they were greatly amused, and the countryman, realizing the attention which he was attracting, seemed to be enjoying his ride immensely. The return of the conductor, however, prophesied an early climax to the affair, and his heavy scowl as he approached looked threatening, indeed, for the farmer's peace of mind. Shaking the fellow most unceremoniously by the arm, the conductor growled out, "Got your ticket?"

The farmer was sober enough to appreciate the changed manner of the conductor and the threatening note in his voice, but he did not for a second harbor the suspicion that the conductor's condition of mind was the result of his own actions. Hence he inquired sympathetically, "Sompin onpleasant happen t' ye in other car? Mos' like 's anythin' some yap of a feller's lost his ticket. Oh, ye want mine? Had it here jes' fore ye come in."

Here commenced anew the search for the missing ticket—this time the trousers pockets underwent a more or less severe scrutiny, with the result that the farmer extracted a full pint of cardinal-tinted lubricant from his pistol pocket. To the amusement of the passengers he flourished the find proudly before the darkening gaze of the conductor, and remarked, "Don't s'pose ye could punch that, could ye?" The laugh was again on the railroader, whose dark countenance indicated that he would not extend any such favor. "Well, guess I'll punish it a little myself; here's regards." And he proceeded to punish the contents in such a way as to leave the spirit level noticeably lower. Having returned the cork to the bottle, he invited the conductor's opinion as to the color of the liquid by the remark, "Good an' red, ain't it, kernel? Have a little bitters, stranger?" to a man in the seat ahead, whose curiosity had caused him to turn full around, and who, under different circumstances, might have shown his appreciation in a heartier manner than by turning red to his ears and returning a curt, "No, thank you." "Scuse me for drinking before I offered it to ye, but thash the best way (hic) w'en yer in a crowd."

The conductor, now thoroughly convinced that the man had no ticket, told him most emphatically that he must either produce his ticket or pay his fare, and that he would have to do one or the other quickly.

"Well, I can pay my fare (hic) if I've got to, but if you wait a few minutes, guvner (hic) I'll have that ticket all right."

The train was now slowing up for the first stop, and the conductor, annoyed beyond the point of self-control by the exasperating conduct of the farmer, lost his patience completely, and, seeing that the man made no motion to pay his fare, seized the drunken farmer roughly by the collar and jerked him out into the aisle as if to put him off the train when it came to a stand-still.

"Now, jest take it easy, cap'n," quietly spoke the countryman. "I can pay my fare all right (hic), an' don't you get excited about it!" At the same time, to the surprise of the conductor and the passengers, he pulled from his pocket a crumpled mass of bills, some of which were of large denomination. Steadied by the con-

ductor, he selected a five-dollar bill and handing it to him with the remark, "Jes take the fare out'n that to Mar-rilly"; and as the conductor rushed up the aisle to get out on the platform to assist the passengers to alight, the farmer shouted out after him, "'N say, w'en yer fur lays a little smoothen, an' ye get cooled off out there, ye might bring me back a little change." Saying which, he picked his hat from the floor and started to anchor himself in his former moorings. He had not offered the slightest resistance to the conductor and seemed to accept the shaking-up he had been given as a matter of course. The affair did not lessen one bit his admiration for the conductor, for he remarked to the traveling man, "Say, that feller carries a lot o' sand with him, don't he? By thunder, he's got nerve all right! Seemsh to know jes' what to do, too, don't he?"

The train was again under way, and the conductor opened the door of the car. He was clearly excited and still laboring under the nervous strain induced by his scuffle with the farmer. In fact, from the way in which he demanded tickets that he already taken up, and passed by passengers who had just got on, he showed that a prolonged rest for his nerves would do him all sorts of good. Besides, the broad smiles handed out to him by the passengers did not act as a sedative to his already overwrought nerves. Arriving at the scene of the recent outbreak, he glowered down at the farmer and snapped out, "How far did you say you wanted to go?"

Disregarding the question, the countryman looked up into his face and said admiringly, "You've got the grit, old boy; cert'nly got a lot o' nerve, all right."

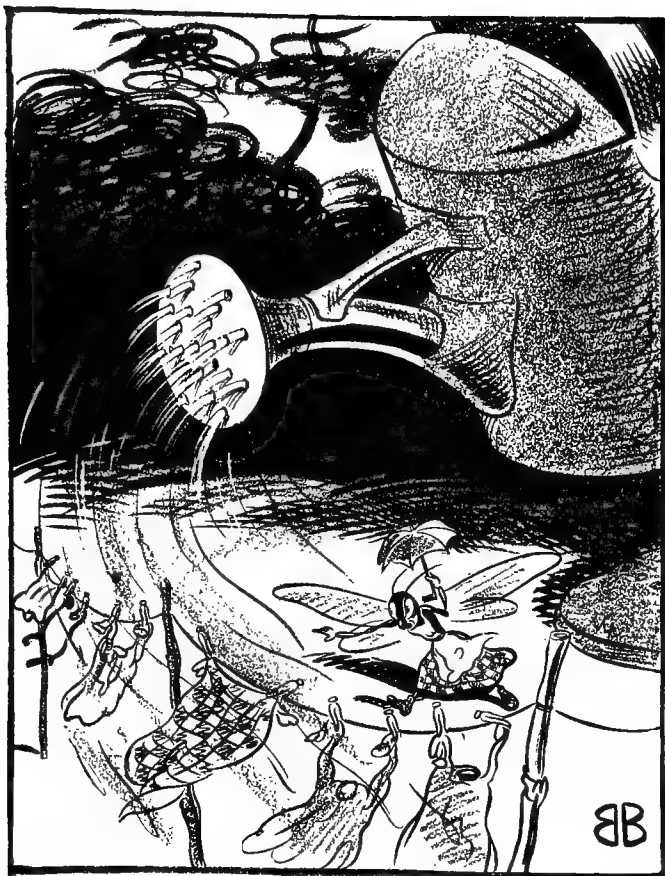
The man in the uniform repeated his question. The farmer, in the meantime, while smoothing out his wool hat, somewhat battered from the late encounter, had extracted from the inside band the long-sought ticket. Without showing the least surprise, he carelessly handed it to the conductor, with the reply, "Why, 'bout 's far's that pedigree calls fer. Told ye I'd get it, if ye only kept yer dander down fer a spell."

There was another laugh at the expense of the conductor, who snatched the ticket from the farmer's hand and fairly threw the bill into the wool hat.

"Careful, guvner, or ye'll break that five all up into small change."

This sally of bucolic wit received due appreciation from the passengers. The conductor's state of mind could be imagined from the way he slammed the door as he passed into the next car. The pastoral resident, however, bore no such ill-will, and he continued to express his admiration of the railroader to the drummer until that person took his grip and made for the ladies' car. Finally, from the depths of the revolver pocket, came the much-abused flask, and the farmer moved the spirit level to a lower plane. Replacing the decanter, he mumbled something about "the conductor's grit" and soon fell asleep.

The passengers resumed the reading of their papers, musing the while upon the rose-strewn path of the man with the punch, and framing in their own minds the reply that they would make if some one asked them, "How would you like to be the conductor?"



SUCH IS LIFE.

MRS. WASP—"Oh, of course! Just as soon as I get the clothes hung out to dry it's bound to rain again."

Dinah's Alarm-clock.

FOR a week after Mrs. Wakefield gave her colored cook an alarm-clock the family was awakened each day at six a. m. by the clang of its resounding bell. At the end of this time it was heard no more in the early watches of the morning, but Mrs. Wakefield fancied several times that she detected the muffled sound of its alarm toward evening. When questioned on the subject Dinah said with a shake of her dusky head,

"Well, Miss Wakefield, mah nerves ain' bery strong, as yo' know, an' dat alarm-clock jes' riled 'em all up. I kin stan' it in de ebenin' fust-rate, but ter be woke up sudden upsets me; so I jes' sets it fo' de ebenin' 'stead ob de mawnin', an' it goes off an' doan' disturb nobody."

Mrs. Wakefield was satisfied with the explanation.

An Embryo Journalist.

"YOUR boy," said the editor of the Bowersville *Clarion*, "has the making of a real editor in him."

"Think so?" asked the pleased father.

"Sure. Why, he has handed in half a dozen accounts of parties this season, and in every one of them he stated that 'a delightful time was had.'"

Thorne—"How about that oil stock you bought? Was it a good thing?"

Bramble—"No; I was."

An Artful Quest.

"AND what," we ask of the stranger with the waxed mustache and the prominent diamonds, "what is your line of business?"

"Me," he says; "me? Oh; I follow art."

"You paint?"

"No."

"You deal in pictures and sculptures?"

"Not exactly. You see, I am one of these men who always keep their eyes open for original Reubens."

The Widening Breach.

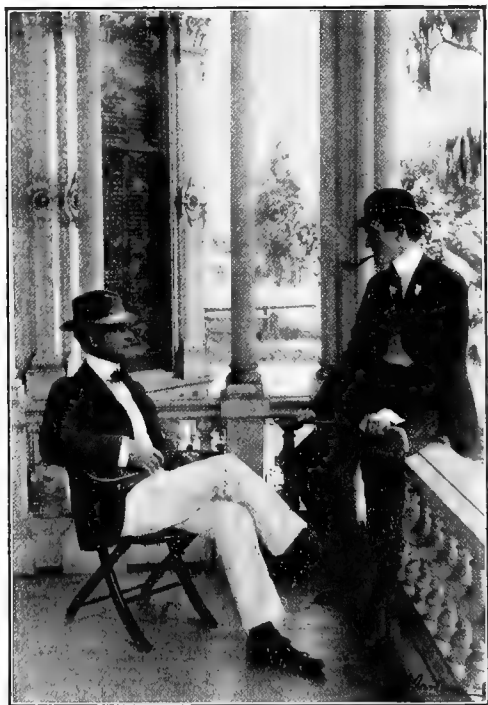
Warwick—"In ancient times battles were fought in hand-to-hand conflict. A hundred years ago the armies waited until they could see the whites of each other's eyes before firing, and in the South African war they shot as soon as they could hear one another's guns. They keep getting farther apart all the time, and I am wondering just how the battles of the future will be fought. It will require something more than long Toms."

Wickwire—"Yes, sir. For my part I believe the long-distance telephone is going to play a mighty part in settling the fate of nations in the future."

All Is Vanity.

Mrs. Dorcas—"Why is Mrs. Gadsby so glad she hasn't any children?"

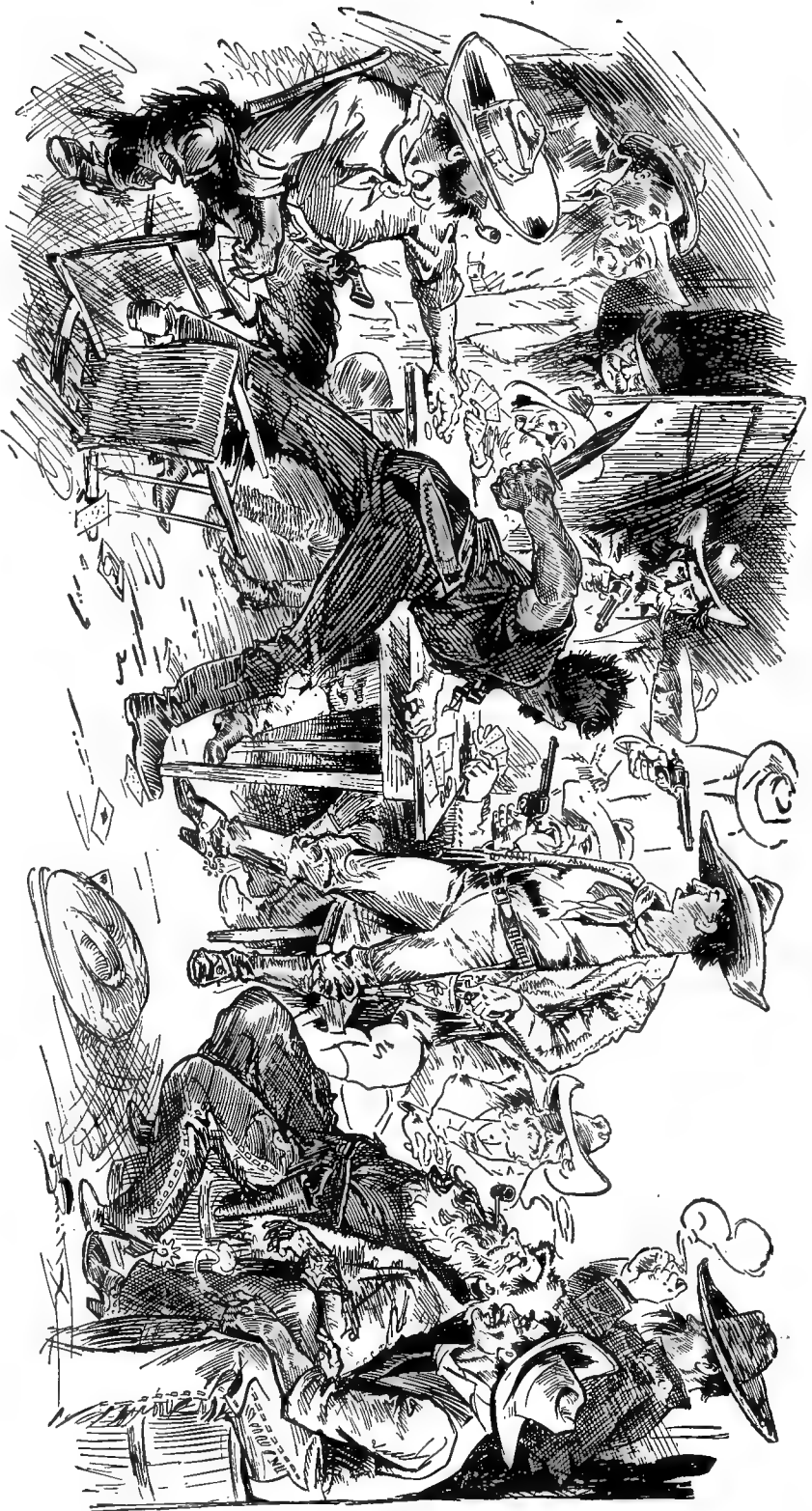
Dorcas—"It gives her more time to attend those mothers' meetings."



BETTER STILL.

ATHERTON—"Helen said she wouldn't have Jack for a minute."

MILTON (Jack's rival)—"True; but she might have him for a husband."



ELECTIONERING IN LIMPING DOG.
MAN WITH THE DOUBLE DROP—"One minute, gentlemen! As my name appears on the ballot this year, and I happen to know your politics, I suggest that you put away your weapons until after election."



THE USUAL OUTCOME.

PERCY—"If I marry that girl it will be just like finding money."
ALGY—"Yes—in your sleep."

Spoiling for a Fight.

"THAT American prize-fighter will spare no expense in his match with the Frenchman."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he's even willing to have it come off by cable."

Both Smoked Bad Ones.

Hewitt—"How did you like the cigar I gave you?"

Jewett—"Oh, I have smoked worse cigars."

Hewitt—"You have if you have smoked any of the kind you give me."



"GARDEN-SASS."

FARMER MEDDERS—"Goin' ter git much 'garden-sass' this season. Silas?"
FARMER SWAMPROOT—"I reckon yes. Ever since Rube's got back from Princeton I git nuthin' else all the time he's hoein'."

In Media Res.

SARATOGA in the summer,
In the winter Washington.
Here's a dainty letter from her—
Listen how the phrases run.

Can't I get a chance to run down?—
Underscoring her address—
Leave at noon, arrive at sundown,
By the limited express.

'Tis a duplicate of those she
Sent from Saratoga Springs.
Full of longings. I suppose she
Thinks that I have gold or wings.

I, who in Manhattan Island
Caged am like a feathered pet.
Read these missives with a smile and
Answer them with much regret.

Fate has placed me so far off in
Either case, forlorn and mean,
I must, like Mohammed's coffin,
Earth and heaven hang between.

FELIX CARMEN.

IT'S an ill wind that inflates no tire.

A Consoling Reflection.

She—"I suppose I must weigh a hundred and sixty. Just think—I wasn't a pound over a hundred and five when we were married!"

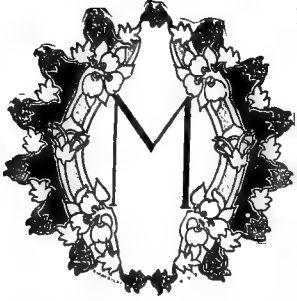
Her husband—"Well, if you had lost as much as you've gained you wouldn't be here now to grumble about it."

A Seance.

"ARE there ghosts in the house?" cried the door-knob.
"Well," returned the window-curtain, "I suppose I'm the shade of the roller."

Mrs. Pillsbury's Predicament

By Morris Wade



RS. PILLSBURY stood before her dressing-case adjusting her hat and smiling at herself in the mirror, for had she not a crisp, new twenty-dollar bill in her purse, and was it not bargain-day? Given this combination, one may feel an exaltation of spirit beyond that the consolations

of religion can offer. Mrs. Pillsbury was radiant and was making eager haste to be off, that she might plunge into the delights of the bargain-counter; for had not the morning paper given a full-page account of the great "mark-down" sale to begin that morning at one of the greatest "emporiums" in the city?

"I do hope that those curtains, marked down from six dollars and fifty cents to two dollars and nineteen cents a pair, will not be gone before I get there," she said to herself as she jabbed a murderous-looking hat-pin into her hat and seemingly drove it five inches into her skull. "And if those doylies, marked down from four dollars to a dollar and ninety-nine cents a dozen, are what they are represented to be in the advertisement I shall get a full dozen. Where are my gloves? I haven't a minute to waste. Everything will be picked over before I get there if I am not careful."

All this was in the way of mental comment, for Mrs. Pillsbury was alone in the house, her maid having gone to spend the day with the "sick cousin," that no self-respecting housemaid ever lacks when she wants to be away on errands of mercy.

Hurrying down the stairs, Mrs. Pillsbury stood on her doorstep for a moment while she fastened her gloves. A high wind had risen and suddenly one of the open double doors behind her closed with a bang that startled Mrs. Pillsbury a little.

"How provoking!" she said as she fastened the other glove, "for I have forgotten to get a handkerchief, and I shall need one with this slight cold I have, and I haven't any latch-key to unlock the door, for I loaned mine to Sister Mary, who is to be at home before I am, and she had lost hers. Well, I can buy a handkerchief. One never has too many, and—my goodness!"

She had started down the steps only to feel herself jerked back at the first step she had taken.

"Mercy on us! if my dress skirt didn't catch in the door when it closed so suddenly, and—my soul and body! what shall I do?"

She tugged away at the dress skirt, but a whole back width seemed to have been caught by the door.

"If I only had my latch-key! But I don't know that I could turn far enough around to unlock the door if I had it! What under the sun?"

She pressed back against the door and tried to make it yield enough to release her skirt, but it was a vain effort.

The nearest house was a block distant and the people in it were out of town. No one was visible on the street but an Italian umbrella-mender, and he looked so villainous she would not have appealed to him for the world.

"I might slip out of my skirt," she said, "but how would I look if any one happened to turn the corner? I don't know how I could get in, even then. The windows are all too high in the front of the house and I think the rear windows are all latched down. I don't see what under the sun, moon and stars"—

"Good afternoon, Sister Pillsbury."

A clerical-looking gentleman had suddenly appeared around the corner. He wore the garb of his kind and was immaculate in it. He had the smile that won't come off and said as he came up the steps with one gloved hand extended,

"I was wondering if I would find you in, the day is so fine. And you really are out, after all. Pray do not let me detain you. I'll just shake hands and go on over to K street, where I am to make some calls."

"I—I—," she said awkwardly, and with the crimson coming to her cheeks. "Really, Mr. Meekly, I—I—wonder if I could ask you to—to—to perform a slight service for me."

"Certainly, certainly, Sister Pillsbury; with the greatest pleasure. Really, it will be a privilege. What can I do?"

"Well—it's very awkward and really very careless in me to allow it to happen, but while I was standing here fastening my gloves the wind blew the door shut and my dress is caught in it so that I cannot get away, and"—

"That is too bad, Sister Pillsbury. I hope the dress is not injured. And—let me see, what can I do to help you?"

"If you would go around to the rear of the house, where the windows are much nearer the ground than they are in front, perhaps you could find a window unfastened that you could raise and enter the house and come and open the front door. I am so sorry to trouble you, and"—

"Why, Sister Pillsbury, don't mention it, I beg of you. Really, it is a pleasure to be of service to you."

"I think one of the cellar windows is open," she said as he went down the steps. "We always keep one open. If you can't do any better perhaps you can get in through a cellar window and then come up and open the door. It is too bad to ask you to do it, but"—

"I am delighted to do it—delighted," he said.

He disappeared around a corner of the house and Mrs. Pillsbury said, in her vexation,

"How awfully awkward it is! I don't think I shall tell my husband a word about it, or I will never hear the end of it. It is so awkward!"

In the meantime Brother Meekly had gone around to the rear of the house and had tried several of the windows only to find that none of them could be raised. Then he

examined the cellar windows. One of them was open. He glanced at his spotless attire—"without spot or blemish or any such thing"—and wondered what it would look like after he had forced his rather bulky form through a small cellar window with plenty of cobwebs around the sash.

"And how awkward if some one should come along and see me entering the house through a cellar window," he said to himself. "Sister Pillsbury may well call the situation awkward."

He removed his coat and knelt down before the cellar window. He thrust his head through the window and peered into the gloomy depths of the cellar. It would be quite a drop to the cellar floor, and he was about to withdraw his head and enter feet first when he felt a blow—a stinging, painful blow delivered on what some mothers call the "spanking part" of one's anatomy. When he withdrew his head and shoulders from the cellar window a strong hand gripped his collar and held him like a vise. He was jerked back and the voice of "one of the finest" said grimly,

"Aha, me frind! Caught in de act, begorry! Sure, an' it was lucky for thim thot lives here thot Oi turned de carner just whin Oi did. Yees are de sicond cellar thief Oi've caught in t'ree days! Kem up here, sor, an' kem along wid me widout anny thrubble, or it will be arl de worse for yeez!"

He brandished his club as he jerked Mr. Meekly to his feet.

"My friend," said the minister, "this is all a mistake. I"—

"Thot's phwat arl av 'em say, an' shure an' its roight dey are. It do be a great mishtake for anny wan to thry to inter a house in broad daylight whin Tim Noonan is on his beat. Yeez have made de mishtake av your loife, me frind!"

"But listen to me. I am a friend of the family living here, an' I came to make a call, and"—

"Have done wid thot now! Does a frind av de famly inter de house troo a cellar windy whin he comes to mek a call? He do not. He rings de dure-bell an' inters by de front dure, as a gintlemin should. Come off!"

"See here, my friend. I am a minister of the gospel, and"—

"Sure an' your church must be proud av yees! A mininster av de gospel comin' to mek a call an' doin' it by way av a cellar windy! Sure an' Oi've had special instruuctions to kape me oye peeled for cellar-windy thieves, an' dey'll know at de station yeez'll ride to in de pathrol-wagon thot Oi have obeyed arders. Put on thot coat an' come peaceable like an' save yerself a clubbin'!"

"Listen to me. Mrs. Pillsbury, the lady who lives here, is standing on the steps in front of the house. If you will just go around and speak to her she will assure you that everything is all right, and that I was about to enter the house through the cellar window at her own request."

"Come off, wid yeez! An' where would yeez be whin Oi got back if yeez hoodwinked me into goin' around to de front av de house to see a ledy thot ain't there? Yeez must t'ink thot Oi'm dead aisy! If Oi go around to de front av de house yeez'll go wid me, begorry!"

Thus it was that a moment or two later Mrs. Pillsbury cried out,

"Mercy on us! What does this mean?"

For Tim Noonan had appeared around a corner pushing the abashed Mr. Meekly before him. Tim looked a little abashed himself when he saw Mrs. Pillsbury, and his voice was less strident when he said,

"Sure, ma'am, an' Oi found this gint half-way in wan av yer cellar windys, an' Oi"—

A sudden suspicion took possession of Tim. Might not this woman be a confederate of the man? What was the lady of the house doing standing on her front steps with her hat and wraps on when her minister was making a call? And why should she have him entering the house through the cellar window? Tim's voice was less respectful when he said,

"Do yeez live here, ma'am?"

"Certainly I do."

"Oi'm a new man on dis beat, an' Oi don't know arl de folks yet. It do look a bit strange to me thot whin a gintleman is makin' a carl on yeez thot yeez should come out an' shtand on de front steps wid your t'ings all on an' invite him to go into de house troo de cellar windy. Oi don't know but Oi'd better take the two av yeez to de station. Phwat yeez say ain't raysonable!"

"Don't be impertinent," said Mrs. Pillsbury sharply. "I most certainly do live here!"

"Thin phwat are yeez shtandin' there for whin yeez has a caller, and why do he be told to inter troo de windy?"

"Because I—I—the fact is, I *have* to stand here. Goodness knows that I am not standing here because I want to. I have met with a little accident, and—Oh, Fred! I'm so glad you have come!"

A man had suddenly appeared around the corner. He was Mr. Pillsbury, who had received a telegram calling him to Boston, and had hurried home to pack his grip for the trip. He stared at the cop, at his wife, and at the abashed and wrathful minister.

"Why—what in time"—he began, but his wife interrupted him with,

"Don't ask any questions until you have opened the door and released me. I am caught in the door. See!" She stepped aside and showed him how her dress had been caught by the closing door. He had a bump of humor as big as a pigeon's egg, and he gave an annoying shout when he grasped the situation.

"Hush!" said his wife with keen rebuke. "I must say it is very unfeeling in you to stand there and laugh at your wife's misfortune, and it certainly can't be very pleasant for our minister, nor even for the policeman."

"Oi can shtand it, ma'am," said Tim Noonan, convinced that he had made a mistake when he saw Pillsbury run up the steps and unlock the door and release his wife.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said, as he lifted his hat. "But Oi t'ought Oi was doin' nothin' but me jooty. Sure an' de evidence was a'gin de two av yeez."

"Yes, it was," said Pillsbury frankly. "Sorry you were placed in such an embarrassing position, Helen—and you, too, Mr. Meekly. Come in, and I'll open a bottle of ginger ale and set out some cheese and crackers. No, your dress isn't torn a bit, Helen, and—excuse me, my dear, but I've got to laugh or bust!"



HER EVE FIXED ON ABIJAH.

ABIJAH—"Hepsiby, I've been thinking if there's any reason why we couldn't cut down expenses this year."
MRS. ABIJAH—"I see forty reasons why we couldn't cut down expenses, Bije. Yes, I may say five hundred; an' I'm looking right at the hull bunch on 'em right this minute."



WOULDN'T HIT HIM.

BADLANDS BOB—"You won't get no chance at that deer. Look at all them soldiers pipin' for him."

GREASEWOOD GEORGE—"Bobbie, when you want game jest foller a bunch of recruits on a hunt. When they shoot, that deer will come right to us."

Uncle Esek's Panama Sermon.

BRUDRIN, doan' be lak de Punnyma Canal—doan' be lak de slough ob despond! Git up an' be de pool ob Saloam! Who is dere yere dat's a Punnyma? Who is dere yere wut's lyin' down a-waitin' fo' somebody fo' ter come along an' build dey character? Rise up an' grab dat shovel! Sling de mud right an' lef! Dig de evil out'n yo'se'f, but leave de clear, pure watah behin'! Git ready fo' ter be navigated by good thoughts an' noble deeds! Open up yo'r arms an' pusses an' pay de preachah wut yo' owe him, 'cause he can't live widout it. Be upright an' hones'! Be clear an' wholesome lak a new-born calf! Den, an' not till den, kin yo' stan' up fit fo' glory. Den, an' not till den, kin yo' pass ter de great beyon'! Den, an' not till den, kin yo' look down at dat awful isthmus an' say wid de po'ts, 'Dere she is, on-built yit!' Laz'ruz done lef' de busom ob Abraham. De streets ob gold is mos' wore out. Eternity hez done begun, but still dat canal ain't bin started yit. Rise up an' go ter heaben! Git a reserve seat, whar yo' kin watch dat work froo all de en'less ages. Buil' yo'se'f fus' an' watch afterwards. Brudrin, doan' be a Punnyma. Amen!

HENRY BANKS.

Mo Rose—"He died at the advanced age of 110 years."

Fo Cose—"Humph! He almost led a double life, didn't he?"

And No Wonder!

ACCORDING to rumor, there is at least one very mad woman in Chicago. It appears that she married a man named March, but was divorced from him to wed a gentleman called May. Subsequently she secured a second divorce, and then became the wife of a Mr. August. Now, with scurrilous subtlety, a newspaper has referred to her as the bride of only a few months!

The Last Words of Socrates.

SOCRATES had just finished his hemlock cocktail.

"How do you feel now?" asked his jailer.

"I feel as if my interior had a Georgia-pine finish," replied the philosopher, and immediately expired.

A Poetic Flight.

The editor—"What became of the manuscript of the poem, 'Two Turtle-doves'?"

The office-boy—"I dunno. P'raps it's flew into a pigeon-hole."



WHY THEY STAYED IN.

"MRS. GOTTA JUSTENOUGH and MRS. NEEDE SOMMERE—"We have resolved not to play bridge any more."

THE PLAYERS (all together)—"How'll you make your automobile expenses?"



THEIR OBJECT.

MISS SIMPLE—"I heard that Miss Billyon-Ayre had three proposals last week, and she has such a cold nature, too."

MR. WISE—"Oh, the boys don't mind the cold nature. It's the cold cash they're after."

An Excellent Plan.

"I WISH there were a sure plan of ridding the country of the locusts," complained the farmer.

"I bet you," declared the postmaster, "that if the milliners would start to trimming hats with stuffed locusts there wouldn't be one of 'em seen around here any more for a hundred years."

Washington's Little Jest.

A DELEGATION of Bostonians called on General Washington and informed him that the British had left Boston.

"And we understand," concluded the spokesman, "that General Howe has gone to Halifax."

"Rather an abrupt assertion," replied Washington, adding, with a sly twinkle, "But beans Howe he's gone we'll enter Boston."

To the Golden Girl.

O! won't you be my valentine,
Fair maid of all fair maids the fairest?
Your charms that on me brightly shine
Are only of the rarest.

You always wear the smile of smiles—
The smile that, ever bright and sunny,
My spirit tenderly beguiles
With that elusive honey.

Your picture fondly with me dwells,
And as I view your dimpled features,
With ecstasy my bosom swells.
And of all human creatures

I sing the loudest when I dance
Unto love's sweetest, fleetest measure,
My soul a-burning with romance
O'er you, my dainty treasure.

You light my vision all the day,
Oh, winsome siren, golden-headed,
With you I often fondly stray
In fancy's garden, wedded.

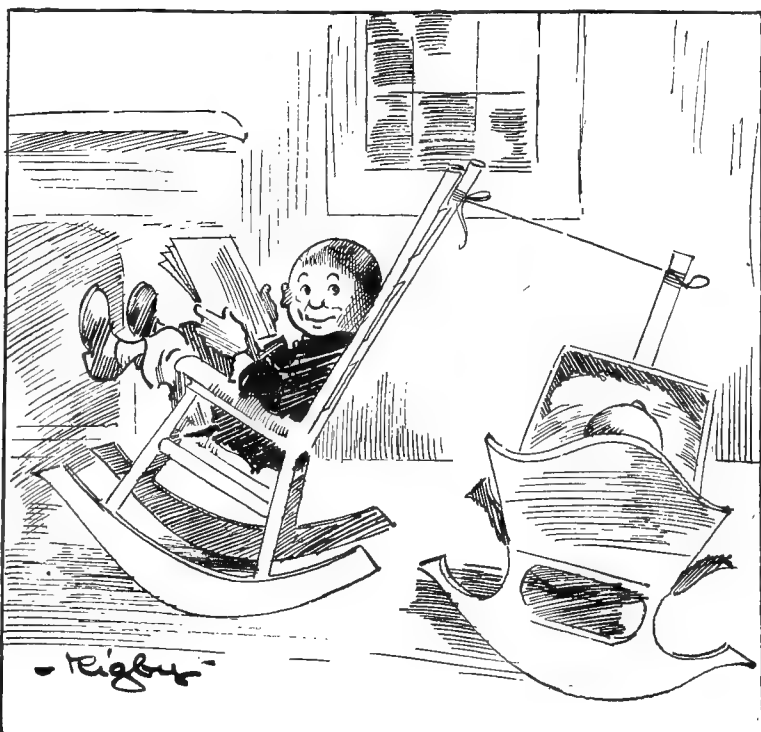
Be mine with all your subtle grace
That captivates both dunce and scholar,
Oh, lovely maid whose witching face
Adorns the mighty dollar.

Over the Bridge.

Heights—"I don't believe Buffum will ever make a good Brooklynite."

Pierrepont—"Why not? He belongs to the Crescent athletic club, doesn't he?"

Heights—"Yes; but when I met him pushing the baby-carriage he tried to look unconscious of it."

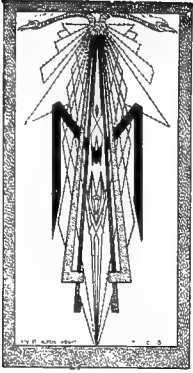


YOUTHFUL INGENUITY.

Willie, who is compelled to rock the cradle a great deal, hits on a labor-saving device.

The Letter

By E. H. Porter



ONDAY noon the postman gave the letter to twelve-year-old Emily, and Emily in turn handed it to her young brother. Between the gate and the door, however, Teddy encountered Rover, and Rover wanted to play. It ended in the letter disappearing around the corner of the house, being fast held in the jaws of a small black-and-tan dog.

Five minutes later the assembled family in the dining-room heard of the loss and demanded an explanation.

"'Twasn't t-ten minutes ago, mother," stammered Emily defensively. "The postman handed it to me and I gave it to Teddy to bring in."

"But whose letter was it?" demanded several voices. Emily shook her head.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Don't know! Why, daughter, how could you be so careless?" cried Mrs. Clayton. "It is probably that note from the Bixbys—they were to write if they could not come. But I should like to know what they said."

"But it might have been to me," cut in Ethel. (Ethel was pretty, eighteen, and admired.)

There was a sudden exclamation across the table as James, the first-born, pushed back his chair.

"Confound it, Emily, you've got us into a pretty mess! It so happened I was looking for a letter myself," he snapped, as he jerked himself to his feet. "See here, Teddy, where did that rascally little dog go? Come, let's go find Rover," he finished, stooping and lifting the small boy to his shoulder. The next moment the dining-room door had banged behind them.

"Dear, dear!" laughed Mrs. Clayton, a little hysterically, turning to her husband. "You don't happen to be expecting a letter, do you, Charles?"

"I do happen to be—and a very important one, too," returned the man; and Mrs. Clayton, after a nervous glance at his frowning face, subsided into her chair with a murmured word of regret. When luncheon was over she slipped from the room and joined in the hunt for Rover.

They scoured the yard, the street, the house, and the woodshed, finding the culprit at last in the barn asleep under the big automobile. Of the letter, however, there was not a trace.

"Dear, dear, if dogs only could talk!" moaned Mrs. Clayton that night as, restless and full of fancies, she lay on her bed. "If only I knew where and what that letter was! But then, of course, it's from the Bixbys; I'm going to think so, anyway," she comforted herself, and resolutely closed her eyes.

"If that *should* be Dennison's letter," mused Mr. Clayton as he locked up the house; "if that *should* be—con-

found it, and I know it is! I'd swear it! Serves me right, too, I suppose, for telling him to write me at the house instead of at the office. Confound that little beast of a dog!"

In the south chamber Ethel, sending long, even strokes over the brown satin of her hair, eyed her image in the glass with a plaintive pout.

"Now if that letter *should* be an invitation from Fred!" she said aloud. "And when I'd so much rather go on that ride with him! Oh, dear! Where can Rover have put it?"

Across the hall James Clayton paced the room from end to end.

"Great Scott! What if it *were* May's letter, after all?" he groaned. "What a fool I was to leave it that if I didn't hear by Thursday night I'd understand 'twas 'no'! And now she may have written and be expecting me to-morrow, Wednesday—to-night, even, and I not know it—tied hand and foot! Oh, hang that dog!"

Tuesday morning the family awoke and met at the breakfast table. The air was electric with unrest, and the food almost untouched. It was Mrs. Clayton who broke the long silence that followed the morning greetings.

"I—I don't think I'll do much to get ready for the Bixbys," she began; "I'm so sure that letter was from them."

"You mean that, Julia?" demanded her husband, brightening. "Are you really positive?"

"Yes, really positive. They said all the time that they didn't think they could come, and that without doubt I should get the letter saying so."

"Then of course 'twas it," asserted Ethel, her face suddenly clearing.

"Of course," echoed her brother with a promptitude that hinted at more than a willingness to be convinced that the letter was the Bixbys' and none other.

It was about ten minutes past five that afternoon when the four Bixbys came.

"There, we did get here!" they chorused gleefully.

"Yes, yes, I see, I see," murmured Mrs. Clayton, and signaled to Ethel to hurry into the kitchen and give the alarm to the cook. "Then you—you didn't write?"

"Write? Why, no, of course not! We weren't to, you know, if we could come."

"Yes—er—I mean 'no,'" stammered Mrs. Clayton, trying to calculate just how long it would take the maid to put three rooms in order.

At half-past six the family, with their guests, sat down to a dinner that showed unmistakable signs of having been started as a simple one for six, and finished as a would-be elaborate one for ten. To the faces of Mr. Clayton, Ethel, and James the cloud of the morning had returned. Mrs. Clayton, confident that the missing letter contained for her nothing worse than its absence had already brought her, looked comparatively serene.

After dinner, as by common consent, Mr. Clayton and his elder son and daughter met in a secluded corner of the library.

"Hang it all, dad, *now* whose letter do you suppose that was?" began James, aggressively.

"It's mine," groaned the father, with a shake of his head. "I know it's mine."

"But it mightn't be," demurred Ethel, with a hesitation that showed a fear lest her suggestion meet with prompt acceptance.

"I tell you I know it's mine," retorted Mr. Clayton, and Ethel sighed her relief. "I did hope 'twas your mother's," he continued; "but I might have known better. It's mine, and—and it means dollars to me—hundreds of them."

"Why, father!" The two voices were one in shocked surprise.

"Well, it does. Dennison was going to drop me a line here if certain things happened. And if they have happened, and I don't sell my P. & Z. before to-morrow noon, it'll mean—well, there'll be something to pay. On the other hand, if those certain things haven't happened, and I do sell—it'll be worse."

"Well, well," laughed James in a surprisingly buoyant tone, considering the gloom on his face. "I guess the letter was yours all right. I should take it so, anyhow, and go ahead and sell."

"Yes, so should I," tossed Ethel over her shoulder as she tripped happily away.

"After all," mused James, slowly crossing the hall, "it couldn't have been my letter. May wouldn't have written so soon; she'd have waited until nearer Thursday. She wouldn't let me have the 'yes' quite so quickly. Not she!—the little tease of a sweetheart!"

On Wednesday morning, at half-past eight, the maid brought in the mail and laid it at her master's plate. There were a paper and two letters.

"H'm-m," began Mr. Clayton, "one for you, Julia, my dear, and—by Jove, it's Dennison's letter!" he finished, joyfully, thrusting an eager thumb under the flap of the other envelope.

Twenty minutes later, with head erect and shoulders squared, the senior member of the firm of Clayton & Company left his home and hurried down the street. Behind him, on the veranda steps, were a young man and a young girl looking into each other's faces in blank dismay.

"You—you said *you* were expecting a letter, didn't you?" began Ethel, hopefully.

"Well, so were you, weren't you?" The tone showed quick irritation.

"Why, yes, but"—

"Well, don't you think it's yours?"

"Why, I—I don't know. It might be, of course; but"—

"You *said* you thought it was yours, the very first thing."

"Yes, I know; but—well, perhaps it is."

"Of course it is," asserted James, as he ran down the steps. And Ethel, looking after him, frowned in vague wonder.

Thursday morning's mail brought four letters, and Ethel blushed prettily as she tucked them all in her belt.

"But they aren't all yours," protested her brother James.

"But they are!" she laughed.

"All?"

"All."

"But *I* was expecting a letter."

"Oh-ho!—so you were, were you?" teased the girl merrily. Ethel could afford to be merry; she had recognized a certain bold handwriting on one of the envelopes. "I really don't see, then, but you'll have to go to Rover. Perhaps he can tell you where it is."

"Confound that dog!" growled James, turning on his heel.

"I'm going to accept Fred's invitation," soliloquized Ethel happily, as she hurried into her own room. "I shall read his first, so, of course, that will be the first one that I get!"

The noon delivery brought no letters for anyone. James Clayton fidgeted about the house all the afternoon instead of going down to the golf club to see the open handicap—the annual club event. He felt that, in the present state of affairs, he could take no chances of seeing a certain young woman who was just then very much in his thoughts. If she *had* written, and he should meet her as though she had not!—his blood chilled at the thought; and if she had not written, and he should meet her as though she had!—To James Clayton, at the moment, the thought of her precious letter lost forever to his longing eyes was only a shade worse than that there should have been no letter at all.

Five o'clock came, bringing the last mail—and still no letter. In the Clayton residence that night dinner was served at a table which showed a vacant place; James Clayton was reported to be indisposed. Yet, two hours later, after a sharp peal of the door-bell and a hasty knocking at his chamber door by the maid, James Clayton left the house; and one who met him on the steps said that his face was certainly not that of a sick man.

It was after breakfast the next morning, before the family had dispersed, that Ethel rushed headlong into the dining-room.

"Oh, James, James!" she cried breathlessly. "It *was* your letter that Rover had, and here 'tis!"

"But it wasn't," retorted the young man, airily. "I got mine last night—special delivery."

"But it is yours. Teddy found it in a hole under the barn. See!" crowed Ethel; and she thrust into his hand a tattered, chewed, bedraggled envelope whose seal was yet unbroken.

"Well, by George!—'tis for me," muttered the young man, as he descried his own name among the marks left by dirt-stained paws and sharp little teeth. "Humph!" he ejaculated a moment later, eyeing the torn and crumpled sheet of paper which the envelope had contained.

"Well?" prompted several voices.

"It's an advertising letter from the Clover-farm kennels," he announced, with a slight twitching of his lips. "Do you think we—er—need another—dog?"

A MAN makes a big mistake when he makes it possible for others to call him "small."



DOUBT.

When Kitty looks at me and smiles,
I dream into the afterwhiles
And wonder if those eyes of hers
Are pretty blossoms, or are—burrs.

The Passionate Poet to His Neighbor.

LADY in the flat below me
How can I compose a rhyme?
Don't you know that you should owe me
Money for my time?

Here I sit in chill December
While the muse is up a tree,
While you pound "Then You'll Re-
member—
You'll Re-mem-ber Me."

Ah, but you—you have forgotten,
As you play the Danube waltz,
You're to blame if rhymes are rotten—
If the feet are false.

Must you play that "Rusticana"?
Do you swallow *all* the lies—
All the "Try on Your Piano"
That they advertise?

Don't you know that you are stealing
Bread and butter from my mouth?
Have you not the slightest feeling?
("Roses of the South.")

Lady, to your staying-powers
I give up. I've had enough,
For it took me seven hours
Just to do this stuff.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

The actor—"I live from hand
to mouth."

The tramp—"Dat's nuthin': I
jest live from time ter time."

From a Society Dictionary.

BALL—An affair of Scotch or Bourbon; usually a fizzle.
Chaperon—A bluff.
Débutante—A girl coming out; usually head and
shoulders out.
Divorce—A pre-nuptial ceremony.
Divorcee—One whose sentence has expired.
Fiancée—One who looks for trouble.
Musical—A conversazione with accompaniment.
Reception—A function given by a hostess who wishes
to snub a few people.
Scandal—The things "they say."
Smart set—Those who know more than they ought to
and not as much as they should.
Wedding—An overture to divorce.

One Better.

Little Grace—"My papa is so rich that he has four
automobiles, an' he takes mamma an' me out ridin' in a
different one every Sunday."

Bobbie—"Huh! My papa is so rich that he hasn't
even time to eat his breakfast."

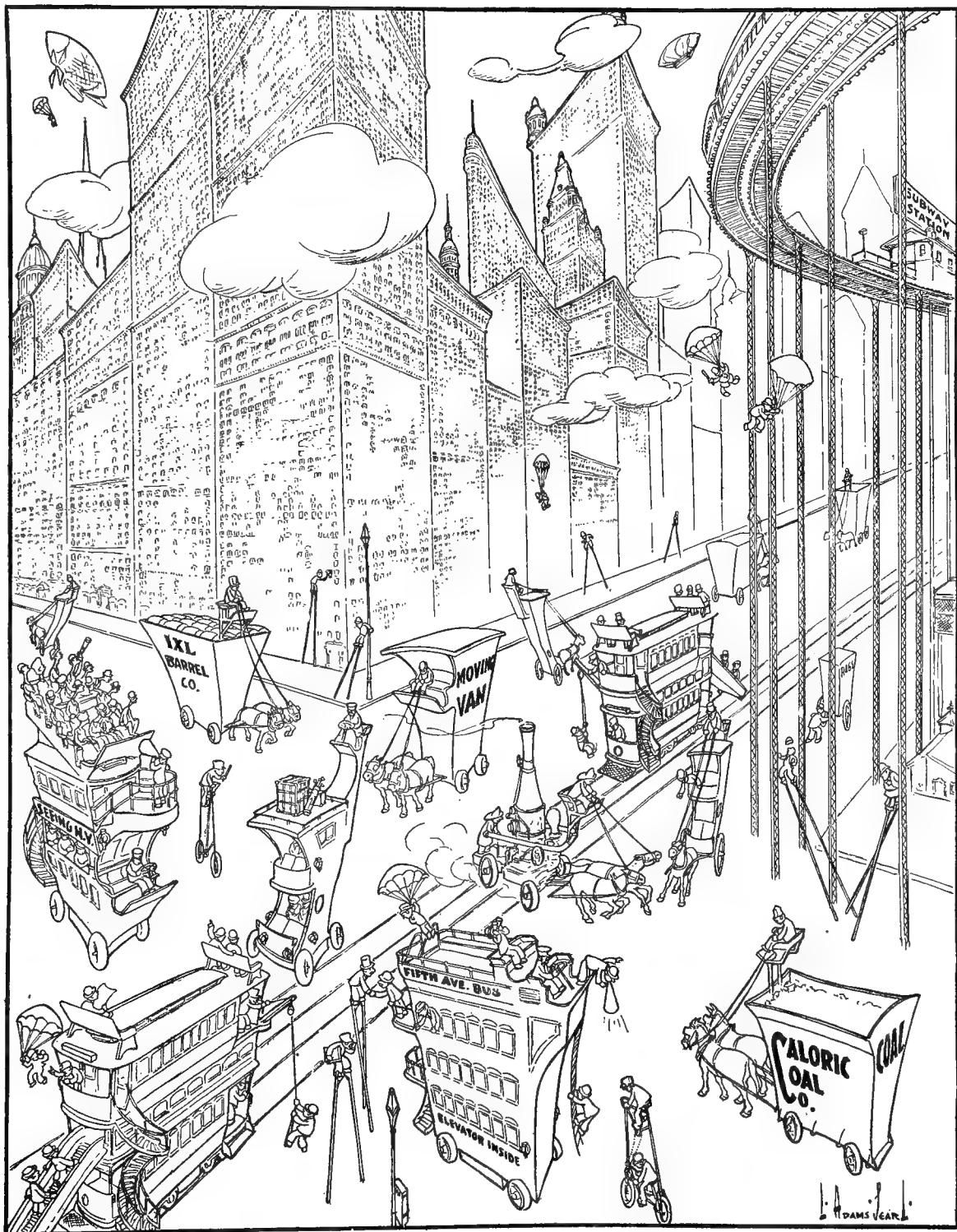
Hip, Hip!

"HE gets all his enthusiasm from his pocket-flask."
"Ah, a hip-hurrah!"



A STAGGERING TOUCH.

WEARY HIPPO—"Scuse me, sir; but yer ain't got de price uv a square meal
about yer, have yer?"



A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE OF SKY-SCRAPING NEW YORK.



A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

CREMNITZ WHITE—"I'd do anything in the world for art."
J. CAUSTIC—"Well, why don't you quit painting?"

A Perfectly Proper Protest.

THE editor of the Hottown *Times-Tommyhawk* finds himself in receipt of the following communication:

"Sir—The inane, idiotic, driveling imbecility of your miserable three-cent tenderfoot attitude on the proposed code of laws for the restriction of dueling on the public streets to the hours after curfew and before breakfast is exactly what might be expected from a sheet whose whole history has been a tyrannic attempt to curtail the liberties of our citizens and to throttle the personal freedom of the gentlemen of this town.

"The chivalric manhood of our proud and lovely territory would be threatened with ultimate fatal degeneracy were the slinking and temporizing conduct of life advocated by you to become fashionable. Every assertion you make in your editorial columns stamps you as a chump and a renegade.

"Anyhow, you are a triacontahedral liar.

"The dool-washed slobbering pretense of decency and fair treatment to all, which you make every time your pusillanimous paper is published, deceives nobody.

"You are a mean-spirited, groveling, rancid ruin of a newspaper. You are a poor, perked-up, low-down, liquor-soaked wreck. Your family lingerie hasn't got a particle of real lace in it, and your front porch will be shot off next Tuesday morning.

‘(Signed)

FORMER SUBSCRIBER."

Ballade of the Gothamites.

DOROTHY's sailed for the other side
To watch a king and a court go by;
Betty's gone with the turn of the tide
(Here in the city are you and I).
Ethel and Kate to the mountains hie,
Charlotte's gone to a lake and spring.
Who would envy or who decry?—
This is the place of our summering.

We need never a guard or guide;
In ways we wot of our pleasures lie.
Others may wander them far and wide.
(Here in the city are you and I).
A roof-top's near to a moonlit sky;
A girl may laugh and a hammock swing.
With never a gossip to peer and pry—
This is the place of our summering.

It's well to dine where the awnings pied
Flutter like sails when a sea-wind's nigh;
And wondrous fine is a stage-top ride
(Here in the city are you and I).
The park is a grove for swains to sigh
When the sun goes down and night-birds sing.
Sillier folk than ourselves may fly—
This is the place of our summering.

L'ENVOI.

Custom and fashion we both defy
(Here in the city are you and I).
Far from a chaperon's shepherd—
This is the place of our summering.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

The Passing of Horace.

"NOPE!" said honest Farmer Shellbacker; "my nephew, Horace J. Didd, ain't with us any more. He saw a balloon-ascension at the county fair an' it sort-o' struck in on him. He came back an' went to tinkerin' with a home-made parachute, which operated first-rate as long as he kept it in the barn an' worked on it; but when he tested it by jumpin' off'n the top of the shot-tower, aimin' to sail slanch-ways over the village an' land on the front porch of the tavern, he demonstrated the fact that he wasn't born to be hung."

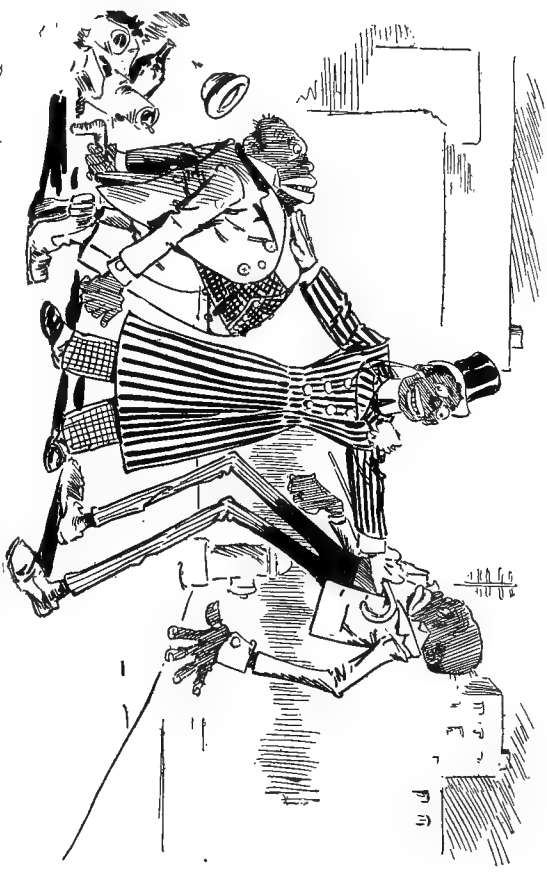
Sometimes Turns Out That Way.

HE swore he couldn't live without her
When he and she were two;
But now they're one he can't live with her—
So what's the poor man to do?



1. THE SHORT ONE—"Do yo' know to who yo' am a-talkin', yo' lop-eared, spider-legged hamper-cel?"

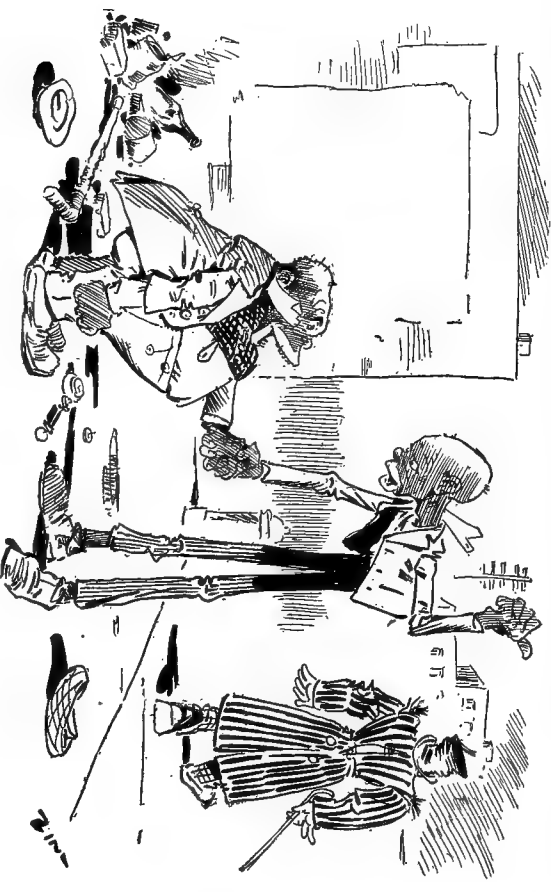
THE LONG ONE—"Yes, Ah does, yo' sawed-off, frog-faced imitation ob humanity!"



2. BLACK ADONIS (*peacemaker*)—"Pardon the intrusion, gentlemen. I want to say that I unite with you in your opinion of each other. I assure you from the depths of my heart that I have never beheld two worse counterfeits of humanity. But in spite of your slab-sided lop-earedness, you should not forget that you are *gentlemen*, nevertheless."



3. CHORUS—"Ob course we is gentlemen! An doan' yo' dare ter say we ain't, yo' cheap masses-colored fashion-plate!"



4. THE LONG ONE—"De i-dee! Did yo' eber seen sech impudence?"

THE SHORT ONE—"Deed Ah didn't!"

RED MIKE'S BEAR

By CHARLES A. HARTLEY



OW! ut's cowl'd!" grumbled Red Mike, hero of the wandering foot, burrowing into a straw-stack. "G'wan, yez fither-bid porkers," as a mother hog and her brood protested at being turned out for the night. "Yez c'n sake other quarters," and Mike crawled into the warm straw nest.

In adjusting himself to the slatless bed Mike continued to grumble. "Dootch Bill is up to his owld thricks o' kapin' late hours. He ought t' come t' bid at a reasonable toime o' th' noight loike a dacint mon. No wan c'n be happy whin he snoops about all noight and slapes all day."

Red Mike and his fellow fresh-air companion had selected this particular straw-stack as a likely abiding-place for the night. Dutch Bill had gone off on a foraging expedition and was late in returning to the side of him of hair-trigger temper.

Toward evening a light "tracking snow" had fallen and made snug quarters desirable, but shortly after dark the clouds disappeared and the moon came up. About the time Mike crawled into the straw-stack and chased the luckless porkers to a new and unwarmed bed on the other side of the stack, a grimy descendant of Cæsar was crawling into the basement of a barn a mile away with a performing bear, christened Pete, trailing at his heels. Pete was hungry and did not want to go to bed. He curled down by the side of his master, however, and pretended to snore, and as a warming diversion blew his hot breath down the seamed neck of the man at the other end of the chain tie of bondage between them. By and by the master snored, and then Pete scraped off his collar by a few dexterous movements of his front paws and went out to prospect. He was an importation from the Pyrenees and did not care particularly for the cold, but was more interested in the gnawings of his relentless stomach. Well out in the breeze, he picked up the scent of the family of straw-warmed porkers, which came down to him from the windward, and he followed toward the source of that scent at a lively trot. He found the pigs and took one without much pretense at selection and had it slaughtered before it had time to fully arouse itself to the situation. The others went off with a "woof" of fright and left Pete to an undisturbed supper by moonlight. Finishing the meal with a haste indicating no fear of indigestion, Pete began looking for a nice, warm bed. He did not desire to return to his master just then, so he walked around to the sheltered side of the straw-stack, wagging his head as he went. Reaching the door of Mike's bed-chamber he paused and thrust in his head.

"Coom in, yez spalpeen, or ye'll git yer whiskers frosted," saluted Mike sleepily and facetiously from the

muffled interior of his burrow, at the same time turning his face to a choice, cozy nook and going off into a mild snore. "Foine time o' night fer a dacint mon to be git-tin' in," he scolded, and then slipped into unconsciousness.

Pete waddled in, snuffing as he went. He selected a choice spot near Mike and cuddled down into a comfortable attitude. They began snoring in concert. Pete had his nose pretty close to Mike's back. By that time Mike was alternately dreaming of green fields, babbling brooks, races with bull-dogs and grudging hand-outs. Once he thought he was leaning up against a hot stove and was burning his back. He awoke sufficiently to realize that the sudden rise of temperature in the zone of his back was somehow caused by his bed-fellow. He punched backward with his elbow with the observation, "Bill, yez crazy Dootchman, whot has yez bin 'atin'? Yer breath fales loike a blasht furnice an' shmells loike a limber chase facthory. Yez ought t' go out an' wash yer mout' wid a shnow-bahl."

All the response he got was a grunt, and the chorus of snoring was immediately resumed.

About that time Bill, Red Mike's pal, trailed in, keeping in the shadows of the fences, with a package of larder loot under his arm and a fringe of frost adorning his whiskers. Before reaching the straw-stack his eyes fell on the tell-tale tracks of prowling Pete. At first he thought the moonbeams had caused him to see Mike's tracks at the wrong focus, but when he had shifted his viewpoint he could see Mike's and the bear's tracks headed the same way. He stopped short and looked about. "Och, Mike ish deat.' A bear has eaten Mike vonce," he exclaimed. Then he crept forward in a stooped position, with the pair of tracks plainly outlined before him. When he reached the scene of the pork banquet he stooped short and threw up his hands. "It vas Mike as sure as snakes. Alreddy him deat und eaten oop!"

His first impulse was to take to his heels. He had long been Mike's companion in sorrow and in joy, but he did not care to continue the comradeship. He was afraid to run out into the open, however, as he did not know at what point the bear might pounce out of a shadowy fence corner and re-introduce him to the departed Mike. The result was that he scaled the side of the straw-stack with an agility foreign to his nature and training, and making the snow fly like a boy coasting down hill stomach-buster. On reaching the top of the stack he thrust his red hands into his frayed pockets and looked about. The scene was a peaceful, rural one, with the quietness common to the country. Cocks crew here and there at different points of the compass, portending more snow or a change to rain, but Bill cared nothing in particular for these signs and scenes. Just then he was interested in the probable

movements of one large bear, which made a decided impression on the light covering of snow and on his troubled mind. He could not see the bear or any further signs of it. After weighing the matter shiveringly he dugged into the straw and wiggled down like one entering the man-head of a boiler. After reaching a point below the frost-line he went to sleep and to troubled dreams.

He was awakened at about daylight by a very peppery, one-sided conversation below. He popped his head out very much as a mother martin looks out of her box-home when some one thumps the pole on which it is perched. He could just see the rear end of a large bear backing out of the lower story of the hostelry, with snow-melting language floating out on the crisp morning air.

"Ye murtherin' baste," came the unmistakable sound of Mike's voice. "Bin kapin' me warrum all noight f'r breakfasht, hey? After atin' Bill ye will finish me as a warrum morsel, will yez? Well, ye'll foind Rid Moike warrum atin' in more ways thin wan."

During this harangue the bear continued to back out and Mike followed on his hands and knees. He was not seeking a closer acquaintance with the bear, but wanted to get out where he could have more room for action.

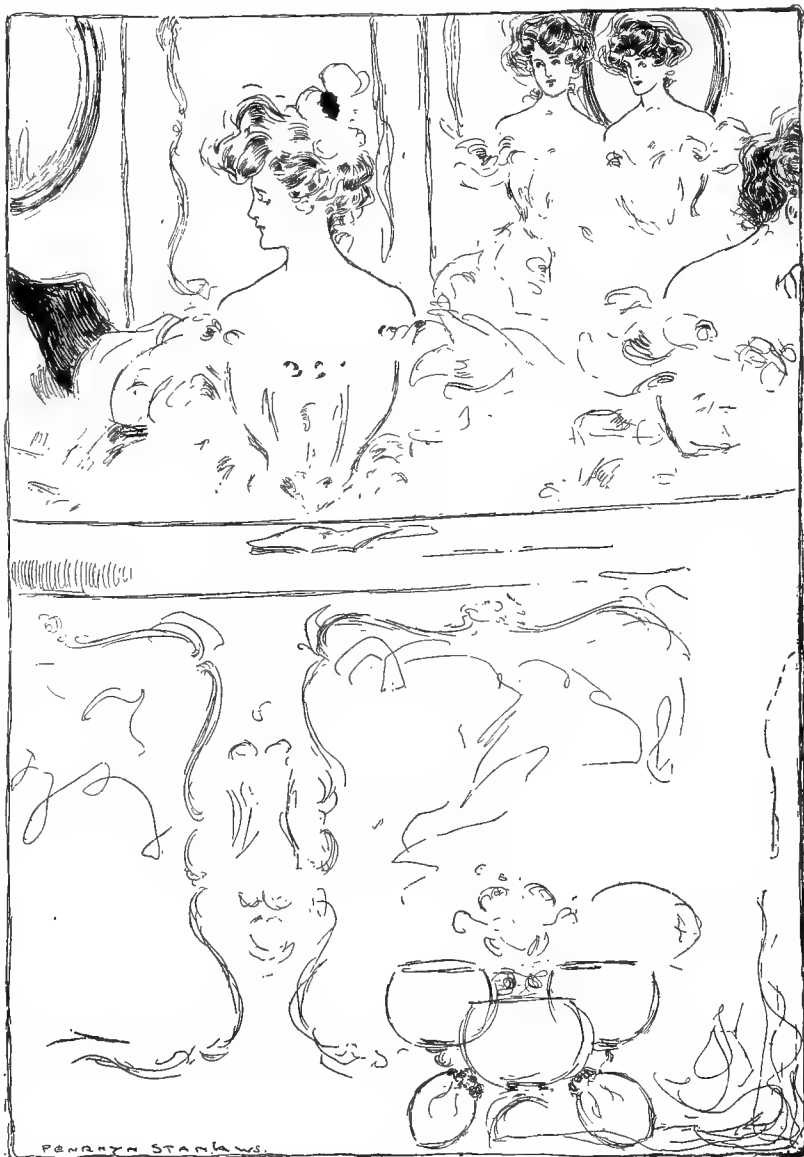
The excitement was contagious, and Dutch Bill became so interested in the prospective encounter that he popped his head out of his straw dormer-window too far and started earthward with the speed and certainty of an avalanche. There was a snow flurry for an instant and Bill landed "ker-plunk" immediately in the rear of Pete, who had his nose to the ground and was regarding peppery Mike with a leering expression. The sudden hobo shower diverted his attention and he whirled about to face the plump visage of Bill, their faces coming to rest within a foot of each other. This rear movement gave Mike a chance and he sprang out of his burrow with the agility of a rabbit chased by a ferret, and disappeared around the stack in a cloud of flying snow. Bill acted on the first impulse that surged to his brain and started across the field with the speed of a vanishing bank president. In an entirely friendly spirit Pete loped along after him, keeping a couple of leaps to the rear. Mike came around the stack on his first circle half ashamed of himself for turning the bear over to Bill for entertainment without so much as asking his leave. When he saw that the two had jumped out of their orbit he followed along to see the finish—followed at a safe distance, it must be said in all truthfulness. Bill certainly was a wild human comet running with the governor belt off. They were heading directly for a peaceful country home

where the blue smoke was lazily floating up from the kitchen flue.

The race had hardly started when another character burst in on the stage. He had been coming up on a cold bear-track and was carrying a chain and muzzle. The commotion attracted his attention and he promptly huddled a fence and joined in the chase. "Stop-a da bear! Stop-a da bear!" he screamed. "You-a steal-a da bear. Ho, Pete-a, hup! hup! hup!"

There was no stopping that race. Bill did not hear and Pete was having too much fun to stop just then. Mike began to see the situation dimly at first and clearly a little later and sprinted forward to close up the distance between him and Pete. Pete's master came on waving his chain and shouting. Bill tumbled over the yard fence with Pete within six feet of him. One more heroic effort and Bill went through the kitchen door with a crash and fell in a heap under the table.

The kitchen maiden, Clarinda Judy Ann, at that instant,



GOT ALL THAT WAS COMING.

"She says she believes only half what she hears."

"Yes; but she hears twice as much as most people."

was stooping over to take a pan of sizzling spare-ribs from the oven. She sprang erect without regard to the destination of the said succulent ribs, and, backing into a corner, fanned before her face with her hands, like a boy fighting off bumble-bees. Speech refused to come to her relief.

Pete came in with more deliberation than Bill, and immediately began nosing the air for the direction of the ribs.

"Och, leddy, goot leddy!" sobbed Bill under the table, pulling his feet up to his chin. "In himmel's name done sometings—quick, schnell. Shoo heim oudt—boison heim—fed heim pounded glasses—done anytings!"

At that instant Pete's master bounded into the yard with a well-defined odor of garlic trailing gently to the rear, and with two leaps was on the back of his wage-earner. With a dexterous twist of the wrist he had Pete's collar on and was pulling him backward out of the kitchen door with a flow of language a congressional stenographer could not hope to catch. With a dark scowl at Mike, who stood at one side, he trotted off the stage into a side lane and disappeared with his pig-killing companion.

The hubbub had brought the entire household to the storm centre armed with various weapons of offense and defense, and clothed in anything that came handy. Mike was quick to see that it required prompt action to extricate himself and Bill from a rather embarrassing predicament. He sprang into the arena with uplifted hands. "Listhen!" he said with solemnity; "yez have before yez a dhangerous loonatic," pointing at the whimpering Bill. "Th' kaper o' th' boog-house sint me an' Tony out wid th' blowd-hound t' thrack him down at th' peril o' our lives. We have captured him, as yez c'n see, afther a har-rd night's wurruk. Yer lives ar' safe now, bless th' thrue scint o' th' dog—a Siberian blowd-hound of grate ra-noun. If we have done yez iny damage or frightened th' handmaid, we ar' sorry indade, but yez c'n thank hiven we came upon him the minute we did."

With that he reached behind the stove, pulled down a towel, then dragged Bill out by the heels, took him by the scruff of the neck, bound his hands with the towel, and departed in the wake of the vanishing Tony and Pete.

When they were safely out of sight of the house Mike observed, "Yez ar' as brave as a shape, Bill."

The Real Complaint.

Customer (trying to get waited on at night lunch-counter)—"Here, boy! the best thing you can do is to go to bed."

Inefficient waiter—"Oh, it don't hurt me to lose sleep."

Customer—"No; I suppose not. But the thing I'm objecting to is that you don't seem to be losing any."

Verbose at That.

"GENTLEMEN," said the new senator from the oil country, "I have not prepared a speech. I do not consider it necessary. I have twenty million dollars."

After a long, long time the hearers assimilated the thought that money talks.



SYMPATHETIC.

CHIMMIE—"See, now, wot I got fer takin' yer advice. De hull gang 'll know Scrappsy blacked me two eyes, got first blood, an'— Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

PATSY—"Fergit it, kid. I'll give it out dat yer wuz outclassed in a gruelin' battle, in w'ich yer showed capacity fer takin' punishment. T'ink uv de glory uv bein' pointed out as a guy wot's as 'game as a pebble'! T'ink uv it!"

The Man, the Cat, the Gun, and the Tank.

WHEN the thermometer stood at thirty degrees below zero the other day, and not a breath of air was stirring, Oscar Wilte of Pinhook tried to shoot a cat that had been giving him a great deal of trouble and discomfort with nightly serenades.

He chased the animal around a while, attempting to get within range, but it was shy and kept out of his way.

At last it ran up into the framework supporting the water-tank and sat there, hissing and spitting at him.

Standing directly beneath the cat, Wilte shot straight up at it, forgetting that the tank was within range.

The bullet missed the cat and pierced the bottom of the tank, and in an instant the water, gushing out, surrounded Wilte with a perfect shower-bath, in a regular arctic temperature.

Instantly his overshoes froze to the stone foundation on which he was standing, and the spray, freezing in the terrible cold as fast as it fell, was slowly changing him into a statue of ice, stiff and immovable as stone.

At this point the little son of Mr. Wilte, who had seen the entire affair, ran for assistance, and the north-pole statue was hurriedly lugged into the kitchen, where it soon melted down to its human original.

LE SUEUR LYRE.

WATCH—for there's always a woman in the case.



ALL IMPROVEMENTS.

Mrs. UPPERTEN—"Has your new house all the modern improvements?"
Mrs. FAWLTYRICH—"Lud, yes! We've got an automobile garbage in the rear and eclectic lights in every room."

He Got the Ham

"THAT reminds me," said the St. Louis traveling man, referring to the yarn just told by the Baltimore drummer, "of a story I heard when I was selling small towns in southern Missouri. I take it to be whole good because it was told to me by a preacher who, along about 1870, spent several years doing missionary work in the sparsely-settled sections of Arkansas. The preacher got the story from the man who figured up on the loss side of the incident.

"The man, a rough backwoodsman of the hills of northern Arkansas, was so fortunate one autumn as to find himself the possessor of a large fat hog. When he killed it a sense of thankfulness prompted him to put away a whole ham for Christmas. His orders to his 'old woman,' as he called her, were that the ham should not be touched until Christmas morning, when they would all have a merry feast.

"One day, in the latter part of November, the man and his wife and seven younger children went out for the day to gather nuts, leaving their oldest offspring, a girl about sixteen, to watch the house.

"Shortly after noon a stranger came up to the rail fence in front of the cabin and called 'Hello!'

"My good girl,' he said when she came to the door, 'can you give a hungry traveler a bite to eat?'"

"I'm reel sorry fer you'uns,' replied the girl, 'but we'uns hain't got nothin' ter eat in the house 'ceptin' a ham, an' we'uns is savin' that.'

"The hungry traveler thought a moment; then asked,

"What are you saving the ham for?'"

"We'uns is savin' it fer Crismus,' answered the girl.

"The hungry traveler reflected some more.

"Why,' he said, snapping his thumb and finger, 'I'm mighty glad you told me that. Don't you know me? I'm Christmas!'"

"Are you'uns Crismus?' she exclaimed in amazement. 'Skuse me; I didn't reckonize ye. Jes' wait a minnit.'

"She disappeared in the house, from which she emerged in a few minutes with a bundle tied up in brown paper. Approaching the stranger with shy and obedient deference, she said,

"Here's yer ham, Mister Crismus.'" J. RAVENSCROFT.

Lack of Proof.

MARK TWAIN, during one of his lecture-tours, was waiting at a station for a delayed train. The lecture committee and several townsmen were with him, and they were talking their best to pass the time away. One man told about a frightfully unhealthy town he had read about, and it was a grewsome tale of dying and burials and that sort.

"It might have been worse," Twain followed in his slow and direct manner. "I lived in that same town for two years and I never died once. Not a single time." Either the way he said it, or something, seemed to daze the crowd, and not a man said a word in response. "Of course you may think I'm lying," the humorist continued, "and I'm sorry, for I can't get any witnesses to testify that I didn't, because everybody else that lived there is dead."

After which statement it began to dawn upon them.

By Troy Weight.

"TELL you," said the stranger, "the coal problem has grown to be a very serious one in our town."

"It is everywhere," said the native.

"I know; but in our town you can't get an ounce of it unless you have a prescription."

Limited Clairvoyance.

Miss Passey—"A fortune-teller has told me where I shall find my future husband."

Mrs. Situplate—"Goodness! give me her address at once. Perhaps she could tell me where my present one is."



OH, MY!

"Hello, Dobbs! Why so pensive?"

"Oh, I know that my landscapes are good, and here the art committee has skied me again. Jealousy, that's all."

"Well, you're a sort of a landscapegoat."

A Lenten Reconsideration.

NOTICED an amusing incident on a street-car the other day. A pretty girl was seated next to me, when we came to a halt and a friend of hers boarded the car. There were no empty seats, and I immediately gave her mine. After thanking me effusively, the girls were soon in an animated conversation. Suddenly the newcomer opened a small box and, passing it to her friend, she said,

"Do have a few, Ruth! They're just dandy."

The pretty girl viewed the tempting chocolates displayed with pleasure and replied,

"Oh, thanks, Vi, dear! You know I dearly love candy." She chose a delicious morsel of the confectioner's art, and was about to close her lips on it, when she started and gasped, "Oh, you know I have given up candy during Lent, Vi!"

"Nonsense!" responded "Vi" briskly. "You're awfully foolish to miss such lovely



REVERSED AXIOM.

MRS. PORKER (to Mr. P., returning from the club at two a. m.)—"There you are—behaving like a human being again!"

bon-bons." And she closed the box, changing the conversation.

However, the pretty girl addressed as Ruth was very much absorbed in thoughts of her own, for her replies to her friend were very absently given. Suddenly her face lightened and she whispered eagerly, "Vi, dear, I have decided to change it to pie!"

I might add that "Vi's" box was considerably lighter when she left the car.

A Back-handed Compliment.

CINDERELLA had just put on the crystal slipper. "Do you think it makes my foot look smaller?" she asked with charming naïveté.

"Perhaps," replied the prince; "but I can see right through it."

Disconcerted by this back-handed compliment, the poor girl blushed; but as colonial buckles and open-work stockings had not yet arrived she had to be content with her undeceptive foot-gear.

Small boy—"Say, Chimmie, gimme a bite uv dat apple, will yer?"

Big boy—"Sorry, Chauncey; but if I should begin ter be charitable folks would say I wuz crooked. I've got ter look out fer me own reptation, yer know."



EVEN IN THOSE DAYS.

"They 's a schooner on our weather-bow, capt'in'."

"Wot 's her name?"

"De mate makes her out de Slowpoke."

"Gwan wid de game, boys; she hails from Philadelphia."



LOVE WORKS WONDERS, YOU KNOW.

MISS ELEPHANT (*cooly*)—"I am afraid you are a terrible flirt, Mr. Monk."

MR. MONK—"I declare on my honor that there is still room for you in my heart, Miss Elephant."

Curse of Poverty.

ENTERING his home, the husband is dismayed to find his loving wife in tears.

"Why, what can be the occasion of your grief?" he gently inquires.

"Oh, it is our poverty!" she replies between her sobs.

"Alas! my darling, I know we are poor, but I am striving and struggling every day, and some time I trust to have acquired a competence sufficient to place us above want."

"I know you are working hard, but it is terrible to be twitted about our destitution."

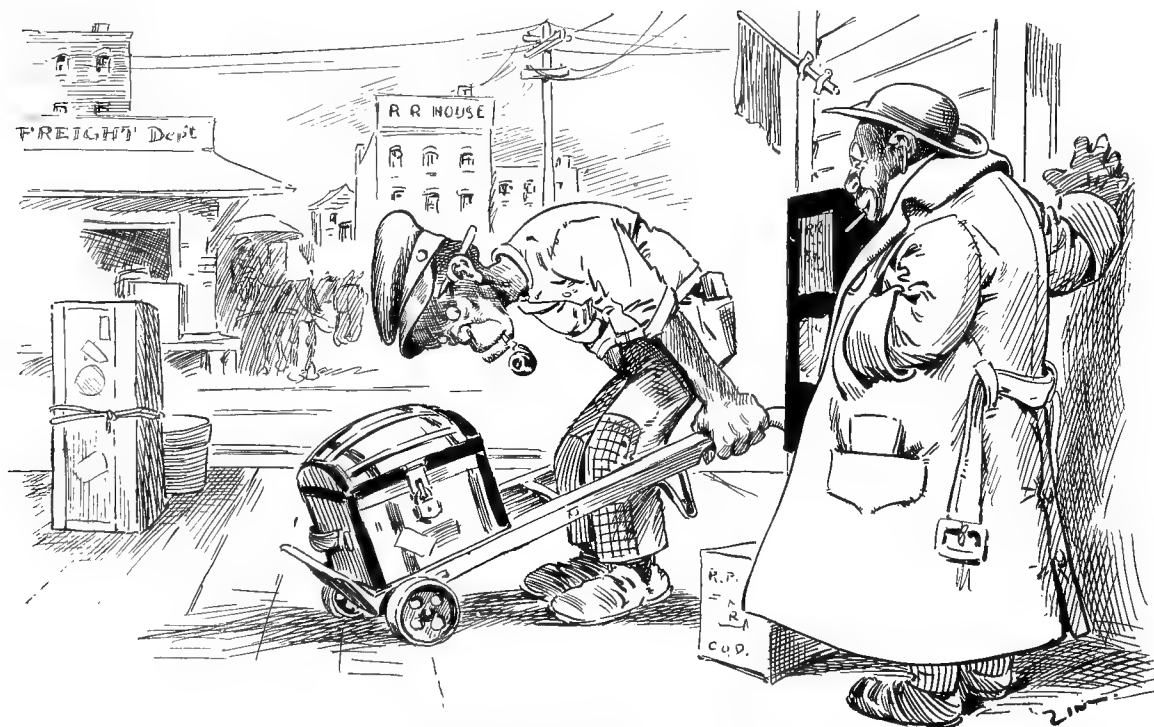
"Who has been twitting you? I will"—

"That mean Mrs. Dekreigh."

"Humph! That divorcee! I shouldn't pay any at"—

"But she flings it in my face that you are too poor to afford to pay me alimony if we should be divorced."

Groaning in spirit because he realizes the blighting truth, the poor husband buries his face in his hands and thinks anarchistic thoughts.



EVIDENCE IS PERFECTLY PLAIN.

SPORT JACKSON—"Hello, dere, Mistah Niggah! Am yo' matrimonied yet?"

MISTAH NIGGAH—"Huh! Now, ain' dat a fool question? Say, do I look lak I wuz fishin' er workin'?"



THE BOY IN THE FLAT BELOW.

YOUNG FATHER—"What do you suppose my little boy did yesterday?"
BACHELOR (*who lives in the flat above*)—"I really can't stop to listen now, old chap, unless—er—(hopefully)—it wasn't anything they could hang him for, was it?"

Why the Colonel Was Late



COLONEL NICKER—which isn't his name—is a New Yorker, but before that he is a real American; at least in his tastes, or some of them. He lives somewhere up in the Eighties, and his name is in the directory. He returned to the city recently with his wife and daughter after a residence abroad of some three years or more. He was over there on business and didn't have time to get back to his native heath during the entire period.

Two or three days after the family had become settled in their home he announced that he would go down and take a look at the new big buildings and other improvements which had been made during his absence. He was told that he must be back by one o'clock, when lunch would be ready. He promised, of course. What family man doesn't?

At one o'clock the colonel had not appeared. The family wondered why. One or two friends who had dropped in informally had been invited to stay to lunch and they also wondered. They wanted to see the colonel because he is the kind of man most people like to see. Everybody waited till half-past one, and still no colonel.

At two they concluded that he had met some friends down town and would not be back. They were disappointed all around, but not enough to injure their appetites. They ate their lunch without the colonel. About half-past two or a little later the colonel came in. The friends were just going, but they stopped a while to see him. The family also wanted to see him. They wanted to know why in thunder, or words to that effect, he had kept lunch waiting and hadn't come back until it was over.

The colonel began to rub his head and look sheepish. It wasn't a guilty look, but it indicated that he had been led astray in some way. He acted a good deal like a school-boy caught whispering during study hours. He hesitated. He was the only man present and had nobody to fall back upon. All the women combined their curiosity, and the colonel could not bust the trust. It was perfectly right and proper and legal, and could withstand all his effort. Finally he confessed.

"Well, you see," he said, shame-facedly, and yet with apparent pride, "I've been over yonder on the other side, where they don't know any more what pie is than a pagan knows what piety is. Many and many a time I got homesick and hungry for pie, but never a pie responded. Pie was beyond the power of the effete cooks of Europe. Naturally I had to get used to doing without it and I did. I am ashamed to say that for the last year or so I have not thought of pie. But to-day, as I was wandering around looking at the wonderful progress of this great city, and admiring its tremendous architecture and its magnificent mechanical marvels, I came across a window of a shop filled with pumpkin pies—all pumpkin. Instantly I forgot

everything else and my whole being became absorbed in those pies. The past rose before me like a dream, and I'm sure if I hadn't had the price I would have broken in and stolen one. But I had the price and I went in and called for pumpkin pie. Heaven knows how much I ate, but I thought I could eat no more, and at last went away. The three years I had spent abroad seemed like a nightmare. I walked along happy and glad to be once more in the land of pie. Suddenly I came upon another window. There were all kinds of pies there, with mince in the lead. Is there anything better than hot mince pie on a sharp day in the late autumn? There is not. I went into that shop and called for mince pie. I ate mince pie. If I had had any pumpkin pie I was not aware of it. After a time I went out again. I went some distance, I fancy, and some time must have elapsed, because when I saw another window full of the finest apple pies—and I do like apple pie, ever since I was a boy—I went in there as I had gone into the other places. Ladies (and the colonel bowed impressively to his listeners), the poet says woman is heaven's best gift to man, and possibly she is, but apple pie, good apple pie, is a mighty close second. When I emerged from this paradise of pie I began to feel that I had my limitations. It also occurred to me that I had said something about getting home to lunch at one o'clock, and I consulted my watch. I had taken no note of time. The lunch hour had gone an hour before, and in order to make peace with my family I took a car and hurried home. Perhaps if I had walked by another pie-shop I would be absent yet. I do not know, but, really, after three years of abstention, you must pardon this small relaxation."

The colonel was pardoned, of course, for who could withhold forgiveness under the circumstances? But nature was not so kind, and the colonel didn't get his digestion works into good running order again for three weeks. He is more temperate now, and never eats more than one kind of pie in one day, and not too much of that.

W. J. LAMPTON.

A John Bull and an Irish Bull.

A NOTICE at a small depot near Manchester reads: "Passengers are requested to cross over the railway by the subway."

This reminds us of the oft-quoted notice put up at the ford of an Irish river:

"When this board is under water the river is unpassable."

In Boston.

Mrs. Absententious—"Has the baby progressed in the art of articulation?"

Mrs. Browningbeans—"Quite appreciably. Yesterday he asseverated, 'Far be it from me to seem peevish or argumentative, but the evidence of both my olfactory and gustatory senses seem to indicate that the lactated food contained in this receptacle has reached an unpalatable and unwholesome stage of fermentation.'"



To a Flirt.

An acrostic.

YOU, of all maidens, are fair-
est.

Oh, pity me !

Unhappy my lot, my rarest,
All on account of thee.

Royalty hath not thy graces,
Each but a thorn to me ;
Angels could change faces
Fortunately with thee.

Love comes at looking
In thy bright eyes,
Radiant as God's candles
Twinkling in night's skies.

EVERETT MC NEIL.

Had Noah Guessing.

THE two grizzly bears had
just boarded the ark.

"Whose chauffeurs are
they ?" asked Noah.

CROMWELL, highly elated,
exclaimed, "They have
called me 'the uncrowned
king' !"

"But what good does that
do you ?" asked his counselors.

"It places me on a par with
the janitor," said the happy
Oliver.

Forthwith he proceeded to
act the part in the house of
parliament by throwing out
half the members.

Still Willing.

"**Y**OU have changed," sighs the fond wife, while the brutal husband continues to read his paper. "No more do you care to exhibit the little signs of affection in which you once seemed to take delight. Why, I can recall when you persuaded me to have my tooth pulled by promising that you would come to the dentist's with me and hold my hand for me while the tooth was extracted. But now all is different."

She gazes moodily into the fire. Stung by her remarks, the brutal husband mutters to his paper,

"You're utterly mistaken. I'd be glad to hold your hand now if you were having a tooth pulled."

For the Wake.

PAT was nearing the end of all earthly things. He had been sick a long time, and the doctor had advised him that he had but a short time to live.

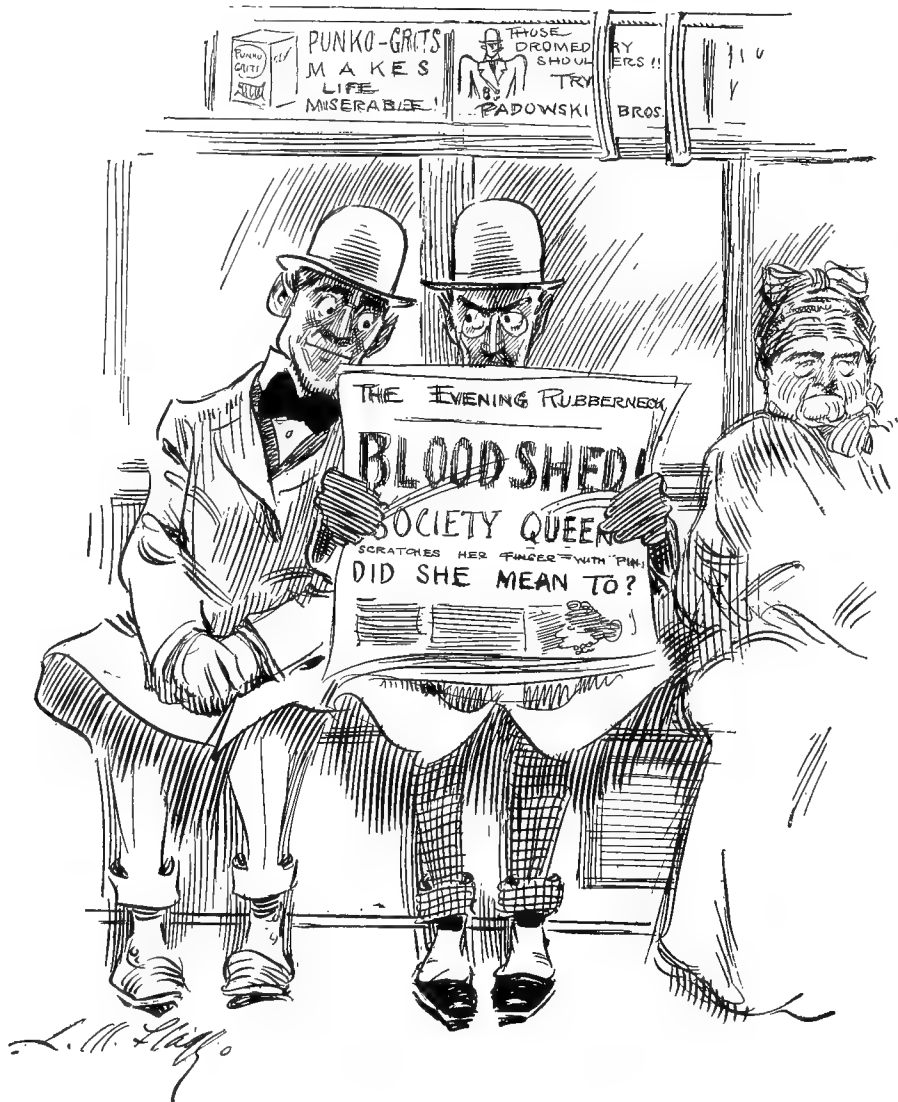
As he lay stretched upon his bed a savory smell was wafted to his nostrils, and, sniffing feebly, he called to his wife,

"Oi say, Bridget ; phat is thot Oi shmell ?"

"Carn bafe an' cabbage, Patsy ; carn bafe an' cabbage."

"Plase let me hov a bit av it, Bridget, darlin'. Oi've only a short toime t' live now, an' a little av th' carn bafe an' cabbage won't make anny difference."

"Hush, Patsy !" warned Bridget as she stood by her husband's bedside. "Thot's fer th' wake."



OUR DAILY TROUBLES—THE ECONOMIST.

Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of

By W. W. Battles



HERE may be a few grains of sense in the material other people put into their dreams, but the stuff that goes into mine is usually of the most absurd and grotesque character. As witness the following :

I dreamed that a party of three ladies and one gentleman besides myself were about to attend an organ recital. The tickets were five dollars apiece, but the price cut no figure. In waking hours a ten-cent vaudeville is about my limit, yet in this dream I shelled out the fives like so many pease and thought nothing of it. I was doing the honors, and twenty-five dollars was the price. This entitled us to five seats and two dogs. The other gentleman volunteered to engineer the dogs. They were rather small, fluffy dogs, and he held them up by the nape of the neck, both in one hand. It was a full hand.

Then we went inside to get our seats. The building was a long, narrow one, and there were no aisles. We started at the top row of seats and walked over every successive tier till we arrived at the bottom. All the seats were elegantly upholstered, so the walking was good. As we were the first ones there, we took the last seats, to be near the recital. Even then we were a long way off. In coming down from the top we had emerged into the open country. There was a narrow field of burnt stubble near the bottom row, and just beyond that a cabbage patch.

I then perceived that we might have economized time and annihilated some space if we had gone around by the county road to reach our seats, and I told my male companion that we would go home by the short cut. It just then occurred to me that this gentleman was my grandfather, though he was several years younger than myself. The identity of the ladies was much more shadowy, though they were by no means shadowy themselves. They filled four of the five seats to overflowing, while grandfather and I were crowded into one.

We were very early and had lots of time on our hands. The two dogs improved it by growing rapidly, and they now gamboled over the burnt district in a manner very pleasing to behold, kicking up a dust that did our souls and our best clothes a world of good.

It must have been a matinée recital, for the sun was beaming on the landscape, and seemed to be waiting with us for the show to begin. And while we waited, the dogs grew. They had now attained the size of yearling calves, and began to eat the cabbages. One of the three ladies remarked that it was a pity to destroy such a nice cabbage patch, and wanted my grandfather to call off his dogs, but I told her that we had paid for five people and two pups, and it was only fair that somebody should get his money's worth. This caused the people behind us to hiss and to call on the usher to put us out. But I told the usher we were out, as he could see for himself.

Now, if that usher had not been a dream usher he

would have laughed at my joke, but, being a dream usher, he shed tears, and my grandfather called him a gusher, causing the people behind us to shed tears also, which goes to show that jokes run in our family.

Then we all looked at the little cottage beyond the cabbage patch, for we thought we heard a rumbling sound therein. The organ seemed to be reciting something or other, but we couldn't tell what. Part of the time it sounded like the bray of a donkey, and my grandfather wondered if it was a Democratic organ. This remark went straight home to the three ladies, who were all Roosevelt Republicans, and believed in race suicide, and they, too, wept copiously.

In my waking hours, the sight of so much misery would have made me profoundly unhappy, but in my dream it gave me the keenest delight. In order to prolong this delight, I tried to match my grandfather in turning out jokes, and the result was so mournful that even the dogs began to howl. I don't know what the final outcome would have been if a little man had not just then appeared at the door of the small cottage and piped to us in a voice two octaves above C natural. Then we felt sure it was to be a pipe-organ recital, but we were soon disappointed, for the man said the organ couldn't recite that day, inasmuch as all the pipes had struck and gone off in a body to attend a "smoker" given by the musicians' union. This was such a relief to us that we all went home quite happy; and I even woke from my dream without once asking for my money back.

Little Bo-Peep.

LITTLE Bo-Peep had twenty sheep,
But didn't know where to feed them.
So one sad day along Broadway
And Wall street she did lead them.
Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep
And dreamed she heard them bleating.
She then awoke. It was no joke—
Their fleeces all were fleeting.
Great was her fear. There did appear
A bunch mad to devour 'em.
Fierce bulls and bears rushed out in pairs
To pick their bones and scour 'em.
With one quick look she found a crook
(For there they're good and plenty),
And at his side Miss Bo-Peep tried
To gather back the twenty.
With happy grin she pulled them in,
Pleased when at all she'd find 'em,
But had to weep, for all her sheep
Had left their wool behind 'em.

LURANA W. SHELTON.

Qualified.

" I SEE Jones is writing 'The True Story of Panama.' "
" Has he been there ? "
" No ; he wore one last summer. "

Swearing a Fence Round a Graveyard.

MANY years ago a western paper described a plan of "swearing a fence round a graveyard" as follows:

"Our suggestion is that there be organized in this place an Oak Grove Cursing Association, for the purpose of raising funds for some useful object. The power of profanity which runs to waste in the streets is enormous. Let every member of the association, whenever he

utters an oath, be obliged to give a paling, and whenever he curses let him contribute a rail to make a fence around the graveyard. We are well aware that the Bible forbids to render "railing for railing," but we are sure it has no application to such cases as the present. We do not know the amount of work requisite to inclose our cemetery, but it is amply within the means of the proposed association. There were sixty-one votes polled at the late election; some few of the voters of the village do not swear, but there are usually a number of accomplished swearers in town not yet entitled to vote, and many of our boys can hold a hand with their seniors.

"All things considered, we think the income of the association might be estimated at half a dozen palings a day from fifty regular contributors, which would pale fifty yards a day. A few court days would supply all the rails, and the Sunday cursing could be set apart for posts. The little boys might find the nails; and after the paling was completed the villagers who affect such phrases as 'Darn my skin!' 'By the Great Mogul!' etc., could whitewash it."

LONNE W. STEVENS.



NO MORE TO SPARE.

THE DOG HIGHWAYMAN—"Your money or your life!"

THE CAT—"Well, as I have had eight lives shot away already, I suppose I will have to accommodate you with the money."

Marital Mathematics.

ONE and one makes two
Until one is won;
After that, they say,
One and one is one.

But when one thinks one
Is the worst half, then
Judges soon decree
They are two again.

Bachelor's Bitters.

THE road to a girl's
heart is paved with
dollars—and regrets.

Single blessedness is
better than doubled
misery.

The only happy married
man is a widower.

The words happiness
and marriage are more
often antonyms than
synonyms.

Heaven pity the man
who marries a woman
who marries him to have
some one to keep her!



AT THE INTELLIGENCE BUREAU.



POSITIVE.

MAGGIE—"Chimmie, is youse sure de ice will hold?"

CHIMMIE—"Aw, gwan! Uv course it will. Wuzn't I on it last year?"

Wished His Milkman Kept a Cow.

A LOT of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm, near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow.

"How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished.

"Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added, after a thoughtful pause, "I wisht our milkman kept a cow."

ALFRED L. SIEGEL.

He Was on a Brainless Job.

A BENEVOLENT person watched a workman laboriously windlassing rock from a shaft while a broiling sun was beating down on his bared head.

"My dear man," observed the onlooker, "are you not afraid that your brain will be affected in the hot sun?"

The laborer contemplated him for a moment and then replied,

"Do you think a man with any brains would be working at this kind of a job?"

LEWIS HOLZBERG.

Capable of Doing It.

GOLDBRICK—"Your daughter has consented to become my bride, and I have laid my fortune at her feet."

Spendfast—"Oh, well, that will give her an excellent chance to run through it."

Donkeyishness.

THERE once was an arrogant donkey,
Who said, "I'd climb trees like a monkey
And startle the world,
If my tail would stay corld
And I wasn't so dreadfully chonkey."

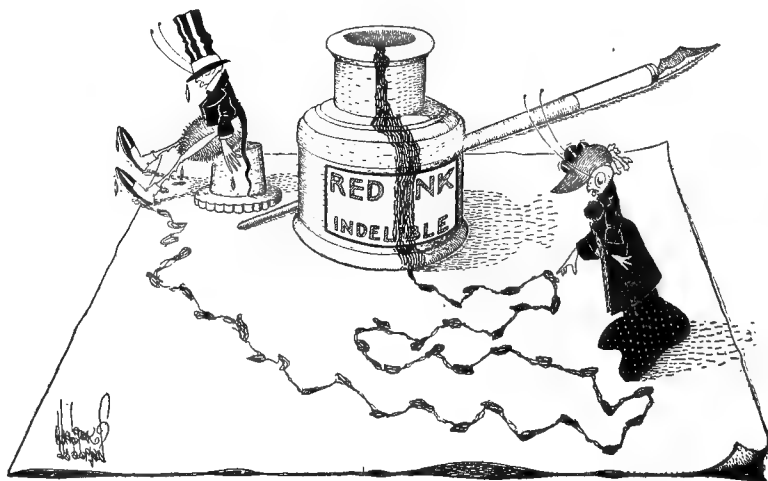
Pat's Clock Lost Its Engineer.

A N OLD Irishman, rising about five o'clock every morning, bought an alarm-clock. The clock was all right for a few days and then one morning failed to ring. Pat took the clock to a jeweler and wanted to know what was the matter. The jeweler opened the clock, and as he took the back out of it a dead cockroach fell out. Pat looked at the roach and said,

"No wonder the clock stopped; the engineer is dead."

FRED. V. BACHLER.

O N A wager of fifty dollars fat man bets he can gain ten pounds in ten days. After four days of special feeding he finds he has lost one pound! And yet some think all is brightness and joy in the great city.



BAD.

MRS. BUGG—"My husband always was a very poor writer, but this letter is the worst scrawl he ever left for me."



W. H. Thompson.

A JUSTIFIABLE SUSPICION.

HENRIETTA WHITEWASH—"I suttinly am 'spicious ob Ferdinand. Eh'ry lettah he writes me he swears ter be eternally true an' axes me ter hasten de weddin', as he am jinn' away wif love."
MRS. WHITEWASH—"Wa-al, I don't see nuffin' 'spicious 'bout dat."
HENRIETTA WHITEWASH—"Oh, it ain't dat. But he always adds a postscripture—"P. s.—Burn dis lettah."



A WOOPER'S DANGER.

MR. COON—"By gum! I'd hate to have that Miss Porcupine swoon in my arms."

Johnnie Writes a Wonderful Tale.

THE following was the motto given to the composition class, "Virtue is its own reward." Johnnie Poole tried his hand at it and produced this remarkable tale:

"Once upon a time a poor young man was very much in love with the daughter of a rich candy lady. He wanted very much to marry this rich candy lady's daughter, but the rich candy lady said,

"'No; you cannot marry my daughter because you have no money!'"

"The poor young man felt very badly and left the rich candy lady's house. As he walked down the street he thought he would go into a saloon and take a drink. He walked into the saloon, but said,

"'No; get thee behind me, Satan,' and he walked out. As he walked out of the saloon he found a purse with a million dollars in it. Then he went to the rich candy lady and told her about finding the purse with a million dollars in it, and asked if he could marry her daughter. The rich candy lady said,

"'Yes; you can now marry my daughter.'

"They had a very grand wedding, and the next day they had twins.

H. L. ROSS, M. D.

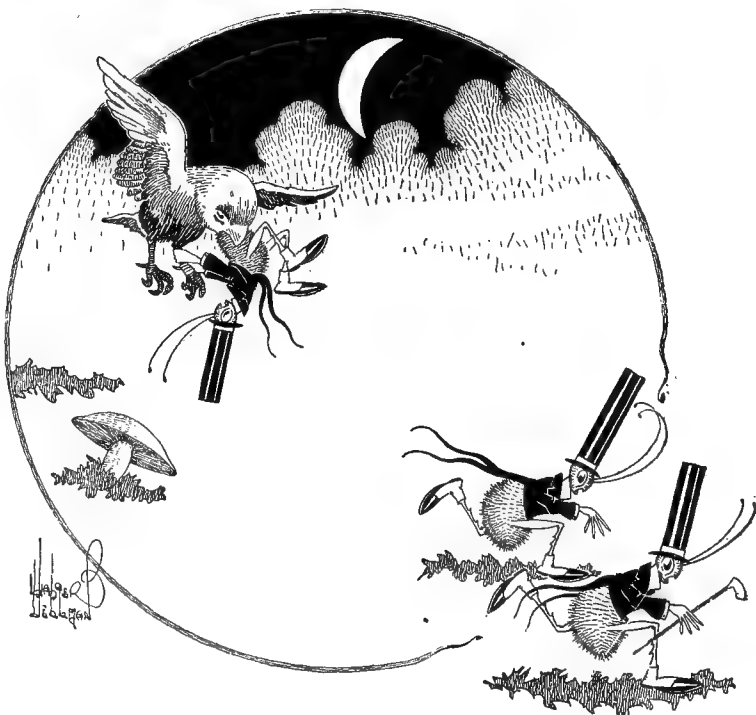
Why?

WHY waste my grand, poetic strength
In writing seven-stanza thrillers
When they *buy* poems just this length
As "fillers"?

No Wonder.

"ELSIE DAVIS is the best pianiste in our smart set. Her pedaling is simply marvelous."

Yes; but I think it a pity for her to pedal so conspicuously well. It may remind some people that her grandfather was a peddler."



AN AXIOM GONE WRONG.

MR. BUGGE—"By Jove! I'd just like to meet the fellow who invented the phrase, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

Lucy's Quiet Little Affair

By S. E. Kiser



ET me see," mused Lucy Flemming, after she had for the eighth time warned her husband not to forget the yard and a half of pink ribbon, "what can I do for somebody this Christmas that nobody else is likely to think of? Uncle John wouldn't want anything but handkerchiefs—he says he can always depend upon

my taste as far as it applies to handkerchiefs—and Aunt Hattie will expect a book; but I want to do something this year to bring happiness to somebody who wouldn't have that happiness if I were not here. Of course I shall subscribe to the fund for the newsboys' dinner, and give something to the Salvation Army people, but that will not be enough. There are so many others who can do that."

She sat for a long time and thought about it. At last the idea came to her as if somebody had spoken it aloud. She got up with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks and rushed for her hat and wraps. Christmas was only a week away, and there was no time to lose. An hour later she was sitting in Mrs. Wyman's flat, saying,

"Now, there's no use talking; you simply must come. I'm not going to take no for an answer. I don't intend to have anything elaborate or to invite in a lot of other people. It's to be just a quiet little affair, and I know you'll enjoy it."

Mrs. Wyman and her husband had parted because of a foolish quarrel, and for six months their friends had been gossiping about them. Little stories had been magnified as they were passed from lip to lip, and the result was that what had at first been a matter of small consequence had become a shocking scandal. Being of a sensitive nature, Margaret Wyman hid herself from people who knew her, and was as miserable as possible. After much urging, she consented to eat her Christmas dinner with the Flemmings, and, having secured her promise, Lucy hurried away in triumph. Later in the day she found Henry Wyman in his office and impetuously pounced upon him.

"Don't tell me," she said, "that you're going to be out of town, or that you have some other engagement, for I sha'n't let you off. You simply must come. It's going to be just a quiet little affair, and I've set my heart on having you with us."

"It's very kind of you to invite me," he answered; "when is it to be?"

"When? Why, on Christmas. When else should it be?"

"I'm terribly sorry, and I appreciate your kindness"—

"I knew you were going to say that, but you're coming."

"There is nothing that would give me more pleasure, but I"—

"Yes, you can. Don't you dare to look me in the face and say you can't!"

As she was leaving she turned to say, very sweetly,

"And I want you to be there at twelve o'clock sharp."

After reaching home she sat down at the piano and, accompanying herself, began to sing. She had a sweet, well-trained voice, and when Arthur Flemming came in, a little before dinner-time, he forgot, as he heard her singing a song with which she had often charmed him before their marriage, that certain things had gone wrong during the day and that he had been busy for half an hour consigning certain persons to the bottomless pit.

Daily, after that, Lucy Flemming practiced singing the old, sweet songs that everybody knows and that will always have power to please. On the day before Christmas a big, beautiful screen was delivered at the Flemming home, and was set in the parlor so that it almost divided the room into two separate apartments. When Arthur saw it the faintest trace of a shadow crossed his face, but it was quickly followed by a smile.

"Her Christmas present to me," he said to himself. "Oh, well, she might have bought me a bracelet or something like that. I'll get even by going out this evening and getting her a box of good cigars."

* * * * *

The oldest inhabitants had never known a colder Christmas than that one was. The people in the streets hurried along with their shoulders drawn up and their heads sunk as far down into their collars as possible. The frost was thick on the windows.

"Br-r-r!" said Lucy Flemming, as she looked out, "I'm glad I shall not have to go anywhere to-day."

Then she sat down at the piano, and was running her fingers over the keys, when her husband entered with a small box, which, he informed her, contained her Christmas present.

"Oh, Arthur!" she exclaimed, when she found that it was a box of cigars, "it was so nice of you to think of these. Do you suppose they are the kind Henry Wyman likes?"

"Henry Wyman? Why should it make any difference whether they are the kind he likes or not?"

"We ought to have him in to dinner before long. He must be so lonely."

"It's his own fault if he is. If he were not a headstrong fool he'd go and ask his wife to forgive him, and they'd live as sensible people ought to live."

"Yes, I know. Would you come and ask me to forgive you if we had drifted apart, dear?"

"Well, you couldn't expect me to do it if you had been to blame—but what's the use worrying about it before it happens?"

At twelve o'clock Henry Wyman arrived, Arthur having in the meantime been sent out on a present-distributing expedition, which was expected to keep him away from home for two or three hours. After having been cordially welcomed and entertained in the library for a few minutes, the visitor was conducted to the parlor and, without being

permitted to realize what was happening, caged in behind the big screen.

Lucy was playing a selection from Schubert when Mrs. Wyman arrived, to the surprise and consternation of her husband, who promptly moved his chair a little farther back of the screen, so that he might not be seen from the hall. It was a part of Lucy's plan to have her guest take off her wraps where she could not help seeing her husband if he attempted to escape. After the hostess had effusively commented upon the beauty of her friend's clothes and complimented her upon the excellence of her appearance, the two women entered the parlor.

"Sit down, dear," said Lucy. "How do you like my new screen? Do you know what I've been thinking all the morning? I've been thinking that there's nothing in the world that I would rather do to-day than to get you and Henry to be sensible and make up. It's so foolish of you"——

"Please don't say anything more about that. I couldn't forgive him if we both lived to be a thousand years old."

"Pshaw! You know you're only letting your pride stand in the way of a reconciliation. This is the first Christmas since your marriage that you and he have spent apart, isn't it? Think of the"——

"If I had known that you were going to bring up this subject I wouldn't have come. Won't you please play or sing something?"

As Lucy went to the piano she cast an anxious look at

Henry Wyman, who sat back of the screen, almost ready to explode with rage. She trembled with fear as she seated herself at the instrument, and there was a pathetic quaver in her voice as she began to sing "Annie Laurie." She soon regained her self-possession, however, and never before had she sung the song better than she sang it then. As the strains died away she glanced around to see how her guests had taken it. There was moisture in Margaret Wyman's eyes, and her husband's angry look had given way to one of almost boyish gentleness. A moment later the singer began, "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell," and having finished that, she went on with "Home, Sweet Home." By turning she could see on either side of the screen, and, all her doubts gone, she sang with a feeling and an expression that she had never supposed herself capable of. Tears rolled down Margaret Wyman's cheeks, while the man of whose presence she was unaware sat with his head bowed and nervously clasped and unclasped his hands. Having finished the song, Lucy rose, pushed the screen aside, and then, without looking at either of her guests, returned to the piano and began to sing "Auld Lang Syne."

When Arthur returned she met him at the door and, throwing her arms around his neck, said,

"I am so glad you're back, dear. 'Sh-sh! Don't look into the parlor. Come into the library and I'll tell you all about it. Isn't it glorious to be living on Christmas day?"

Si Perkins's Final Thanksgiving

TO HANKER after somethin' else when you've got enough is vitiatin' an' demoralizin', if not worse," said the man from the occident.

The eastern man, who felt that it was impossible to get enough, agreed with him.

"The regretted demise of Si Perkins is a case in p'int," the western man continued. "Si come to Chinese Camp 'long in the early 'fifties an' started to sellin' household necessities, an' as the lick he give out was good, he did well. But no matter how well he did, he frequently used to sigh an' say, 'I allers have one great unfulfilled want, an' that's a piece of pie like my mother used to make on Thanksgivin' day.'"

"Firs' he used to git Mis' Perkins to try her han' at makin' that kind of pie every Thanksgivin', but fin'ly he said, 'Tain't no use, Ell'n; you mean well an' your intentions is honor'ble, but you can't do it.'"

• "Si kept on prosperin' an' after a while he employed a cook, an' every Thanksgivin' day he'd set her to work tryin' to make a mince pie like his mother did, but she couldn't 'complish it more'n Mis' Perkins could; so Si give that up.

"Well, his riches kept 'cumulatin' an' at las' he hired a chef, but 'twas hard to tell whether the chef owned Si or Si owned the chef. Then he leaned back in his office chair an' said, 'At las' I will have pie like my mother made!'—an' he heaved a deep sigh of peace. Then he looked up the chef an' says to him, 'Thanksgivin' is com-

in' on, an' I want some mince pie like mother used to make.'

"'How'd she make it?' says the chef.

"'Well, there was meat an' some cabbage, an' some other things that I didn't 'zactly 'dentify.'

"The dinner that day was dished up in style. Fin'ly the chef sent it in. When Si took the firs' bite he jus' rolled his eyes up to the ceilin' an' says, 'At las'! My appetite ain't quite the same as it was, but it's all right'—an' his smile got peacefuller, an' he et each bite 'zif it was ambrosier.

"After he'd finished two pieces he sent for the chef an' says to him, lookin' very grateful, 'I want to congratulate you. The pie was li—like'——

"Them was Si Perkins's las' words, for he dropped back an' never breathed agin. The crowner's jury returned this verdict: 'Died from gittin' what he wanted. His constitution had changed.'

"That's why I say that hankerin' after somethin' when you've got enough is vitiatin' an' demoralizin'. Poor Si!"

And again the eastern man agreed with him.

A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Therapeutical Finance.

"YES," says the broker, who is telling of his latest exploit, "I was long on apples, and don't mind telling you that I was pretty well cramped. But I took a little flier in paregoric and that put me on my feet in a jiffy."



WHERE DID THEY GET IT?

MIKE—"Th' rich live by robbin' th' poor."
PAT—"Yis; 'tis a mystery phtwere th' poor git all th' money they are robbed of."

Where Brook and River Meet

By J. W. Foley



THE LATE boarder entered and brushed his plate vigorously with a red napkin while awaiting the coming of the waiting-maid. She entered and stood behind his chair expectantly.

"I'm awful sorry," she murmured tragically, "but there are no more prune sauce."

"Don't apologize for the prunes," he said; "they need no apology. You are a new girl, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, wetting a lock of hair and twisting it back over her ear; "I just came to-day. How did you know it, sir?"

"If you had not been new you would not have apologized for the prunes," he answered.

"Beefsteak and corn-meal mush is the call, sir," she ventured.

"You may bring me the grand double bill," he responded a little wearily.

"The what?" she asked.

"The grand double bill," he repeated, waving his hands idly in the air; "the joint attraction—the two big shows in one—the corn-meal mush and steak."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and tripped out into the kitchen.

She returned with four or five little platters and set them in a half circle about his plate.

"There seems to be a spot on this platter," he said, indicating one of them.

She eyed it curiously. "Oh, that is the steak!" she exclaimed. Then she smiled a little. He must have been joking.

"Don't go," he said, seeing her disposed to leave the room. "You don't know what it is to be alone—all alone—with a boarding-house supper. Are you from the country, child?"

"Yes, sir," she answered timidly. "How did you guess it, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "There is something about girls from the country you get to know after a while."

"Will you have some more of the iced tea?" she ventured. "There are no more ice, but there are plenty of tea."

"No, thank you," he said. Then he continued, "Why did you leave the country? Did you pine for life in a boarding-house, or was father unkind?"

"Father was very good," she responded simply, "but I was anxious to see the world. Then there are no social

advantages on the farm. Father thought I might wait on table a while and then go on the stage."

"Oh!" he murmured, sighing deeply.

"Are you ill?" she said anxiously.

"No; I am quite well," he responded quickly. "Possibly a little over-exertion," he added, looking at the steak.

"Do you—do you think I could get on the stage?" she inquired. "Papa had great hopes of me. I recited 'Ostler Joe' once at the school exercises. Everybody said I did *so* well."

"I don't know," he answered. "I—I am on the stage in a little way myself," he admitted. "I do a few little turns—hand-springs, you know," he explained.

"Tell me about it," she said eagerly.

"Tell me about the country," he countered. "Do they have clover down there, and cows, and big, sweet-smelling fields of hay, and old-fashioned red barns, and rich, yellow cream? I came from the country, you know. I came up here twenty years ago, and I am still here."



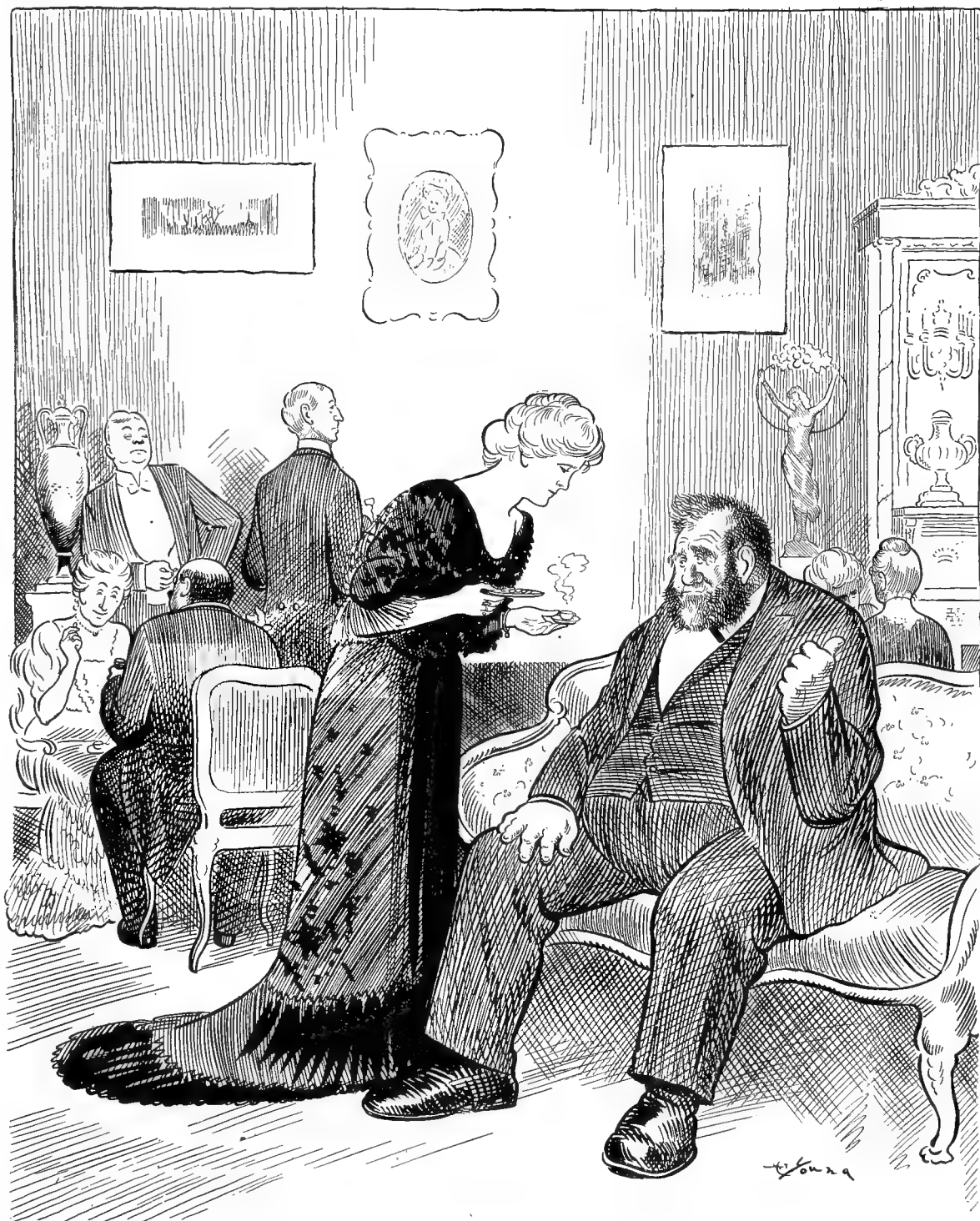
"DO YOU—DO YOU THINK I COULD GET ON THE STAGE?" SHE INQUIRED.

J. A. HUBBELL.



WANTS TO EVEN THINGS UP MORE.

MANAGER—"Going to quit! Why, my dear fellow, what seems to be the trouble?"
FLOOR-WALKER—"Well, you see, sir, we've just got a baby up to our house, and I'd like to strike a settin'-down job for the daytime."



EVERYBODY—BUT FATHER.

"Say, Nettie; is that what you call su'thin' to eat?"

"Oh, it's just a little light refreshment. papa. Everybody takes a little, you know."

"They do? Well, give it to yer mother over there. She can't see a joke, neither."

King of Unadilla Goes Bowling

By Howard R. Garis

ODDS FISH-HOOKS!" exclaimed the king of Unadilla. "Things are about as lively here as a Quaker meeting after election. Why don't some of you past-performances in the shape of animated hair-pins get up a five-o'clock tea?"—and the merry monarch scowled in the direction of the drawer of the corks, the lord of the treasury and the secretary of the interior, the latter being court cook.

"May it please your serene salubriousness," began the drawer of the corks, "what would you have?"

"Anything! Anything to keep things in this little two-by-four kingdom from getting paresis," replied the king of Unadilla. "Why, even the dogs in the street don't bark at the moon, and there hasn't been an arrest in a month. Can't you shake 'em up a bit?"

"Shake 'em up?" inquired the lord of the treasury, who belonged to the old régime.

"Yep!" snapped the sovereign. "Wobble 'em a bit, set 'em up in the other alley, put in a new spark-plug, fill up the reservoirs, throw in the high-speed gear and let the gasoline gig gallop! Things are too slow!"

"Oh, you want a little excitement, perhaps," retorted the drawer of the corks.

"You ought to contribute to the puzzle-page of a Sunday supplement, you're so bright," spoke the king in his sarcastic voice. "First you know you'll be doping out the first three under the wire!"

The three counselors looked somewhat alarmed, for when the king was in this mood he was liable to do most anything and require the members of his court to do likewise, which sometimes led to unpleasant results.

For things were run on a sort of independent plan in the kingdom of Unadilla, and oft-times the monarch became a very boy in searching after pleasure, at which times he frequently made his courtiers resemble beings who have been handed fruit from the citrus limonum tree.

"Well?" snapped the ruler.

There was an anxious pause, and the three counselors looked at one another.

"Say something—you're the oldest," whispered the drawer of the corks to the lord of the treasury.

"Would—would you like to have another poker-party?" asked the aforesaid lord.

"Not unless I'm drugged!" exclaimed the king. He had an unpleasant recollection of the last seance, where, having, after—by some manipulation—secured a straight flush, he fell to four aces when the pot had been well sweetened. And thereby the lord of the treasury profited, as he held the double duet of lonely spots.

"How about a masquerade?" ventured the drawer of the corks. "We used to have lots of fun at them."

"Tag! You're it!" exclaimed the king with a sar-

castic attempt at playfulness. "Masquerades! Oh, slush! Why not a party—the kind where you bring peanuts or oranges, scramble in the parlor and sing out when the girl comes in, 'Surprise on Kittie!' Oh, but you are the bright eyes, though!"

All of which was rather hard on the court officials, as they were doing their best. The trouble was the king was passé. He didn't call it just that. In fact, he wouldn't have known the disease under that name. He would probably have called it the pip or an attack of the dink-botts. But he wanted amusement, and, being a monarch, he was going to have it.

"Well," he said, after a long and somewhat painful silence, "it's a case of cut for deal with you gazaboos. I've shuffled the cards, and it's a blind trump."

"Meaning what, your serene side-stepper?" asked the lord of the treasury.

"Meaning that it's strictly elevated in your direction. Do you need a map to find out where you're at?"

Once more silence fell, broken only by the ticking of the alarm-clock, from which the king had removed the bell, as it awakened him early on the wrong mornings, and late on the right ones.

"I'll give you the regulation three days to think up a new game," the monarch went on. "It's got to be something lively, and one that will give the blues the go-by like a ninety-horse-power choo-choo chariot leaving a Brooklyn perambulator behind, or it's all of you to the axe. Go! the king has spoken!"

Then the ruler of Unadilla, reaching in his hip-pocket for another gold-tipped Egyptian, imported from the Bowery, cleverly blew smoke-rings and began dealing himself a solitaire hand from a stacked deck.

In silence the three courtiers withdrew. They had been placed in the same unpleasant position before, but had managed to wiggle out, with more or less of their reputations left. Now it seemed a little more difficult, since they had exhausted all the amusement enterprises they could think of.

Still the king must be obeyed, or there would be fatherless families in Unadilla.

"What shall we do?" asked the lord of the treasury.

"Let's have a drink!" exclaimed the drawer of the corks. "Maybe we can think better then."

Seated about a round table in the Royal Peacock there might have been seen, a little later, three figures, from the midst of which there sounded ever and anon,

"I'll have the same."

At intervals, in the brain-enlivening process, there sounded a subdued roar in some part of the Royal Peacock. At first the three courtiers were oblivious to it. Finally the lord of the treasury lifted his head.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Some new game they've put in," replied the secretary of the interior. "You throw a ball down at a lot of pins set up at the end of a long alley, and if you knock 'em all down you get a good mark."

"And if you miss?" inquired the drawer of the corks.

"Then some one yells 'poodle' at you."

For a time the three sat bowed in silent thought. Then, all at once, the same idea came to them.

"The king!" they exclaimed as one man. "Why not try this on him!"

"The very thing!" said the lord of the treasury. "That will make him look like a last year's rubber boot with the lining out. He makes me tired, all the while putting it up to us to do the merry ha, ha! for him. Why don't the back number of a race-track dope-book get out a new edition himself once in a while?"

"How will you work it?" asked the drawer of the corks.

"Easy," replied the lord of the treasury. "We'll go up against this game ourselves and practice a bit."

"Yes."

"Then we'll invite him down here to a match."

"Well?"

"Then we'll put it all over him and make him seem like a kindergarten kid playing Rugby. It will be as easy as extracting saccharine concoctions from a non compos mentis."

Then the three conspirators laughed in silent glee, nudged each other in the short ribs, and each one ordered "the same." They strolled out to the bowling-alley. Being something of an innovation in Unadilla there were only a few twirling the spheroids. The courtiers watched them closely. After a while the lord of the treasury went to the proprietor and held a short conversation with him. The sound of something clinking from the palm of one to the other was heard.

"Have it your own way," the proprietor was heard to remark. "I don't feel any too friendly to him since he raised the excise tax and enforced the Sunday-closing law. But don't get me mixed up in it."

"Never fear," spoke the lord of the treasury.

For several hours that night, when all the rest of the world was asleep, the sound of balls rumbling down the alleys might have been heard, mingling with the crash of falling pins. The three conspirators were practicing.

At first they were about as bad as they come. Into the gutters they went, or else the balls would go down the centre and then gracefully curve off, just brushing the corner pin. But the three were earnest and after a while they did fairly well.

They kept at it, on and off, for two days, paying for the exclusive use of the alleys. Then, early in the morning of the

last day of grace, more or less frayed to a frazzle, they went home.

"We'll tell him we have something amusing for his royal rustiness when he holds court after sunrise," the drawer of the corks announced. "We will not say exactly what it is, but invite him to try a game of skill and strength. He'll never think of the necessity for practice, he's so all-fired stuck on his muscles and form. We're not so much ourselves, but if we can't give him one hundred points and beat him I'm a last year's edition of the book of royal favors."

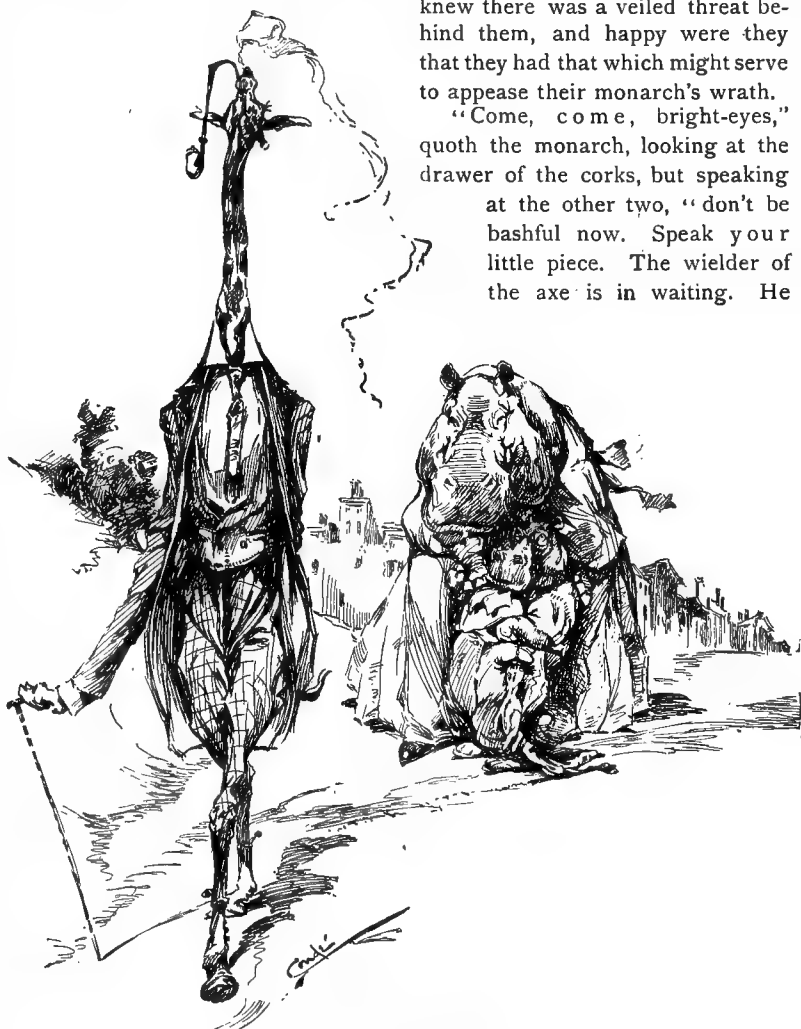
"Easy, easy," muttered the secretary of the interior, wondering what he would give the king for breakfast to make him good natured.

Court assembled in due form, with the king upon his gold and ivory throne, carelessly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette. He heard petitions from such of his subjects as objected to barking dogs, crowing roosters, or the noise the milkmaids caused as they went singing to their tasks in the dewy morn, chanting bucolic lays ere they brought from the royal stables the lacteal fluid from imported Jerseys. After routine business was over the king said,

"Well, little ones, what have ye?"

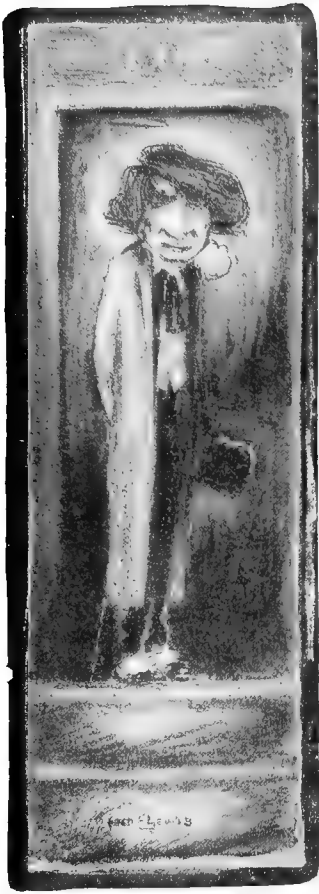
The tones were pleasant enough, but the courtiers knew there was a veiled threat behind them, and happy were they that they had that which might serve to appease their monarch's wrath.

"Come, come, bright-eyes," quoth the monarch, looking at the drawer of the corks, but speaking at the other two, "don't be bashful now. Speak your little piece. The wielder of the axe is in waiting. He



BY MEASUREMENT.

HELEN HIPPOS--"Goodness, mother! how narrow-minded he must be!"



AN EX-IT.

hasn't had his breakfast and he's always real sassy on an empty stomach."

"If you please, supremely sumptuous sire," began the lord of the treasury, "we think we have found something to amuse your imperial top-loftiness and cause you to forget your weariness."

"Good!" exclaimed the monarch. "Spoken like a real lady. What is it?"

Then, in faltering accents, as though he feared to incur the displeasure of his royal master, the lord of the treasury unfolded his little scheme. He told how there was a sort of ball-rolling play that had recently been invented, which might serve to while away a few hours.

"Good!" exclaimed the king. "Methinks I will like that. Tell me, can we play for wagers?"

"Yes," replied the lord of the treasury, trying to conceal his glee.

"Then arrange a game for three nights hence," remarked the king.

"Yes, sire."

"Stay!" exclaimed the king as the courtiers were about to leave. "Cause a notice to be posted on the royal bulletin-board, stating that the king will meet all comers. I don't know much about the game, but, from what you tell me, it seems to need strength and skill, both of which I am modest enough to think I possess. It is well that my liege subjects should see that their king can do these things. If a war comes they will rest easy, knowing that I am at the head of the troops. It is well, I have spoken. Go!"

And they went, hardly able to conceal their gleeishness.

"What?" asked the drawer of the corks. "Maybe he didn't rise to it!"

"Like a hungry trout in May-fly time," responded the secretary of the interior.



CONFIDENTIAL.

THE GOLF GIRL -- "John seems to have fozzled in making love to me."

THE AUTO GIRL -- "Well, something's gone wrong with my sparker, too."



BELATED KNOWLEDGE.

How long did you know your wife before you married her?"
 "Oh, I didn't know her at all. I only *thought* I did."

"Wait until he gets on the alleys and makes a few poodles," spoke the lord of the treasury. "He'll wish he hadn't been so hungry to eat 'em alive."

In due time the notice of the royal bowling game was posted. There was no need to invite a crowd to come. The people always flocked to the scene whenever the king gave a performance. The news spread all over the kingdom and the papers were full of it. There were pictures of the king showing fifty-seven different poses, sketches of the alleys and of the balls. Also there were likenesses of the three courtiers.

Just as they had suspected, the king did not go near the alleys. He thought he needed no practice. On the other hand, the conspirators spent all their spare time in play, and were getting in rare form.

The day on the evening of which the game was to be played the bowling-alleys were closed. The proprietor explained he was getting them in readiness for the contest—that they had to be rubbed down and polished, new balls furnished, the pins leveled off, and many little details looked after.

There was a deal of hammering and pounding in the place, and if one could have peered inside he would have thought the alleys were being taken apart, rather than being prepared for a match. Down the centre of each one a strip of the narrow boards was being taken up. Several workmen

were busy, and a short, stout chap, in greasy overalls and a jumper, seemed to be giving orders.

Now and then he went down cellar and busied himself over some wires, coils, and what not, connecting them to the electric-light circuit.

Clearly matters were going to be put into excellent shape for the bowling game in which the king of Unadilla was to take part. The lord of the treasury, the drawer of the corks, and the secretary of the interior went about with smiles on their faces. Now and then they would drop into the bar of the Royal Peacock and order more of the same.

So great was the throng that besieged the doors of the bowling alley that the entire police force of Unadilla was called out to keep order. As many as could found seats in the tier arranged for spectators. Others stood up. About eight o'clock the monarch drove up in his golden chariot.

"Greeting, most noble sire!" cried the populace.

"Howdy!" replied the king airily.

Whereat the assemblage cheered itself hoarse.

By dint of much squeezing a passage-way was made for the king. The lord of the treasury, the drawer of the corks and the secretary of the interior were already on hand. They were throwing a few practice balls down the alleys.

"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed the king playfully. "We'll chase a few down toward the squatty timber ourselves."



ENVY.

MAGGIE MERMAID—"Ain't he han'some? Jes' to think, Mayme, we might have bin in her place if we was borned on land!"

He tried to throw a sphere to find the pocket between the head pin and number two, but it went into the gutter.

"Poodle!" muttered the lord of the treasury.

"I don't see any dog!" exclaimed the king, looking behind him.

"He means you made a miss," explained the keeper of the alleys in gentle tones.

"Oh," spoke the monarch; "well, it won't happen again."

But it did, and there were broad smiles on the faces of the three conspirators, who tried hard, to conceal their glee.

"Easy, eh?" snickered the lord of the treasury, digging the drawer of the corks under his floating ribs.

Indeed, it did look dark for the king of Unadilla. His ignorance of the game, his lack of practice, and his contempt for his courtiers were like to prove his undoing. Nevertheless, the monarch showed no fear.

"Well," he remarked in tones that tried to be light and airy, "it may not be so easy as it looks, but you'll

not find me playing the part of the individual who lives on bottled nourishment. I'm game. To prove it I'll put up five hundred scaldeens against one hundred that I do either of you three fuzzy-hided specimens of the tadpole age!"

"You're on!" cried the lord of the treasury.

"Same here!" from the drawer of the corks and the secretary of the interior.

"Money talks," remarked the king, handing his over to the proprietor of the alleys, who locked the one thousand five hundred scaldeens up in his safe. The others quickly covered it.

"It's a shame to do it," spoke the drawer of the corks.

The preliminaries of the games were soon arranged. The four contestants were to roll across on two alleys, each man for himself. The king was up against the three individually. The excitement was at its height. The new electric lights glowed with great brilliance.

"No objection to my using this ball I purchased for the occasion, is there?" asked the king, producing a sphere.

"Not in the least," assured the secretary of the interior, wondering what he could give the king for breakfast to make him forget the defeat that stared him in the face.

The game was on. The lord of the treasury rolled first on number-one alley, with the drawer of the corks on number two. The lord got nine and the keeper seven. Then came the secretary of the interior, who made an easy spare.

It was now the king's turn. Boldly he stepped to the fore. There was a shining look in his eye.

"'Tis a shame to see him lose—to witness our beloved monarch being made sport of," whispered an old retainer.

"Hush! He has brought it on himself," replied a soldier from the palace.

The king negligently knocked the ash from his gold-tipped cigarette. Then, stooping low, holding the ball firmly, he swung it once, twice, thrice, and sent it sliding down the alley.

It was a side ball. Starting in a little to the left of the right edge, it gradually curved over, crossing the head pin and landing right in the "pocket," between number one and number two. There was a musical crash as the ten hard pins were bowled over.

"A strike! a strike!" cried the mob, enlivened into sudden enthusiasm. "The king has made a strike!"

"Odds fish-hooks! So I have!" remarked the monarch. "Must have been an accident," and he looked fixedly at the three conspirators.

"He certainly did fluke into it," muttered the secretary of the interior. "I wonder if he is handing us another citron.



SAFE.

THE REVEREND SILENTLY BUTTIN—"My little man, why are you not in school?"

LITTLE MAN—"My ma said for me to run out and play, so I ain't goin'."

THE REV. S. B.—"But suppose the teacher licks you?"

LITTLE MAN—"She won't; 'cause ma can lick the teacher."

THE REV. S. B.—"How do you know?"

LITTLE MAN—" 'Cause ma can lick pa."

Then the game became furious. The lord of the treasury and the drawer of the corks began to improve. They made several strikes and a number of spares. The secretary of the interior did likewise. But the very spirit of bowling seemed to have entered the king.

His first strike was followed by a second, then a third, fourth and fifth. The crowd began to sit up and take notice. The three conspirators saw visions of their money in the pocket of their monarch.

"But I tell you it can't last," insisted the drawer of the corks to the lord of the treasury. "He don't know anything about bowling. It's all luck. He'll poodle in the next frame."

Instead, the king made a strike. It was the secretary of the treasury who poodled. The king could not seem to miss. On either alley he was equally at home. With a grace that came natural he sent the balls down, a little to the side. Over they slid, into the pocket, and a strike resulted.

It was the last frame. The king had not made a break. He had already won the game, and it was only a question of who was going to be low man. The king finished with three strikes, making the highest possible score—three hundred. The lord of the treasury got one hundred and seventy-six, the drawer of the corks one hundred and eighty-five, and the secretary of the interior one hundred and fifty-two.

"The king wins! Long live the king!" cried the populace, and, had he not been a monarch, they would have ridden him on their shoulders.

"How about it?" asked the monarch of the three conspirators as he pocketed their three hundred scaldeens, as well as his own. "How does little Willie off the motor-boab feel now?"

"We have nothing to say, sire," replied the lord of the treasury, through his clinched teeth. "You put it all over us."

"Gave you the grand kibosh, in other words, eh?" spoke the monarch, and the three courtiers bowed in assent. Then they went into outer darkness.

Later that night a short, stout chap, in greasy overalls and a jumper, called at the private door of the king's apartment.

"Did it work all right?" asked he of the king.

"Like a charm. I couldn't miss."

"No; I guess not," replied the short, stout chap. "You see, I had a long, steel magnet right down the alleys, under the thin layer of wood. The magnet led right into the pocket. Your bowling-ball was a hollow steel one. When you gave me the signal I just closed the electric circuit, and your ball couldn't do anything else but follow the mag-

netic strip down to where the strikes were. I guess you couldn't lose."

"And the balls of the others went whither they listed," mused the king.

"Of course. I only closed the circuit when I got your signal, as you stepped on the little button at the side of the alley," remarked the short, stout chap.

Then something that clinked with a musical sound passed from the king's hand to the greasy but honest palm of the short, stout chap.

"It was a great idea," mused the king. "Without it they would have beaten me, and my name would have been a by-word in the land of Unadilla. But, once more has the king triumphed!"

And then the ruler of Unadilla went back to his goblet of mixed ale, his Roquefort cheese and crackers.

Queer Facts for Thought.

A YOUNG man fond of dancing took a pedometer with him to a ball and found that in the course of the evening he had covered thirteen and a half miles. Another young man, who reads this paper, placed a pedometer on his stomach, and found that he laughed over six hundred miles from the first to the last page.

By pasting a bit of paper on the eyelid a photographic record has been made of the duration of time required in winking the eye. It has been found that a wink requires one-third of a second, which proves scientifically that, after all, it isn't a very great waste of time to wink at a pretty girl.

In San Domingo there is a remarkable salt mountain, a mass of crystalline salt almost four miles long, said to contain nearly ninety million tons, and to be so clear that medium-sized print can be read with ease through a block a foot thick. All the houses built on this hill have salt cellars under them.



HIS MISFORTUNE.

NEAR-SIGHTED PEDESTRIAN—"Confound you! that's what you told me before. I tell you I walked three miles in that direction and couldn't find a sign of the place."



PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO BE LYNCHED.
The high-ball fiend between the acts.

Billy's Beattitoods.



LESSUD iz thee cat what iz not black, for it iz not bad luck.

Blessud iz thee snaik, for it don't have enny corns onn its feat.

Blessud iz thee Krist-yun sientissed, for hee never noes when hee iz hurt.

Blessud iz thee laim mann, for peepul can't tell whenn hee iz staggering.

Blessud iz thee mann with long whiskurz, for hee don't haf too bi necktize.

Blessud iz thee mann with a short throte, for it isn't soe badd whenn it is soar.

Blessud is thee mann with small ize, for not verry mutch dust can git in um.

Blessud iz thee mann with sighed whiskurz, for hee haz reeched thee limmit.

Blessud iz the wooman whoo haz lost her hed, for shee don't need to bi a noo hatt.

Blessud iz thee mann with a muther-in-law, for hadeez haz no terrors for hymn.

Blessud iz thee mann whoo iz in jale, for hee don't hat too bi enny cole for next wintur.

Blessud iz thee wooman whoo can cri eezy, for verrily shee alwaiz gets whot shee goze afftur.

Blessud iz thee mann whoo doze not smoak, for hee can spend hiz munney onn sum other vice.

Blessud iz thee mann whoo can reed french, for hee can tell whot hee iz eeting in a swell hotell.

Blessud iz the oled made, for shee don't haf to worry abowt whear hir huzband iz att nite.

Blessud iz thee mann with thee balled hed, for hee don't need to waist enny time comeing hiz hare.

Blessud iz thee wooman whoo chose gum, for whenn shee iz chooing gum shee iz not chooing thee rag.

WILL REED DUNROY.

The World.

THEY tell us in our childhood days
The world is round, and we,
With youthful heedlessness, accept
The doctrine easily.

When we are grown to man's estate
We are so overwrought
With constant struggling we've no time
To give its shape a thought.

At last, when we approach the end
And see how small a lot
Of stuff we've gathered as compared
With what some folks have got,

What we were told comes back, and we
Are quite prepared to swear
Whatever other shape it has,
It surely isn't square.

W. J. LAMPTON.

LITTLE men measure themselves with foot-rules three inches long.



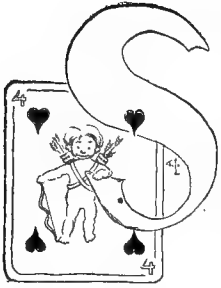
WHERE THE DAYS AND NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG.

THE MADAM—"Where have you been all this time? Tell me instantly!"

THE MASTER—"Why, dear, it hasn't been so long."

THE MADAM—"How dare you say that? Why, you've stayed out all NIGHT!"

A Case of Identity



HE was twins ; so was he.

She answered to the name of Miss Fay. Her parents had named them Margaret and Dorothy, but called them Daise and Dot.

He was known as Mr. Clark, baptized Herbert and Albert.

She had lived all their lives in a pleasant college town, and was known to all the inhabitants there-
of as the Fay twins. No one pre-

tended to know how to tell her apart. She had just attained to the dignity of college freshmen, and were prettier than ever.

He had just come to college as freshmen, and nobody knew him except as "those twin freshies," or "those fresh twinnies."

Naturally, belonging to the same class, they met, and it was at a reception for the new students. The committee was overwhelmed with the numbers, the new faces, and the responsibilities, and each tried to do the work of two. One, to save time and not expose his ignorance of their identity, introduced these twins double.

"Miss Fay," he said with a low bow, "allow me to present to you, both of you, Mr. Clark, both of them. You are all twins, so you can get acquainted easily." Then he rushed away to look after some other unknown.

He looked at her and she looked at him, both at both of them. She smiled in duet ; he smiled ditto. They made a quartette of rippling laughter and were acquainted. This was the beginning. From that day what so natural as that the twins should accompany the twins from one recitation to another, should escort them home, should take them to lectures, call upon them, drive with them—in short, be the chummiest kind of chums ?

Now, there is a curious fact in regard to twins. They look precisely alike to you until some day you discover a difference, and they never look alike to you again when you see them together ; but if you see one it is sure to be the other one.

So these twins speedily were able to tell themselves all apart, but having been introduced double they knew not their singular names. And though they knew perfectly well which usually walked with which, and preferred which to t'other, how could Albert find out if his preference were Daise or Dot ? And how could Daise know if hers were Albert or Herbert ? There was no one but themselves to tell any of them, and, like all twins, they had fallen into a most reprehensible habit just on purpose to mystify people. They never called each other by their full names, but Mr. Clark

doubled on Bert, and Miss Fay called both halves sister. So they succeeded in mystifying each other, and no one dared ask another, "Who are you ?"

It mattered little for some time, but as the term-end drew nigh he grew anxious, then distressed. Of course Albert fully intended to know the name of his lady, and Herbert was as eager on the same quest.

Then each wrote a letter with a tender verse, and asked the privilege of a vacation correspondence. To mail the letters was easy. But a disturbing thought flashed upon each just in time to block this method. How could Albert be sure that his letter ought to go to Daise or Dot ? Same way with Herbert. In short, which was the girl he adored ? Evidently the letters would not do. The term-end was to be celebrated with a grand reception and a dance. The puzzle must be solved before that august event. There were only two weeks left. Nearer and nearer came the day. The thought possessed them day and night ; studies were neglected for the one study ; recitations were poor, worse, worst. She opened her eyes at him every day, but felt sure that something must be really wrong, for "he can do so well, you know."

It was the day before the reception, and he had gone to see her in a last desperate hope of learning her name. He thought one of him might possibly muster courage to ask one of her point-blank was she Miss Dorothy or Miss Margaret. To his surprise the small brother answered his ring.

"Hullo !" was his formal greeting. "Walk in. Dot's in the parlor. I'll go call Daise."

Glory hallelujah ! The secret was out ! Bless that boy ! In feverish eagerness he entered the parlor. His long agony was over. Albert smiled happily at his love, and Herbert, with a sigh of relief, seated himself to wait for his lady fair.

But why didn't that small brother go ? Why did he hang around ? Herbert could see no reason for his loitering. What was his astonishment to feel a quick nudge at his elbow and hear the boy whisper, "Say, give me your card, won't you ?" And it was not till the boy was out of



" 'ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TO YOU, BOTH OF YOU, MR. CLARK, BOTH OF THEM.' "

the room that it dawned on him what it was for. Then he smiled. So there had been two sides—yes, four sides—to the puzzle. If Daise and Dot had mystified Albert and Herbert they in turn had been as hopelessly at sea. Then he smiled again, for, lo! woman's wit had made the thing simple when the time came. Daise came now and saw the giver of the card waiting for her. "How are you, Mr. Herbert?" was her laughing welcome. "So you are Albert?" broke from Dot on the other side of the room. The twins were acquainted.

M. C. KITTREDGE.

Pride.

"YES, madam," said the physician; "your little daughter's foot seems to have been bruised severely, that is all. Probably she struck it against a stone, or the wall. At any rate, you need not worry. I would suggest that you apply the old-fashioned remedy—a bread-and-milk poultice."

"How common!" murmured the proud mamma, whose husband, by the way, had just succeeded in turning another million-dollar trick in stocks. "Bread-and-milk poultice! Doctor, don't you think it would be more in accord with our position in society if we used a poultice of cake and ice-cream?"

On the Installment Plan.

"HOW can your folks afford to have so many children, Bobby?" we ask the little boy.

"Well, we don't get 'em all at once; we get 'em a little at a time, on the installment plan," he replies.

As Ever.

OLD winter, wrapped in furs, has passed away
And gentle spring has come—in negligé.
Upon the dear departed we bestow
One sneeze in memory of its ice and snow,
Then flaunt our shirt-waists where the sunbeams play.

But hark! What sound is here—what note
Rasp out from open-worked and laced-garbed throat?
Upon the smiling spring we throw
A look suspicious; then we go
And bring our flannels back from trunks remote.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

Scooping up the Wreckage.

THE owner of the racing automobile was a novice at the sport. Naturally, he felt rather mystified when the expert driver handed him the following bill on the morning after the race:

Gasoline	\$ 60.00
Repairs to car	700.00
Cutting expenses	1,000.00
	\$1,760.00

"What the deuce," said the amateur owner, "is the meaning of this item, 'Cutting expenses'?"

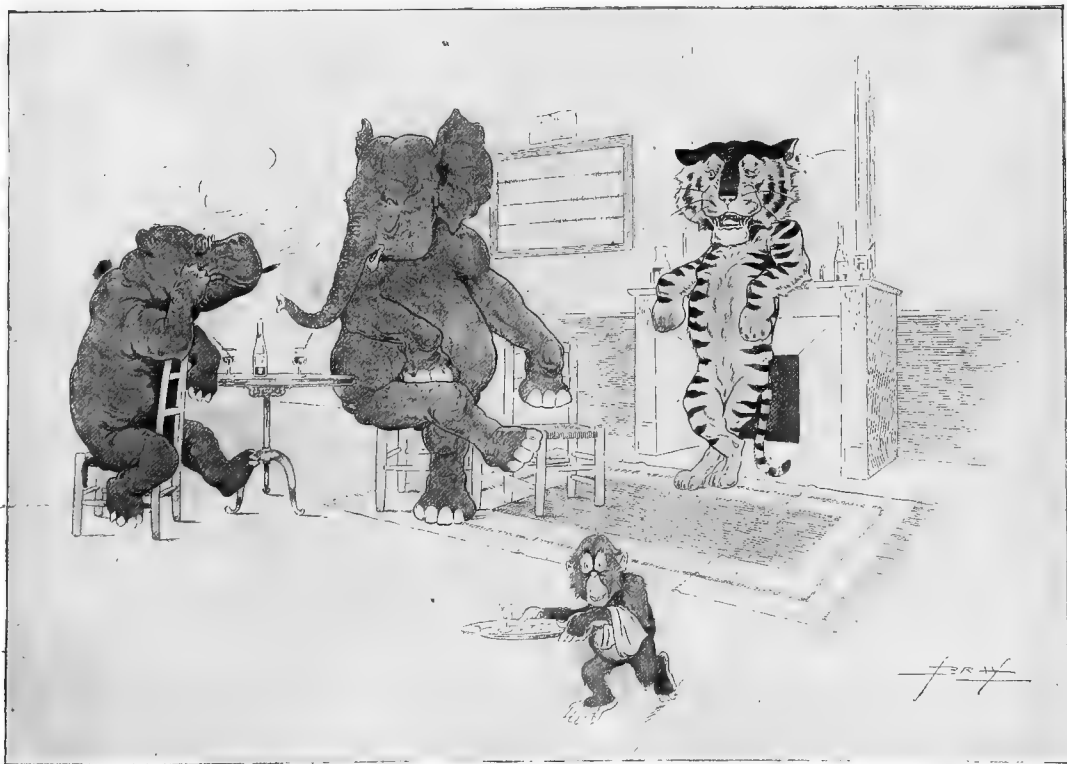
"Oh, that," observed the chauffeur carelessly, "represents the surgeon's fee for renovating my mechanic."

Took First Prize.

"MY dog took first prize at a cat-show."

"How was that?"

"He took the cat."



TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

THE ELEPHANT—"So your marriage with Miss Grizzly Bear was an unhappy one?"

THE HIPPO—"I should say so. No matter how hard I worked for her she did nothing but growl from morning till night."



NOT ENOUGH DANGER TO BE INTERESTING.

MR. SHOFR—"I'm afraid, my dear, you'll find the next few miles awfully stupid."

MRS. SHOFR—"How's that?"

MR. SHOFR—"We'll be able to see everybody that's coming."

A Few Uplifting Remarks on Spring

SPRING is with us once more, and the heart is glad. It was a long, severe winter, and the exposure was something frightful; but now, glory be! that is all past, or near-past, and we have the almost joyous feeling again as if we were real people. Most of us have been investigated, or else we have been investigating others, and the biting blasts pro and con have been very hard on the health; but, thanks to rugged constitutions, most of us have pulled through. Some fell through, if they did not pull through; but they got through and that's the main thing. The earth once more smiles with the beauty of all green and growing things, and congress is talking of adjournment, so that we have every reason to feel that the worst is over. Wherever the eye rests to-day some cheering sight rewards its effort to rest at that point, and from far-away Jolo to the remotest confines of Coney Island there is a languorous note of expectancy, a dreamy, waiting hush, and just the merest hint of a ripening blush, as we look for the first bathing-suit to glide shiveringly but with firm tread across the glistening, golden sands. The wide-embracing vault of blue now lifts itself in azure magnificence on invisible columns of cobalt and erythrite, and a glorious sense of expense and reckless disregard of cost prevails on every hand. Down in the barnyard stands a beautiful hen palpitant, in feathers of chrysoprase and charcoal drifted with snow, and her song is of the eggs of Carrara whiteness or wheat-rust brown which she has offered her owner with every show of effortless joy and unselfish devotion to mankind. The hills (wherever there are hills) are now robed in garments of lustrous enchantment, and the farmer places salt-licks at convenient intervals in fields dotted with lowing kine. The modest dandelion lifts its head on the lawn, and the owner thereof whetteth the carving-knife, so that in due season he may hew said dandelion off at the root and utterly destroy it forever. Thus the procession of awakening loveliness moves across the earth in a pageant of unrivaled splendor, and the "giddap" of the solitary plowman echoes o'er the smoking furrows of the mead. To the right of us, as we write, is a spreading glebe "for sale," and to the left of us is another large, open section of the earth's surface which is not ours; but Nature is smiling on everything just the same as if everybody were good. Thus do we see how peculiar Nature is in all her ways. We could almost wish we owned some of Nature at this time, like the millionaires, but the price is too extensive. In the richness of this glad Easter hour,

however, some of Nature's beauty spills over and we get the crumbs—and for this we are thankful. Yea, we are almost glad.

R. W.

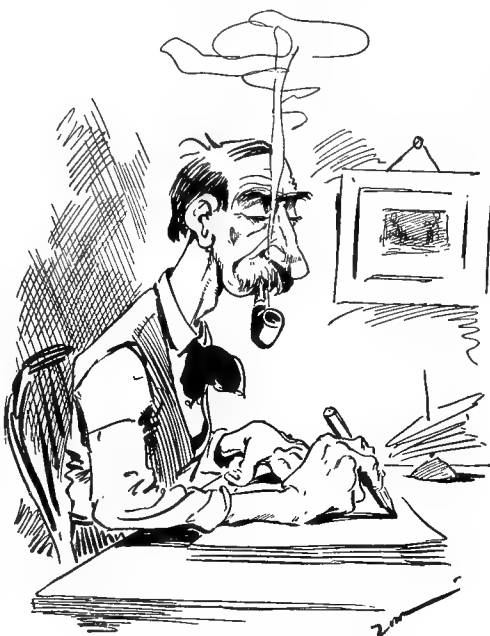
Effectual.

"**M**RS. JONES put something in her husband's coffee to make him stop drinking."
"Did it stop him from drinking?"
"Well, it stopped him from drinking coffee."

It Depended.

Wife—"How do you like my new Easter gown?"
Husband—"Let me see the bill for it."

THERE is no more insufferable bore than the man who has so much common sense that he has no imagination.



Sounded Like an Opera.

MY FRIEND stutters badly. He can sing divinely, but when he attempts conversation he sounds like a battery of rapid-fire guns.

The other day I saw him walk over and take up the telephone. This was the conversation:

"Number?" asked Central.
"B-b-bub-bub-bla-blank"—said Smith, and stopped.
"Number?" (wearily.)
"Bub-bub-b-b-bla-blank s-s-sev-sev-seven f-four t-t-two."
"NUMBER?" (sharply.)
He tried it again and managed it after a fashion.
"B-r-r-rak-RAK—"Hello!"
"Hel-hel-hello! Is that y-you, M-mum-mum-miss J-Jones?"
"Yes. Is that you, Mr. Smith?" came over the wire.

"Y-yes. G-g-good-even-n-n-evening. W-w-w-w-will you g-g-g-gug-gug-gug-go-go—w-w-will you gug-gug-gug-gug?"

Poor Smith gasped, gurgled and wiped the perspiration from his brow; then his face brightened, and he sang the following into the 'phone to the tune of "Solomon Levi":

"I've got two elegant tickets
For Friday evening's show.
I'd like to have you there with me—
Miss Ethel, will you go?"

Presently a hysterical voice crept back over the wire.
"Why, sure! But at first I thought you were the opening overture, Dick."

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

Tramp—"Lady, I am dying from exposure."
Woman—"Are you tramp, politician, or financier?"

An Acrostic.

JUMPING about the country,
 Looking for wrong and right,
 Into each well-hid cranny
 Nosing with all his might.
 Catching a crook a minute,
 Opening many a sore ;
 Losing no half-way chance for
 Naming one rascal more.
 Seeing with optics ruthless,
 Things the corrupt would hide ;
 Endlessly asking questions—
 Fearless, 'tis not denied.
 Finding a wealth of subjects
 Everywhere he goes—
 Now that you've read his title,
 See if 'tis who you s'pose! S. W. G.

An Act of Charity.

Mother (during Lent)—“Well, Willie, I hope you have done some charitable act to-day.”

Son—“Yes, ma. I licked Johnny Bulger so bad that he won't be able to go to school again for a week.”

Woman—“Now, if you don't leave at once I'll call my husband—and he's an old Harvard football player.”

Tramp—“Lady, if yer love him don't call him out. I used to play wid Yale.”

His Choice.

THERE was nothing wild in the caller's manner, so the lady at the employment-bureau desk was rather startled when he told his wants.

“I wish to engage a cook,” he observed.

“Fancy or plain?” she said.

“Plain—homely as sin,” he replied. “In fact, I don't care whether she can cook or not. Any old thing that looks like a cook will do.”

“Really, I” —

“And if she drinks, smokes, or steals silver, so much the better.”

“Goodness me! what” —

“I specially desire that she be very strong and in the habit of beating her employer with a club.”

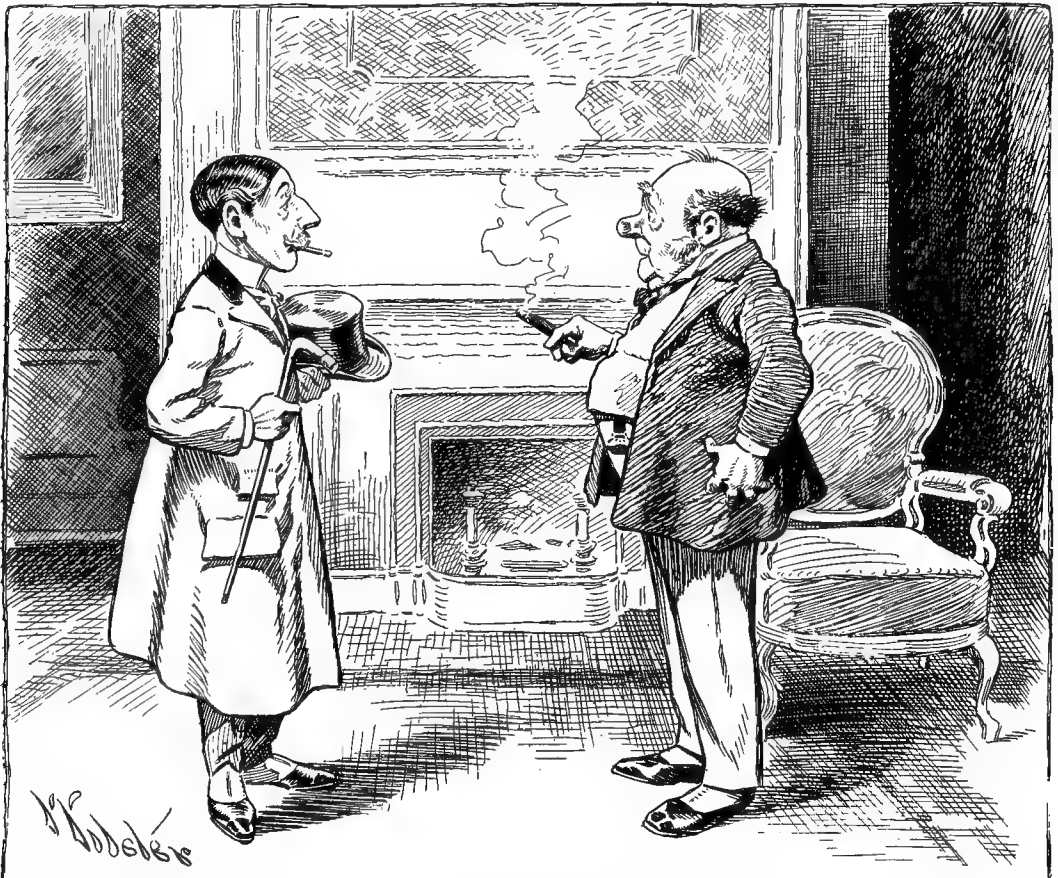
“Upon my word!”

“In short, I want a rampant, athletic, rip-roaring terror, and I can promise good wages.”

The lady at the desk was begging Central to connect her with the police department.

“Hold on!” explained the caller. “Allow me to say that the domestic I seek will be in the employ of my wife's mother.”

“I COULDN'T get a seat in the cars to-day.”
 “Oh, that's a complaint of long standing.”



COULD DO IT AGAIN.

MR. GOTROX—“Suppose I were to tell you that I was a bankrupt—that every dollar of my fortune had been swept away—would you still be willing to marry my daughter?”

CHOLLY SOFTLY (*enthusiastically*)—“Why, of course I would! Such a man as you could easily pitch in and make another fortune, sir.”

Well Secured.

WHEN a prominent American was in Europe last, the story goes, he visited Westminster Abbey for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Nelson, the guide said,

"That, sir, his the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the whole world never knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcophogus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that his a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that his a leaden casket, 'ermetrically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin, 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the American, after thinking a while, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

ABBIE N. SMITH.



FLIRTATIOUS.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it.
I thought so once, and now I know it."

A Catch.

"HOW did you and your wife first meet?"

"Oh, we didn't meet," replied the meek little man; "she overtook me."

The Roadside Text.

A SALVATION Army artist endeavored to attract the attention of the wicked world by painting scriptural warnings on the farm fences along the highway. At one place he inscribed the query, "What shall I do to be saved?" The next day a patent-medicine advertiser came along and wrote on the board below, "Take Soand-so's Pills." The following day the Salvationist was out that way again and he wrote below, "And prepare to meet thy God."

DAVID MILLS.

INCRECULOUS.

FAIRY—"And this noble prince will love you for yourself alone"—
UP-TO-DATE MISS—"Oh, tell that to the marines."



Mr. Hinkle Takes a Rest

By Wilbur Nesbit

ZEBULON HINKLE had finished his breakfast of crackers and milk, had looked fretfully upon the coffee when it was black and gave forth its seductive odor, had gazed wistfully upon the bacon and eggs, and had said a few things about the physician who had condemned him to two months' life in what he called "this God-forsaken place." He had reached the said place the evening before, and had been provided with a room which contained a bed the which was as hard as some newspapers had asserted Zebulon Hinkle's heart was. There being nothing—absolutely nothing—to do or see during the evening, Zebulon Hinkle had gone to bed at eight-thirty o'clock, and, after rolling and tossing for what he believed to be five hours, he had gone to sleep at nine o'clock, and had awakened at five. It was now seven.

Mr. Hinkle walked out to the veranda of the little hotel and looked idly upon the village street. He took a cigar from his pocket and chewed upon it. The doctor told him he must not smoke.

The city papers would not reach there until eleven in the morning. Zebulon Hinkle sat down in a wide chair and asked himself what kind of a place this was anyhow!

His doctor had told him he needed absolute rest. He must let go of business cares; he must confine himself to a diet that was really adapted to a three-year-old child; he must not smoke; he must not drink—he did not need this instruction, for Zebulon Hinkle long ago had realized that the pursuit of business interferes with drinking and had given up the social glass—he must forget business, and he must not worry. His doctor was the only man on earth who could tell him something he must do, and get away with it, Hinkle mused. He had given his word, and he would do the two months' time, if it killed him; because his doctor had said if he didn't do the two months' time it would be sure to kill him. And Zebulon Hinkle was not the man to give any one the satisfaction of reading his epitaph, if he could help it.

Mr. Hinkle might have had a whole morning of unalloyed rest, with nothing to do but contemplate the bees that bustled in and out among the flowers, and the village dray that aimlessly wandered down street and back again, now with a kit of mackerel, now with a keg of nails, doing its little best to create a hum of commerce. He might have had the whole morning for this placid contemplation of the hustling bees and the languid dray horse, and still more languid drayman, had not the landlord held low-voiced converse with a young man who wore a glittering watch-chain across his bosom and allowed his hair to play Henry Clay with his forehead.

"It's nobody else," the landlord told the young man, who had drifted in to inquire if there was any news. "It's old Zeb Hinkle, the same that gets cartooned and written up every time a new railroad is merged. Yes, sir; and he's to stay here two months to get rid of the dyspepsia."

"Here?" inquired the young man. "Here? To get rid of the dyspepsia? Great Scott! Morgan, if anybody was looking for the best place in the world to get dyspepsia I'd send him to your hotel."

The landlord laughed at the jest with the satisfied laugh of a man who knows he has the only hotel in town.

"Why don't you interview him?" he asked.

"What about?" asked the young man. "He wouldn't talk. He never does. Every time the big papers try to get him to tell anything he doesn't care to be quoted."

"Maybe the big papers send young fools to interview him—same sort of smart alecks as you are," suggested the landlord thoughtfully.

The young man bridled up at this, then, without emitting the caustic retort he had in mind, he turned about and walked to the veranda.

"Mr. Hinkle, I believe," he said, stopping in front of that gentleman.

"You can pin your faith to that," observed Zebulon Hinkle, without looking away from a bee that was pumping for dear life on a honeysuckle.

"Would you be good enough to give me an interview for the *Argus*?"

Mr. Hinkle looked up at this.

"What *Argus*?" he demanded.

"The McCordsville *Argus*."

"Printed here?"

"Yes, sir. I am the city editor."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir. I am also the managing editor, the sporting editor, the exchange editor, the religious editor, the horse editor, the snake editor, the railway editor, the political editor, the fashion"—

"That'll do. All of you sit down."

The young man sat down.

"What is the name of all these editors?" Hinkle inquired.

"James Gordon."

"You must be sort of a"—

"Sort of an editorial trust."

Mr. Hinkle laughed at this, and then said,

"I suppose you take your immunity bath in the creek, do you?"

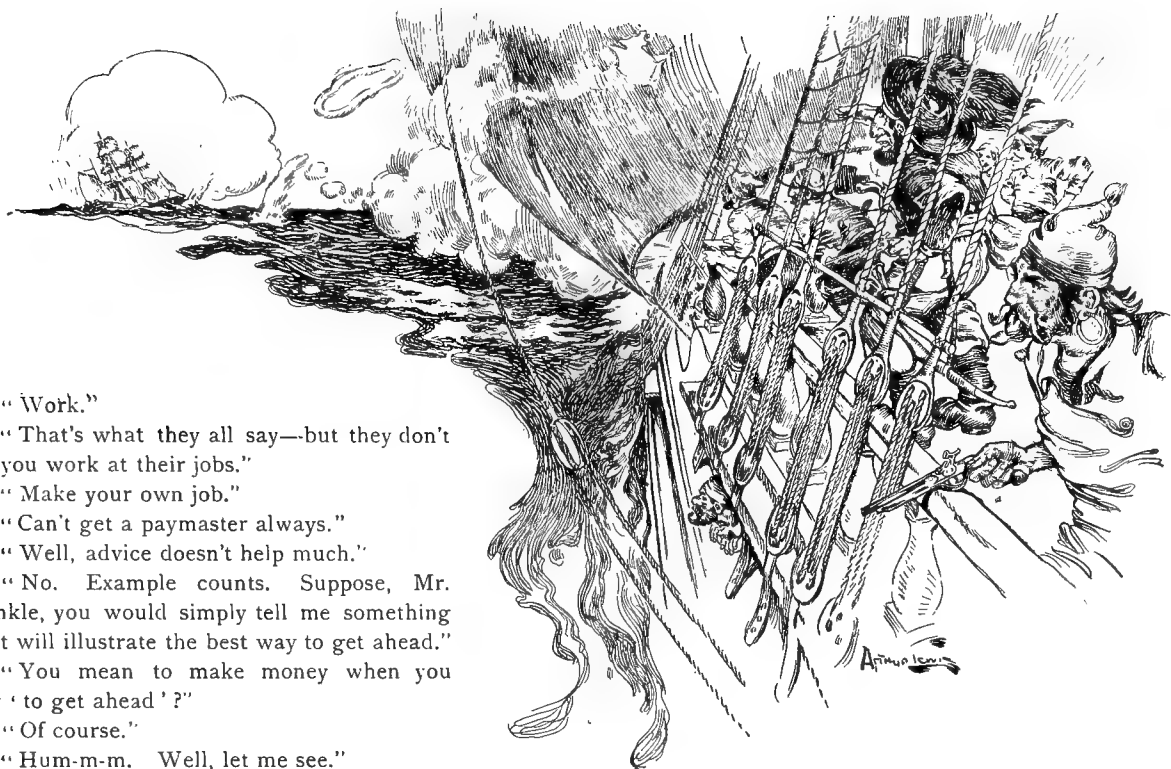
"Every Saturday in the summer. In winter they open the bath-tub in the rear of the barber-shop."

"Good enough! Well, Mr. Gordon, does it keep you busy getting news for the McCordsville *Argus*?"

"It would if there were any news to get. You are about the only item that has happened since last week."

"And what do you want to write about me? Got any pictures of the iron heel of capital crunching the neck of labor? Got any bloated monopolists yanking bread and butter away from starving children?"

"No, sir. I think if you would give me a good talk on how to succeed in the world it would really be a help to the young men of this town."



"Work."

"That's what they all say—but they don't let you work at their jobs."

"Make your own job."

"Can't get a paymaster always."

"Well, advice doesn't help much."

"No. Example counts. Suppose, Mr. Hinkle, you would simply tell me something that will illustrate the best way to get ahead."

"You mean to make money when you say 'to get ahead'?"

"Of course."

"Hum-m-m. Well, let me see."

Zebulon Hinkle contracted his brows and his eyes took on a far-away look. He contemplated the street studiously. Suddenly his face cleared and he asked,

"Who owns that vacant ground across the railroad?"

"Amos Ransom."

"Is it for sale?"

"I suppose so. But what?"

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, sir. But you were going to?"

"I know it. I'm going to. You watch me. Can you find Amos Ransom?"

"I think so."

"Tell him to come and see me. I want to buy that land."

The reporter hurried away to convey the glad tidings to Amos Ransom, and for a quarter of an hour Zebulon Hinkle sat and looked happy. Then Gordon brought Ransom up on the veranda and introduced him to Mr. Hinkle.

"How much do you want for that ground over there by the railroad?"

Mr. Hinkle shot the question at Ransom so suddenly that he was well-nigh taken off his feet. He sat down and fanned himself with his hat. He had wanted to sell that land for ten years, but never could find a purchaser. Ransom had taken it on a mortgage, as he had accumulated nearly all his farms. He was considered the wealthiest man in McCordsville, and the meanest. But here was some more of his confounded luck! Zebulon Hinkle was going to buy that vacant land.

"It's worth considerable," Ransom managed to say.

"Is it worth two thousand dollars?"

"No—er—yes, sir. It's worth at least that."

"Bring me a deed to it and I'll give you a check.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

CAPTAIN OF THE RED ROVER—"Go it, boys! Business has been so bad lately that if we don't bag that bloody hooker we will all have to get into the summer-hotel biz."

And say," Hinkle added, "my young friend, Mr. Gordon, gets his commission for making the sale, doesn't he?"

Gordon listened with amazement.

"Commission?" Ransom asked wonderingly. "Why, he hasn't done anything."

"Oh, yes, he has. He got me interested in it. He gets ten per cent. commission, doesn't he?"

"Why, if you think he ought to have it, I suppose he must."

Ransom shed inward tears over the prospect of trusting young Gordon with such a huge sum at his age; it was too great a financial responsibility for such a youth; it was thrusting temptation in his way—but the land was worth perhaps eight hundred, so he might as well agree to the foolish proposition.

"All right, then," Hinkle said, conclusively. "Bring the deed and get the money. And say, Gordon, you be on hand and get your commission."

At four o'clock that afternoon all rights, title, hereditaments, jointures, incumbrances and everything else connected with the vacant land passed into the ownership of Zebulon Hinkle, and at the same time a check for two hundred dollars, signed by Amos Ransom, was handed to James Gordon.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," Gordon said, after Ransom had gone on his way rejoicing. "I never dreamed of such a stroke of luck as this. You are more than kind, Mr. Hinkle."

"Tut, tut! You deserved the commission. Besides, I'll bet you're the first man that ever made any profit off of that man Ransom."



BREAKING THE INFATUATION.

MRS. JONES—"I'm afraid our Lucy is falling in love with Ferdinand Fiveweek."

MR. JONES—"I'll stop that. I'll let her know that I've got a husband all picked out for her."

MRS. JONES—"That won't change her a bit."

MR. JONES—"Yes, it will. I'll tell her I've picked Ferdinand; then she'll be sure to want the other fellow."

"I am; but what will you do with the land?"

Zebulon Hinkle turned to him with a suggestive lowering of his left eyelash.

"It is currently believed that I always know what I am about, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am not in a position to tell you right away what I'll do with that land, but I don't mind saying one thing: I'm going to make money out of it. You asked for an illustration of how to succeed, and I'm going to give you an easy lesson right here at home. You've had part of the lesson. Did you ever make two hundred dollars easier?"

"I should say not."

"You probably never will again. I am now in the hole two thousand—unless I do what I mean to do with that land."

"Can I print that you have bought it?"

"Exactly. Do that very thing. And if anybody asks you what I am going to do with it, say that I won't tell. Because I won't."

By the end of that week people had rallied from the first shock of surprise over the news that Hinkle had bought Ransom's vacant lots, and were beginning to ask themselves and others what Hinkle would do with the property. They asked Ransom.

"Hanged if I know," he said. "All I know is it was

the best sale I ever made. Got twice what the piece is worth."

"But Zebulon Hinkle doesn't throw his money away," some one stated.

"He did this time," Ransom chuckled, and everybody felt sorry for Hinkle and twice as sore as ever on Ransom, until some one observed,

"I wouldn't be so sure about that."

"Why, look at the land," Ransom argued. "You can't hardly raise good pasture on it."

"Hinkle doesn't raise pasture," some one said.

"You bet he don't," some one else commented. "He knew what he was doing. Maybe he's going to buy the railroad and wants that land for yards, or a shop, or a depot, or something."

This was new light for Ransom and he looked baffled.

"Yes," argued some one else in the crowd. "And I read that he has made pots of money out of copper and coal oil and things like that. I'll bet he's got inside information that there's ore or coal or oil under that ground—and he's naturally skinned you, Ransom."

"Shucks!" was Ransom's reply. But the seed of doubt had been planted in his bosom, and within the next week it had sprouted, grown, blossomed and was bearing large bitter apples of regret. He went to see Hinkle and found him engaged in his enforced occupation of watching the bees and the drayman.

"Mr. Hinkle," Ransom asked, "might I inquire what you are going to do with that land you bought off of me?"

"I'm going to leave it right where it is Mr. Ransom. Got any objections?"

"No, sir. I just wanted to know."

"You'll know all about it in good time. Satisfied with your bargain, weren't you?"

"Ye-es."

"Then that's all you need to know. Good-day. I'm very busy just now."

And for three weeks more Amos Ransom was harassed by doubt, by the chilling fear that for once he had let something get away from him before he had been able to squeeze it dry of profit. He brooded over it. It went to meals with him; it went to bed with him and sat upon his chest and would not let him sleep. He pictured great factories on the land that had once been his; he imagined railway terminals there; he conceived oil wells and ore shafts—and always he saw Zebulon Hinkle waxing fat and joyous over wagon-loads of money that were being hauled from the vacant lots he had purchased for a paltry two thousand dollars. The demon of perturbation accompanied him to church and interfered with his enjoyment of the way the minister lambasted the wicked. At last he could stand it no longer. He sought out Gordon and said to him,

"Do you think that man Hinkle would sell that land back to me?"

"Do you want to buy it back?"

"Well, I've been thinking maybe I could use it."

"I don't mind asking him."

"I wish you would. And, say, Gordon, if you get him to sell it back to me I—I don't mind giving you five dollars."

"No. My commission would have to be ten per cent."

"But he had me pay you before."

"I know. But it was you that was making the profit, and this time it seems to be the same way."

"Well, if I've got to, I've got to. I'll do the same as I did before—ten per cent. But hurry and see him before he decides to do something else."

Gordon laid the matter before Hinkle and he said to bring Ransom around. Ransom came quickly.

"You want to buy the land back?" Hinkle asked.

"I was thinking maybe you would like to sell."

"You can have it for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"What! Why, you only paid me two thousand, and I gave Gordon"—

"You're doing this. I'm not asking you to buy. You asked for a price. If that isn't satisfactory come and see me next week. The price will be different then—very different, I assure you."

Ransom looked hard at his shoes for a while, and then said,

"I'll do it."

"And Gordon gets his commission?"

"Yes. I promised to give him two hundred, same as before," painfully answered Ransom.

"No. You promised me ten per cent.," Gordon said.

"Ten per cent. is two hundred and fifty. That's right."

"But I—but he"—

"Come, come! Business is business," Hinkle declared. "I can't waste any more time."

"All right, if I've got to," Ransom almost wept.

The deed changed hands once more, Hinkle got his check and Gordon his money. Then Ransom hurried away.

"I'm much obliged again," Gordon said. "I never dreamed of such another piece of luck."

"You want to quit trying to dream."

"By the way, Mr. Hinkle, you were going to give me some material for an article on"—

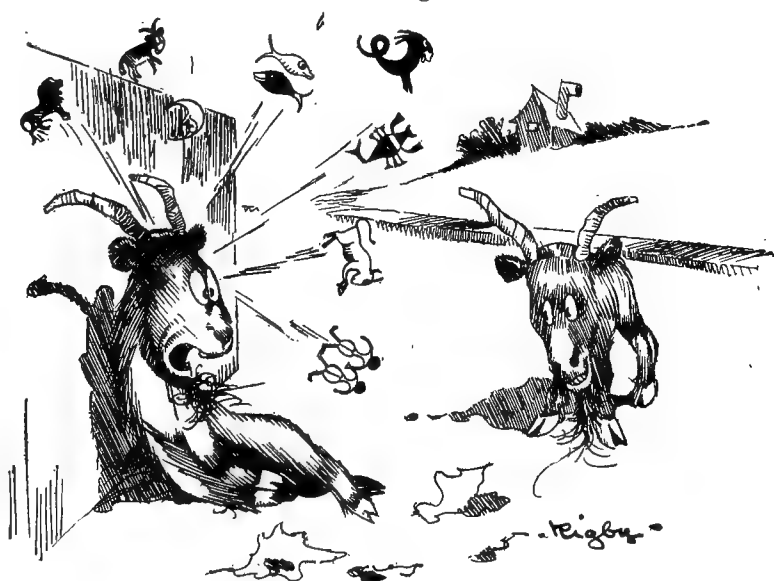
"My dear boy! You asked me to show you how to make money. Haven't I shown you? That's the way. Now go ahead."

"Then you didn't want that land at all, and you only bought it to show me"—

"You are slowly beginning to see things. I'm going home to-night. I think I'm well again. If I stay here you'll have me running a night school, young man."

Then he shook hands with Gordon and told him good-bye, and went to his room to consult time-tables, while Gordon hastened to the other end of McCordsville to consult a girl about his future. For when a young man can make four hundred and fifty dollars inside of a month his future is something to be reckoned with by any thoughtful young woman, is it not?

THERE is no insurance against the accident of birth.



HE HAD ALL THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

GOAT—"Gee whiz! I got 'em this time for sure."

NAN—"What! been eatin' beer corks again?"

GOAT—"No; I just finished half a dozen new almanacs."



WANTS TO SEE WHOM SHE IS TALKING TO.

YOUNG LADY—"Aunt, some one is calling you on the long-distance 'phone."

AUNT—"My dear child, won't you please answer it? I have my near-sighted glasses on."

The Troubles of Olaf Nordenskold

MR. HECTOR DUSELMANN, mayor of Pinhook, was visited in his office last evening by Olaf Nordenskold, a rich farmer seven miles north of town, who had just come in from his place in a disheveled condition and in a screaming rage.

"Vat kin' av country you call dis?" cried the angry farmer, shaking a threatening finger under the nose of the chief officer of the town. "Ay call it hal av country, an' Ay can prove dat Ay ban right. Ay got hay to sall—man in town want hay to buy. Ay load up load av hay an' start haul him to man in town. Ay got good horse on my vagon—no oxen on my vagon—good horse. He wave his tail; he keek his heel; he yump an' pull dey line. Ay ban on dey load hay an' got planty business drive dat team—got hal yob dey don't run 'vay. Yoost ven Ay ban von mile on road oop come sachs Irishmans, an' he got 'bout feefy cattles—goot fat cattles he drive to town to sall. Dem Irishmans ban all vild like crazy mans, an' yall an' yall an' yall, an' Ay ban skart an' my horse he run. Ay hol' on dem horse an' pull an' pull lak hal. Dem horse he dançin' an' cuttin' all kin' treeks, an' Ay ban skarter an' skarter. Dann dem feefy cattles he yump for dat hay, an' dem sachs Irishmans he laff an' yall an' let dem cattles yump. Ay t'ank dem cattles naver ban had some sooch good hay



lak dem. Dey eat an' eat an' eat lak avery cattles ban two davels, an' mine hay he goin' fast. Venn Ay yall at dem cattles my horse he t'ank Ay yall by heem, an' he yump an' keek an' pull on dey line lak steam-an-gine. An' denn dem sachs Irishmans he all laff an' holler, too, an' all dem say 'Ole, Ole, Ole!' an' keep seekin' dem cattles on dem hay. Pratty soon my horse dey run two mile lak hal, an' Ay lose off mine hat off an' ban skart lak rabbit. Dem cattles run, too, an' dem Irishmans run, too, an' all dey time dem cattles eat hay, an' all eat hay on gee side dat load of hay, an' purty soon bimeby after little vile dem hay all gone on dem side vere dem cattles ban, an' von dem cattles bite off dem hay-rope dat hol' dem binder-pole down, an' dem binder-pole fly oop high in dey sky, an' Ay fly, too, an' fall down on dem back by mine horse, an' dere on hees back Ay ride dem horse while dey run vunce more two mile lak railroad-car, an' dem hay all fall on dey road an' dem Irishmans seekin' dem cattles on dem hay. Ay ban feefy times so mad lak hal, an' venn sooch t'angs moost in dis country be Ay leef dis country an' go by Sweden back. Tall

me, Mr. Dusselmann; vat skall dis country do. by dem davels Irishmans?"

The mayor promised to see about it, and the raging Scandinavian went away.

ORA J. PARKER.

The House of Mirth—A Tale of Tears

IT WAS eight o'clock on the morning of Saint Patrick's Day. This has nothing to do with the story, but it is a fact none the less. James Hyslop Jones was on his way to work. He was in the crush of a New York street-car—hanging to a strap in the centre-rush of one of those sumptuous vehicles that ply across town from river to river. James H. Jones bore about him the elegant finish and shop-worn look that betokened an expensive past now giving place to something slightly less expensive and a trifle insouciant. The practiced eye (there happened to be one present) could see that there had been a time when J. H. J. was a young man of high cost; but now he was distinctly measurable and computable, and might not unfairly have been inventoried at fifty dollars over all. James Hyslop Jones had sat up all night reading "The House of Mirth." It had awakened memories. This morning these memories crowded upon him. The crowded condition of the Inter-Met's trolley may have caused these memories to crowd upon James. He thought of the time when his family was rich and his relatives were rich and his friends were rich. Everybody was rich and none had anything to do. How wretched was the gilded emptiness of that old life, yet how happy! How they had hated it and yet clung to it! The conductor held out the usual

slim, clean, beautiful conductorial hand for his fare, and James shuddered. How different from the old upholstered luxuriance when he had tipped the butler one bone for a glass of water! Just then a ninety-horse-power Mercedes ran into the car and killed three people, and James groaned. It brought back as nothing else could the traumerei and welt-schmerz, the silken affluence and leisurely manslaughter of the old, rich, elegant, aristocratic life now gone from him forever. Then he thought of the day when his father lost all and died while his mother with extreme difficulty refrained from giving him a piece of her mind. Alas! what days had followed! How he had assembled the fragments of his intellect and learned a trade—a sickening business where he was forced to render an equivalent for cash received! James Hyslop Jones's head fell upon his breast, and he wept. But not for long. His old courage returned—the fixed courage of despair. The car stopped. The car-crowd was so great as he fought toward the exit he lost his breath. He went out without it. The car was rapidly filling with lost breaths. James entered a tall, coarse building. It had come to this at last. He was working for a living. This heir to idle elegance and parvenu ease was now earning a pitiful fifty dollars a week. Oh, what a bunch of sadness this old world is!



CANDID.

JACK—"How is it you lavish so much affection on those dumb brutes?"
EDNA—"For want of something better."

What Punctured It.

"THAT awfully cold night," went on the explorer, "I slept on a newfangled something they called a pneumatic mattress, made out of rubber—blowed up like a football, you know, only a different shape—that is, I went to sleep on that thing, but woke up in the middle of the night flat on the ground, with all the air escaped. You see, the weather had turned even colder in the night, and the goose-pimples that came out on my body had punctured the rubber. What?"

Why She Sulked.

Lovey (on waking in the morning)—"Dovey, I dreamed that I wasn't married to you. Do you ever dream, Dovey, that oo iddent married to me?"

Dovey (sleepily) — "No-o-o! It's been years and years since I had a really pleasant dream."

Dovey is wondering why Lovey didn't speak to him again that day.

Progress.

"MAN," said Motor, as he opened the throttle and shoved the lever over to the last speed-notch, "has indeed accomplished many things. Under the spell of this sport's exhilaration I realize, as never before, that we are indeed but little lower than the angels."

"Smash! Zzzzzzrip!" said the machine.

"By, George!" said Motor twenty seconds later, "I was wrong, after all. We're on a level with them now and will be above them in another second."

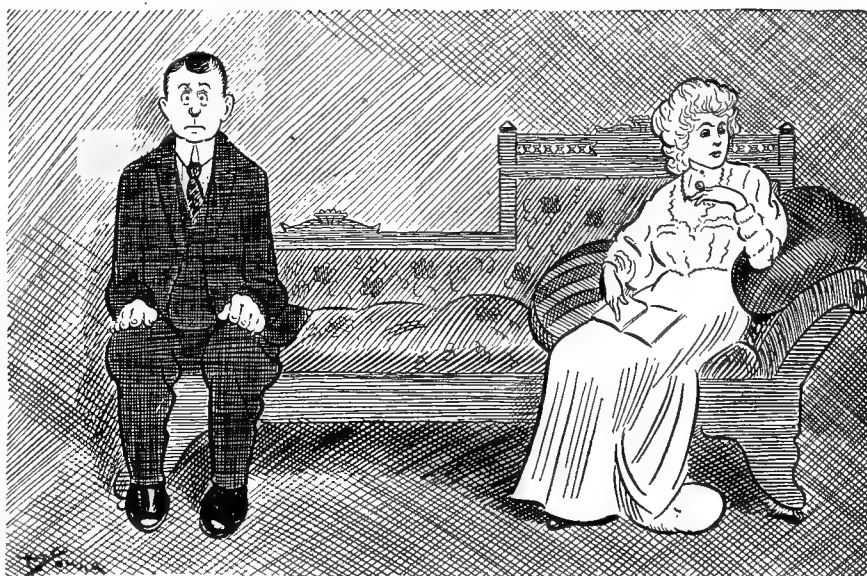
Foreign Titles.

Auditor — "But why do you call your lecture 'Radium' when you don't mention that article at any stage of the evening's talk?"

Lecturer — "Well, knowing the fondness of the American people for foreign titles, I made one bold stroke for popularity by choosing a title as foreign as possible to my lecture."

The Lining.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining. The man with insomnia doesn't keep other folks awake with his snoring.



STRUCK OUT.

TIMID HENRY—"I seen a feller with a wooden leg to-day, Hattie; it must be terrible to have a wooden leg."

HATTIE—"Oh, I don't know; it isn't as bad as having a wooden arm."



FIFTH AVENUE IN JUNGLEVILLE ON EASTER DAY.

MISS HIPPO—"It certainly was a clever idea of mine to hire this bird-of-paradise to sit on my head for a few hours. I've got the swellest hat on the avenue."

Politeness.

THE little girl had been assiduously instructed in the arts and graces of courtesy, and when she told her mamma how the strange boy at the party had kissed her she did it with a demure, reserved air that would have delighted her mamma under other circumstances. "And he kissed me," she said.

"Kissed you!" the mamma exclaimed. "And you, Gladys—what did you do?"

"Mamma, I didn't forget my politeness. I said 'Thank you.'"

Graft.

Bobbie—"Papa, what is graft?"

Papa—"It is getting something because you're in a position to get it."

Bobbie—"Then am I grafting when you place me over your knee in a position to get it?"

Papa's Opinion.

Ethel—"I showed papa one of your poems and he was delighted."

Scribbler—"Indeed!"

Ethel—"Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else."

Out.

A BLISSFUL feeling fills my frame;
I'm free to wander where I may,
And life is like a merry game
Which children play.

No more I languish, sigh and pine;
No more I frown and fume and fret.
A joy divine to-day is mine—
I'm out of debt!

No more I languish, sigh and pine,
While sorrow preys upon my heart
And worry of this life of mine
Becomes a part.

No more I frown and fume and fret;
I walk with laughter hand-in-glove.
For I'm not only out of debt,
But out of love!

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN

A Paradox.

Customer—"Have you some of that corned beef you let me have a can of the last time I was in here?"

Grocer—"No; I am sorry to say I haven't. That was a very fine brand of beef, but nobody would buy it, so I sold it."



THE EVIDENCE.

ETHEL—"Think of his being a footpad! He looked like a real foreign nobleman."

ESTHER—"What did he rob you of?"

ETHEL—"Everything I had."

ESTHER—"Then I guess he was."

The "Having" of Algy

By Strickland W. Gillilan



HERE have been subsequential interims when I could have been dissuaded to suspect that we'd played it low on the Englisher. But Necessity—well, that old girl needn't go around masquerading as the mother of only one child. She has several others besides Invention. She's no race-suicidist, as President Ellicott of Hartford would say.

When Alex and I had got through—quite through, thanks—with that game of freeze-out at Sioux City, and when that afore-mentioned game had got through with Alex and me (the two intervals being one and the same time), we turned and looked each other in the face just because neither of us had the nerve to face the truth. We were cleaned, right. If one of those automo-housecleaners had been driven up and hitched to our pockets, with its compressed air-tubes tuned to concert pitch, and had been allowed to run for an hour, our pockets wouldn't have been any freer from financial infection than they were. It was no rough sketch of the dead-broke we were putting on. It was what I think they call realization on the stage. If dollars had been three sizes smaller than they are, and had been made of Missouri river muck; and if the rate at a good hotel were fourteen cents in Mexican money per diet, Alex and I wouldn't have had enough between us to buy a drink of ice-water from the lobby tank.

That's near enough how broke we were. We were the devoidest pair, spondulixically speaking, that ever transpired.

I claim that anybody who would expect us to keep a death-grip on the decalgorithms for the next few hours has more religion than he needs and less sense than he would have if he'd been in our fix. Alex and I both think that. Of course we've never been accused of being missionaries, and maybe our views are erratical, but that's how we doped it. A little good steed-gumption would tell 'most, anybody several things to do that Hoyle wouldn't have recommended if the same or simultaneous circumstances got around him.

When the human stomach stands up and gives the distress-signal in no uncertain tones and gestures, the owner of the aforesaid tummy has a trustworthy hunch that it isn't inclined to listen to reason, let alone conscience, and he sets his moral chronometer back about fifteen minutes to the rear of the stone age, while he takes the shortest cut for soothing chuck. When hunger has folded its tents like the Scarabs and silently larcenied away, civilization sets in once more, the man in the case sets his spiritual watch by the nearest church-tower clock, and all is serene. There's no chance for argument on this subject. Show me a man who isn't built on this plan and I'll show you, maybe, a freak, but more likely an awful, though unintentional, liar.

To make a short story shorter, Alex and I went down to the union station, and you'll waste a lot of valuable time if you wonder why. Our legs may know. They took us. There were just as many brains in those members as in our cranial concavities at that time.

Same legs went around the end of a bench and sat down. That's how we came to be sitting there, and it shows you just how much our intentions had to do with what followed; and how fate jiu-jitsued or osteopathed the whole affair.

And—well, if I didn't pretty nearly forget the daffy Dane in this little Hamlet of mine! On the way down street, past the Mondamin hotel, we saw a rube just ahead drop a package of papers. He walked on, unbeknowing of his loss. When Alex's foot hit the package his back bent of its own accord and his right hand picked up the thing and dropped it into his side coat-pocket. He would have called to the rube if his voice had wanted to, but there was no vocal demonstration. There seemed to be no steam in the gauge. Nothing about us was working, but arms and legs, understand, since that jack-vessel had been opened for the other fellows' benefit.

I wouldn't undertake to say how long we'd been sitting on that waiting-room bench at the union station, when words began to trickle over us. Then they cascaded—just fairly Niagaried and cataracted and eddied and whirlpooled over and around us. Part of the time we were in the Cave of the Winds, and part of the time going through the rapids in a barrel. We looked around.

A fellow with a blazing red face, lit up with one round oriole window, sat on the seat that backed up to ours and let his vocabulary have continuous hemorrhages.

You know how one of that brand of Englishers will talk—that kind with iron-gray fire-escape whiskers and a red polka-dot vest. 'You know how he likes to listen to the siren voice of himself—well, this was a large, display, bold-face, head-letter type of that branch of the general order of anthrops. And these, or as nearly these as anybody except a fast-revolving phonograph could have caught it, were his remarks:

"Ya-as, y' know, it's a bloomin' shyne, y' know, the w'y me fellow-countrymen come to the stytes and are regulawly had, y' know. I remawked to Lud Whiffleton-Smythe, just before leaving the othaw side, y' know, that I'd jolly well show the bloomun' Yankees a few tricks, y' know. I myke no bownes of the fact that I have any quantity of money, y' know, but not a sixpunts göws until I discovah a—what you call a bawgain, y' know. I shall not visit the mines, the Indian reservtyions or any othaw doubtful plyces. I shall keep me eyes open until I find some bloomin' good fawming land, properly impwoved, that its owneh must pawt with at a sacwifize, y' know. Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Deuced good, clevah plan, y' know, eh?"

That was his line, and it naturally woke us up. Half a minute before Algy began flowing at the mouth we had

felt, Alex and I, as if we'd never smile again. Half a minute after he had begun his recitative chant we were smiling like a certain breed of cat from Algy's own country. Everybody within two blocks could hearken to Algy, and the depot telegraph operatress had to close her window so she could hear her instruments click.

The quiet little man who sat listening to him arose after a few bars of Algy's solo, told the Englisher to wait there a minute, and went out. We feared something was about to happen to Algy.

Suddenly I heard a grunt from Alex. He had pulled that bunch of papers from his pocket and was looking at them with eyes that stuck out so the dust from the janitor's broom was settling on nearly an inch of them. If he had started to cry the biggest tear in the bunch couldn't have splashed within a foot of his boots. Without a word he turned and showed the documentaries to me. They were a deed and abstract of title to the best piece of land in the Floyd river bottoms up above Sioux City—land good in the open market for a century an acre. The deeds were signed, and the only blanks not filled out were those for the name of the party of the second part and for the amount of the selling price.

I was so stumped that I was totally unprepared for what Alex did next, and for the suddenness with which he seemed to perfect the whole scheme. Seemed that the total rest his brains had had for two hours had done him heaps of good. Same here, for the way I fell in and understudied showed mighty nigh human reasoning power. But hunger is hunger, walking was bad, and Chicago was many thousands of railroad ties beyond the horizon.

"I never expected to be druv to the wall like this," said Alex in one of those confidential tones a farmer employs when he is talking to a man while a thrashing-machine is running. "To think of th' years I've slaved and saved on this place to put it into shape, and to be caught now in a pinch where I'll have t' sell it at any old price at all! It's awful. But sell I must!"

"Don't do it, Bronson," says I, coaxing-like, having caught the name of the party of the first part along with his wife's at the bottom of one of the sheets. "Don't do it. We may be able to raise a breeze some other way without!"

"No use, no use," growled Alex; "I've reached th' end o' my string. Th' poor man's extremity is God's opportunity to giv' all he's saved to some feller that's in better luck. An' th' sooner I sell th' better."

The fish was rising. The Englisher turned and swallowed the hook, line, sinkers, bob, pole, and didn't even gag on the fisherman himself.

"Aw, Bronson, bless me sowl," he beamed through his one window; "this is an unexpected pleasuah—this tone so different from the one in youh lettaw in answer to my attempt to buy youh fawm at a deucedly good price. Now I fawncy we can come to something nearaw my terms, y' know."

Alex jumped to his feet.

"What!" he yelled with fine tragedy; "you're not th' Englisher I'd been bluffing with. I'm caught fairly. I did feel, my lord, that I had earned a fair price for my property. Gawd knows"—and here Alex squeezed out a

really wet tear—"I'd worked hard enough and long enough, and hoped enough, to get it paid for, and now"—he ended with the finest gesticulation of despair you ever saw. My, what a loss the stage distained when Alex Gregg took to tin-horning!

Well, it took. The Englisher offered a thousand pounds for those two hundred improved acres—a fourth their value, as he well knew. Bronson himself couldn't have afforded the sacrifice, but Alex could, and as I was expecting to go snucks on the deal, I was willing to let him do it. The papers were soon in Algy's big pink mitts and half the purchase-money in ours. We were to be paid the rest as soon as we met Algy and his quiet friend (that we were mighty afraid would bob in any time) in an attorney's office at half-past eight. We went out to get our breakfasts.

Well, Alex and I caught a Milwaukee train east, changed cars at Manilla and doubled back on the North-western to Missouri valley, and for the next few days we changed cars and appearances and clothes so often that a bloodhound would have got a severe headache trying to find us.

Both of us often wondered what happened when the Englisher failed to meet us in that law-office, and also when Algy and the real Mr. Bronson came together.

* * * * *

The other day I was sitting in the La Salle-street station, Chicago, when I saw a face and shape I would know anywhere. It was a bulky shape and a turkey-red face. The former was drooped down on a bench and the latter was open in a goodly snooze. I had money on me. Slipping up quietly to the pudgy figure I dropped into the open side-pocket of his plaid coat five hundred dollars, on account.

A Ballade of Spring Poets.

THEY sing of the opalescent moon,
Of course, of the flowers that too soon fade
(Oh, my! how the busy bardlings croon!);
They murmur of hill and glen and glade,
By brooklet and river they are swayed;
They tie the language into a noose,
And freely open their stock in trade—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

The azure sky is a precious boon,
The stars e'er come to the singer's aid;
And what would he do, the maundering loon
(I'm sure there are many poets made),
Without the bee and the grassy blade?
For matters like these his soul seduce;
Yes, trifles like these his feelings raid—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

The poets of spring will gurgle soon,
Soul-burdened poets of every shade;
They'll deal out things with a liberal spoon,
New aspirations will be displayed,
New flights of fancy will be essayed.
Though Pegasus meet with rank abuse,
The galling and spur he can't evade—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

ENVOY.

There's no way out of it, I'm afraid;
You cannot down them by any ruse.
Prince, welcome the coming serenade—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

NATHAN M. LEVY.



DISQUALIFIED.

"Yes; we had to drop Mrs. Jones from our 'mothers' society.'"

"Why?"

"She insisted on bringing her baby with her."

In the Language of the Circus Man.



"**S**AY, young feller!" roared the fierce-looking manager of a cheap circus to a smooth-shaven kid of six years, who had found his way into the canvas by way of his stomach, "what do you suppose would ultimately become of this mammoth, mastodonic aggregation of pompous and glittering splendor, this gorgeous array of majestic beasts of the far-away African

forest, superbly trained by masterly hands of fearless men at enormous expense, this magnificent exhibition of genuine chariot-horses direct from the Roman stables, and these royal elephants with their stately equipage, and, mind you, this brilliant conglomeration of three thousand

bare-back riders—what would become, I ask you, of the whole *consarn* outfit if we allowed every blooming idiot to crawl into our tent without liquidating the usual price of admission, which is the small sum of fifty cents, or half-price for children?"

"Whatcher—say—mister?" answered the bewildered, dirty-faced intruder.

"I said," responded the manager of the cheap circus, "that you could go over yonder and select the best seat in the reserved row. Don't you understand plain English?"

Mr. Turnover's Place.

"**I**N THE art of selling goods there are many things that happen of which the customer is totally oblivious," said a Broadway salesman. Thus, when a salesman finds that he is not likely to be successful with a customer he turns and says,

"I am not as familiar with this stock as the gentleman over there." And then in a louder tone to his fellow-salesman, "Mr. T. O., will you kindly attend to this gentleman?"

This plan is in accordance with a theory that not all salesmen can sell to all customers, and sales that one cannot make another can. "Mr. T. O." stands for "Mr. Turnover," and this is the system known in Broadway stores as the "turnover system."



CASE OF NECESSITY.

"Ah! wizout her I shall die, monsieur.
"H'm! Starvation, I presume?"

MISS KITTY'S PROPOSALS

By W. W. AULICK

THE place is too pitifully prosaic for words," complained Miss Kitty Kildare poutfully, tracing on the sand with the point of her pink parasol a most affrightingly grotesque figure; "here three days and not even a proposal!"

She stabbed the beach savagely with the ferrule of her sun shield, then suddenly sat bolt upright in the stationary chair which was hers for the season. The ever-dancing light in the big brown eyes flashed with a swift accession of fire, the parasol dropped from her dimpled fingers, and she sat with her bare elbows resting on her knees, staring intently into the boisterous sea. Then slowly she rose, gathering up her skirts and treading daintily across the strip to the short boardwalk which led to the road, noting not the laughing bathers in the surf or the tanned loungers on the shore.

"Not a bad-looking girl, that Miss Kildare," mused Montgomery, the big-bodied young broker, watching her from his seat 'neath the arbor. "I must find more time for cultivating her."

"Regular picture-girl," decided little Stewart, the lawyer; "she blends beautifully with that gentle ocean breeze. Guess I'll see a bit more of her."

Meantime, Miss Kildare gained the roadway and stepped into the dog-cart drawn by the fat little pony Pronto, so called on account of his undeviating dislike of fast motion. It is to be said of Pronto, the pony, that not only did he regard the frequently posted warnings as to illegal speeds—he actually anticipated them. And so it was that Miss Kildare reached the hotel not so soon as she wished, and jumping hastily from the cart, bitterly reproached Pronto for his deliberateness, to the which Pronto responded by showing his teeth in a smile of faint derision.

Miss Kildare hurried to her room, sought her writing-desk and wrote rapidly for ten minutes. Then she straddled back in the chair, chewed abstractedly on the penholder and read her composition. In all, written two letters, and the first of these was

DEAR MR. MONTGOMERY: I scarcely know how about answering you, because the task is certainly distasteful I have ever had put to me. The should like to use will not come freely, and the that do suggest themselves are much too hackneyed ed on such an occasion. Of course I might tell

I am immensely honored by the offer you have e, and sincerely regret that I am not able to do as u. And, after all, I fancy that is the best thing o say. The expression is not new, but it is won-true. I do greatly respect you, Mr. Montgomery, o very earnestly thank you for asking me to be fe, but I cannot marry you. You have been so

frank and manly with me that I feel a like candor is due you. When I say I do not care for you in that way, it is because I do care for some one else in that way, and this makes me the more considerate of your feelings because that some one has as yet given no sign that the sentiment is mutual. He is all things that are worthy—as a matter of fact, he is staying here for the season, and you must know him and his many fine qualities—and he has won my heart. I do not say this in the spirit to exalt him at this time, but rather because I wish you to know just why I cannot answer you as you wish, and also to prove to you that others suffer in affairs of this sort besides yourself. I trust that things being as they are will not make any change in our friendship. I respect you highly and shall value your continued acquaintance—but my love is no longer mine to give. Believe me,

"Very, very sincerely yours,

"KATHERINE KILDARE."

The other letter occupied the same number of pages, as indeed, why should it not, seeing that, word for word, the notes were indetical? The only difference was in the address. The second epistle started, "My dear Mr. Stewart."

Miss Kildare addressed two envelopes, following her critical inspection of her product. The one superscription was,

Mr. Martin Montgomery,
The Twiggeries,
Town.

Important.

As for the other envelope, the legend ran,

Mr. Donald Stewart,
Hotel Hollyhock,
Town.

Important.

Whereupon, with an inscrutable look in the still dancing eyes, Miss Kitty Kildare folded and properly creased the note of rejection to Mr. Montgomery and inclosed it in the envelope directed to Mr. Stewart. This leaving one note and one envelope, Miss Kildare effected a combination by placing the letter to Mr. Stewart in the wrapper marked for Mr. Montgomery, sealed the correspondence, and, tripping lightly to the reading-room, dropped both communications in the mail-box and sighed rapturously.

Mr. Martin Montgomery, at breakfast next morning, devouring the stock list in the city paper with almost as much relish as he did the porterhouse and grilled eggs, grumblingly laid aside the market report as an attendant handed him a letter. The momentary ill-humor speedily gave place to curiosity as the young broker regarded the envelope.

"Postmarked here," he commented, "and in the hand-

writing of a woman. And 'town,' too. I don't believe I know any girl here who writes to me."

He tore open the envelope in a puzzled sort of way, and the air of mystification with which he had received the note heightened as he read the first few lines. Then he laid the letter down and picked up the envelope, which he examined with the utmost care. This, too, he laid down, and for a full minute he regarded the ceiling with an intentness which drew out the respectful alarm of the head-waiter. Then he put the envelope in his pocket and read the letter slowly and painstakingly.

After breakfast he walked out in the sycamore grove and dropped into a shaded arbor, where again he read the letter written by Miss Kildare and rejecting Mr. Stewart. Finally his thoughts took shape:

"So little Stewart has been proposing to Miss Kildare, eh?" he mused. "And been properly turned down, eh? Well, why not? What could a goddessy creature like that girl see in a little two-by-four lawyer? When she marries, I'll bet she marries some man she will have to look up to, a big, athletic fellow who can protect her, a fellow like—well, well, what am I thinking of? Now, I wonder who the man is she's in love with," thus ran the thoughts of Mr. Montgomery. "She says he's staying here. Why, she's only been here herself three days. She can't have become acquainted with very many. Let's try the process of elimination."

Mr. Montgomery thus indulged himself for a few minutes, when a strange look came into his eyes, a look as of appreciation and quasi-pity and speculation. Gradually the speculation passed away and smug satisfaction reigned. He re-read that portion of Miss Kildare's letter to Stewart dwelling on the loss of the lady's affections.

"'He's all things worthy,' eh? Well, she's a fine little girl, and I'm really sorry for her. Thinks I haven't given any sign of returning her affection, eh? Poor little thing! I'll have to be more considerate of her. Of course she is quite right about the sentiment not being mutual, but I can't see a girl like that suffer. I'll pay her a little more attention in the future, and I do hope she will get over her infatuation."

It will be seen that careful self-examination and a studious reading of the note to Stewart had brought Mr. Montgomery to a position where he could not very well ignore the regrettable effect of his charm.

"Now, about this letter," ran on the big broker, "I can't very well send it to Stewart after the seal has been broken, and I don't feel like handing it back to Miss Kildare, because the poor child would be frightfully embarrassed if she knew I had learned her feelings toward me. I fancy Stewart will be hanging around her, anyway, and will get his refusal orally."

And with this reflection Mr. Montgomery stuffed the note in his pocket and strolled down toward the beach, where Miss Kitty might reasonably be expected to be found.

About the time Mr. Montgomery, in the breakfast-room of The Twiggeries, was reading the

rejection of Mr. Donald Stewart, that rising young lawyer was performing a similar service for Mr. Montgomery.

"There is one thing to be said of her," admitted Mr. Stewart, after he had grasped the substance of the note and comprehended that the lady had made a mistake in the inclosures, "she is a girl of a good deal of sense. I am right glad she has sent that long-legged ass Montgomery about his business. Now as to this other reference"—

The legal mind worked fast, the circumstantial evidence was strong, and the inevitable conclusion warranted Stewart in stealing a glimpse of his features in the dining-room mirror.

"She's just like the rest of them," he thought on, with the petty vanity of a little man. "I can't pay them the slightest attention, but—oh, well, what's the use? The damage is done now, and it is my place to undo it as far as I can by treating her in the manner best calculated to show her the case is hopeless. She will be wise enough to see that it is all for the best."

Then another suggestion occurred to the apostle of Blackstone. If he had in an envelope addressed to him a letter intended for Montgomery, it was logical to suppose that Montgomery had a letter intended for Stewart, and the latter wondered what it was Miss Kildare had been writing him about. This he would ascertain, and then set about reconciling Miss Kildare to the renunciation she must make. As for Montgomery's letter, Stewart would retain that. He was too good a lawyer to voluntarily part with important documentary evidence. Having settled





THE UNCERTAINTIES OF GOLF.

"I drove a ball over in this direction. Did you see where it landed?"
 "No; but I can put my hand on the spot."

these matters to his satisfaction, he climbed into a Hotel Hollyhock vehicle and was driven to the beach.

Miss Kitty Kildare sat in her beach-chair, just at the edge of the arbor, tracing in the glistening white sand with the point of her parasol, the subjects being Cupids and hearts and doves, with due allowance for the lady's originality of conception and limitations of execution. A few chairs away, pleasantly out of earshot, taking into account the friendly murmur of the sea, Miss Kitty's aunt, Mildred, dozed luxuriously and decorously. Miss Kitty was not bathing, because one cannot be beautiful and bathe at one and the same time, no matter what the sentimentalists may tell you. If you have hair and let it fall down your back, you will be a spectacle two minutes after the sea has drenched you. And if you confine your hair under one of those red, white, or blue rubber caps, the effect is not inspiring. It is far and away the part of wisdom to sit daintily on the beach, clad all in white, from ties to straw hat, looking as fresh as the morning and as cool as the waters of a mountain spring—that is, if there is a task before you requiring delicacy of handling.

And, as a matter of fact, such a self-appointed task lay directly ahead of Miss Kitty Kildare, and even now approached her, in the somewhat puffing person of good Master Donald Stewart.

The young man gave an execrable imitation of surprise at the sight of the all-white vision in the beach-chair, paused as if he really had been intending to pass on to the other end of the bathing-ground, and then remarked that the day was fine but a bit sticky.

Miss Kildare explained that this was the humidity, and expressed the opinion that the proper place for water was in the sea and not in the air. Mr. Stewart agreed with this very reasonable view and was invited to sit beside Miss Kildare.

"In fact," said the lady, "I have something to say to you. I almost wrote you a note about it yesterday. I got as far as the envelope, then I thought I would wait until I saw you, for there really was no need of haste."

"So she directed an envelope to me and it lay there when she had finished Montgomery's letter," thought Stewart. "That accounts for it." Then he asked what had been the purport of the note that was never written.

"Aunt is going to get up a yachting party for me," explained Miss Kildare, "and she doesn't know very much about these things, for nearly all her life has been spent in inland cities, where they do not yacht. And I don't know much about it, either. So we thought we would ask your advice, because everyone says you are such an experienced sailor."

"She has noted every one of my likes and peculiarities," thought Stewart compassionately. "She is really a very pretty girl." Which utterly disconnected ideas were followed by his reply that he would consider the major domo-ing of Miss Kildare's yachting party the proudest privilege of his life. Miss Kildare thanked him very prettily and smiled, and Mr. Stewart noted that her teeth were as milky and regular as the white keys on a piano. "See here, boy," counseled Mr. Stewart to himself, "you've been losing a lot of time. This young lady is worth the most assiduous cultivation."

Whereupon he made himself very agreeable, and in thus pleasing Miss Kitty immensely pleased himself, which is ever the aim of his kind. So absorbed, indeed, were the merry pair that they did not notice that for the last quarter of an hour Mr. Martin Montgomery had been stalking up and down the sand, casting now and again a furtive glance in their direction.

"Silly little shrimp," growled the broker; "he wouldn't be laughing quite so heartily if he knew what I have in my pocket. And how well the girl carries it off. She must be surprised that Stewart has sought her out after she had dismissed him, but she is such a thoroughbred she accepts the situation with the greatest grace. I suppose she thinks Stewart has decided to accept the advice she gave him about friendship and all that. But I'll bet I wouldn't go hanging around a girl who had turned me down. But oh, he doesn't know he's been refused," thought Montgomery, with a start. "Say, this is getting somewhat complicated. I wish he'd get through. I want to talk to her myself. She looks glorious this morning. There, some one has called him away."

And the coast being clear, Montgomery, without too much haste, made his way over to where Miss Kildare sat, a picture of demure serenity, with the possible exception of a light which danced out now and then from the glorious brown eyes and transformed her into a veritable imp of mischief. Kitty greeted the tall broker cordially, and expressed a growing belief in the hidden, the mystic, and the incomprehensible.



THE ALTAR.

Said the sweet and single maiden,
 "Will you tell me, if you can,
 Why the lovingest of lovers
 Is no sooner wedded than
 He becomes the careless husband
 Of the matrimonial plan?"

"Oh, it is the marriage altar!"
 Said the bitter married man.



THE OBJECTIONS OF A CANNIBAL.

"Brother, why do you object to Christianity?"

"Because I've always found it hard to keep a good man down."

"Because," she said, "I was thinking of you at the very minute you appeared. Is that mental telepathy, or thought transference, or Christian science, or what?"

"I don't know the scientific term," said Montgomery, with easy gallantry, "but I should unhesitatingly characterize it as delightful to be thought of by Miss Kildare."

"Yes, indeed," went on the lady, ignoring the compliment; "I was thinking about you just now, and I was thinking about you yesterday. There was something I wanted to ask you about, and I even set out to write you a note. I got as far as the envelope, and then something distracted my attention."

"That was hardly fair to me," suggested Montgomery.

"It was a letter just handed me," said the girl, "and it required an early answer. When I remembered about you, I decided I would wait and speak to you, as I thought surely you would be on the beach."

"With such an attraction," said Montgomery, "the beach ought to play to capacity. May I ask what it was you were going to ask me?"

"Why, you see," said the girl, "auntie and I want to get up an amateur theatrical entertainment for charity, and we don't know much about the details of management. Everybody says you're a splendid amateur stage manager, and we wanted to ask if you would take charge of the affair for us."

"You are doing me a positive favor when you suggest it," said Montgomery warmly. And he added mentally, "How graceful she is! she would make an ideal Juliet—and I should like to play Romeo to her!"

Then they fell to discussing the plan, and were deep in the details when Stewart came hurrying away from the interrupting friends.

"Well," he stormed, "just see that lumbering Montgomery paying attention to that pretty girl! I never saw such assurance in my life. I fancy a sight of a certain letter would take the conceit out of him." And the little

lawyer walked over to the pair, because he was not going to resign any of his rights to a man who was not even a rival.

The gentlemen greeted each other with distant politeness, and the talk, perforce, became general. When Montgomery caught a darting glimpse from the big, brown eyes he read the message, "What an awful bore this little man is; I wish he would go, so we could resume our intimate talk." And when the brown eyes favored Stewart with a swift, comprehending glance, he interpreted it, "Now, why couldn't that fellow have stayed away? We were having such a delightful time together."

Neither gentleman showing signs of retreat, and the conversation by now having become practically a monologue by Miss Kildare, the situation was rapidly becoming strained, as they say in diplomatic circles, when Aunt Mildred providentially awakened, and the girl, excusing herself, hastened over to her relative. Then Mr. Montgomery strolled south along the beach and Mr. Stewart strolled north along the beach, and Miss Kitty Kildare explained to her aunt that they were going to have a delightful time, for Mr. Stewart was going to arrange a yachting party for them, and Mr. Montgomery would get up some amateur theatricals.

The yachting party was a merry affair, particularly for Miss Kitty and Mr. Stewart. The latter was full of importance in his new flannels, and looked more than ever like a fat Brownie. He moved over the boat with an air of proprietorship, tenderly solicitous of the comfort of all the ladies, with an especial watchfulness as regarded the wants of Miss Kildare.

Of all the party, Mr. Montgomery alone was gloomy. He stalked about like the ghost at the banquet, and experienced Cain-like feelings as he beheld the favor in which Stewart was esteemed. "Of course I'm not in love with the girl or anything like that," argued Montgomery, "but still I can't bear to see her wasting her time on that little apology for a man."

In the blue and white of her yachting costume Miss Kitty looked ravishing, and there was small cause for wonder that she should be the centre of attraction. It was long before the chafing Montgomery could manage a word in private with her, and then, throwing caution to the breezes, he spoke freely of the situation.

"I have been trying all day to get speech with you," he said, "but you have been so busy listening to what Mr. Stewart has been saying you haven't had time for any one else."

"Oh, but you mustn't say anything against Mr. Stewart," said the girl gently.

"Now, see here," said Montgomery masterfully, "you don't care for Stewart, and you know it."

"But Mr. Stewart—ca—that is, Mr. Stewart is very nice to me, and you have to be nice to persons who are nice to you, don't you?"

"You mean Stewart cares for you," said Montgomery rapidly. "I know he does. But what then? Others care for you, too."

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Kildare dreamily.

"You do know," contradicted Montgomery. "You must know. Oh, Kitty, I"—

"There," said Kitty, moving away, "my Aunt Mildred is calling me," and she left Montgomery savagely kicking an unoffending coil of rope.

Next day Montgomery proposed, and was told to wait; he should have his answer in a little while. And very impatiently he waited. The preparations for the theatricals helped some, just as again they combined to fill the soul of Montgomery with added anxiety. The rehearsals brought Kitty very close to him, and of course this was most desirable, but at the same time there was the uncertainty. If Kitty should refuse him the present propinquity would have been but an extra cause for regret. On the whole, however, Montgomery, in daily possession of Kitty, was in a position more enviable than was Stewart.

The lawyer, since the day of the yachting party, had come to regard Kitty's affection for him as an understood thing, else why should she have elevated him as she had done? But now, here were these confounded theatricals coming on and taking up all her time, and throwing her constantly into the society of Montgomery. Finally Stewart pocketed his pride and applied to the stage-manager for a place in the cast.

"All right," said Montgomery cheerily, "I've got just the part left that will suit you."

"What is it?" asked Stewart eagerly.

"Well, you know," said Montgomery, "in the second act there is a scene on the dock of an ocean liner. She is just about to sail away. There are a number of bearded



A FONETIC ADVANTAGE.

"There's wan foine thing about this foonatic shpellin'—a man kin come home full as a goat an' wroite jist as sinsible a shpelt letter as he kin whin he's sober."



THE BACHELOR'S WONDER.

Fair maid, in all your many guises,
In any hat, whate'er the size is,
In winter garb, chic, tailor-shaped,
Or summer frou-frou, gauzes, draped,
Your charm ne'er fails. One thought arises—
We wonder, wonder what the price is,
And if we
Could finance so much finery.

old salts sitting on the string-piece. Just as the last warning whistle is being sounded the hero appears and dashes toward the gangplank. One of the old salts has risen to walk away, and the hero, in his rush to make the ship, collides with him and topples him over in the water."

"Ah," said Mr. Stewart amiably, "my part is the hero, eh?"

"Why, no," explained Mr. Montgomery; "I have been cast for that part myself. You are the old salt who gets toppled over in the water. It's a splendid comedy part and good for a big laugh."

Mr. Stewart wondered if he had heard aright.

"Who, me?" he sputtered, without

the slightest regard for grammar; "me be a bearded old salt and let you knock me over the head! You must think I'm crazy!" and he walked away muttering strange things.

"Now, there's an unreasonable fellow," murmured Montgomery; "give him a nice fat part that anybody would jump at the chance of playing, and what does he do? Goes up in the air. There's no pleasing some persons."

"Going to play the hero himself, is he?" thought Mr. Stewart, smarting under his wrongs. "And that will give him the chance to make love to Kitty." For some time past Mr. Stewart had been thinking of Miss Kildare as "Kitty." "He doesn't seem to understand that his society is distasteful to the lady and that she loves another. And she, poor girl, thinking he knows her sentiments, is just treating him with common politeness."

Mr. Stewart's steps led him to the hotel where Miss Kildare and her aunt were staying, and though the young lady was very busy reading her part, she gave him an audience. Wasn't Mr. Stewart going to be in the play?

No; Mr. Stewart wasn't going to be in the play. And without more ado Mr. Stewart gave it as his opinion that Mr. Montgomery, in the allotment of the parts, was guided less by motives of art than by considerations of craftiness.

"Now, please don't say such things," begged Miss Kildare. "Mr. Montgomery is a very nice man, I'm sure, and always doing things for people."

"He may be always doing things for you," said Stewart; "but that is very easy to understand. But you don't care for him. I know you don't."

"I don't see how you can know that," said Miss Kildare. "Besides, I have just told you I thought him very nice."

"Other persons would be glad to be always doing things for you," went on Mr. Stewart tenderly, and then his soul rushed forth, for he said, "Oh, Kitty, dear, they won't let me play the hero in this stupid little piece, but won't you let me play it with you for all time?"

"Are you asking me to marry you?" queried Kitty.

"Why, yes," said Stewart in some surprise.

And he, too, was told to wait.



GEOGRAPHICAL—THE BLACK SEA.

After the amateur theatricals each man was more hopelessly in love than ever, and even Kitty began to experience the qualms of pity. "Of course they deserved it," reasoned the girl, "but I think they've been punished sufficiently." So she wrote a note to Stewart, making an appointment at her hotel for three o'clock, and a similar note to Montgomery, appointing ten minutes past three as the time she would give her decision. Then, to carry the little comedy to a conclusion, she wrote two other notes and left them with the clerk at the desk, saying one was to be handed Mr. Stewart, and the other given to Mr. Montgomery when those gentlemen should call. The note to Mr. Stewart read:

"At the last minute I find I cannot say to you what is in my mind, and I am going to ask you to speak with Mr. Montgomery when you see him. He will explain to you certain things which have a direct bearing on your offer."

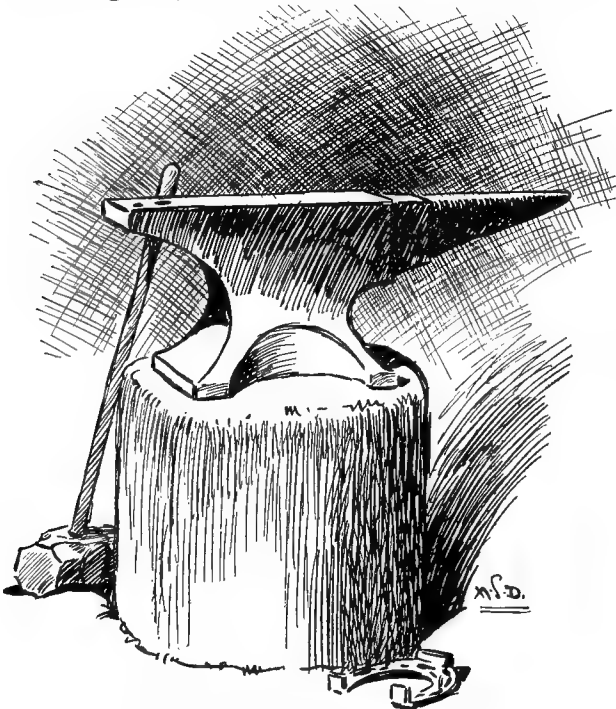
The other note was the same, save for the transposition of names.

Mr. Stewart, promptly at three of the clock, appeared at the hotel, and was given the note by the clerk. He couldn't quite make out the meaning of the communication and retired to a corner to re-read it. As he was puzzling it out Montgomery hurried in, got his note and looked properly mystified. Then he caught sight of Stewart in the corner, and advancing, opened the conversation in the most direct way.

"Mr. Stewart," he said, "I have called to-day to get from Miss Kildare an answer to a question I asked her some time ago. I find a note from her saying you will give me that answer."

A slow grin widened the cherubic face of Mr. Stewart as he listened.

Then he said briefly, "I will," and he searched through his pockets till he found Miss Kildare's letter rejecting Mr. Montgomery.



SOMETHING HARD TO BEAT.

Montgomery read with a clouded brow. The communication bore the date of a month ago. As he read Stewart's grin grew even more expansive. "Now, you see," said that gentleman, the thought of the offer of the part of a bearded old sea-dog strong upon him, "now you see why Miss Kildare can't marry you."

"I don't know how you got hold of a letter addressed to me," said Montgomery, "and I don't understand why the date"—

"Don't try to," advised Stewart. "But see here; Miss Kildare has also written me that if I ask you, you can tell me something about her sentiments toward me."

"Oh, yes," said Montgomery slowly; "for a minute I had forgotten. Maybe you will be interested in reading this," and he handed the lawyer Miss Kildare's rejection of the month before.

For fully five minutes the men sat and stared, then, "Stewart," said Montgomery, "there's a train into town at four-fifteen. I think I'll take it. Do you want to come along?"

"I'll go you," said Mr. Stewart, and they left the hotel together.

Modern Therapeutics.

I WENT to a modern doctor to learn what it was wrong.

I'd lately been off my fodder, and life was no more a song. He felt of my pulse as they all do, he gazed at my outstretched tongue;

He took off my coat and weskit and harked at each wheezing lung.

He fed me a small glass penstalk with figures upon the side. And this was his final verdict when all of my marks he'd spied:

"Do you eat fried eggs? Then quit it.

You don't? Then hurry and eat 'em,

Along with some hay that was cut in May—

There are no other foods to beat 'em.

Do you walk? Then stop instanter—

For exercise will not do

For people with whom it doesn't agree—

And this is the rule for you:

Just quit whatever you do do

And begin whatever you don't;

For what you don't do may agree with you

As whatever you do do don't."

Yea, thus saith the modern doctor, "Tradition be double durned! What the oldsters knew was nothing compared to the things we've learned.

There's nothing in this or that thing that's certain in every case. Any more than a single bonnet's becoming to every face.

It's all in the diagnosis that tells us the patient's fix—

The modern who knows his business is up to a host of tricks.

Do you eat roast pork? Then stop it.

You don't? Then get after it quickly.

For the long-eared ass gives the laugh to grass

And delights in the weed that's prickly.

Do you sleep with the windows open?

Then batten them good and tight

And swallow the same old fetid air

Through all of the snoozesome night.

Just quit whatever you do do

And do whatever you don't;

For what you don't do may agree with you

As whatever you do do don't."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.



ABERRATIONS OF GENIUS.

WAYSIDE JIM—"Do yer t'ink genius is insanity?"
DEACON HARDCRABBLE—"No. Genius is only a capacity for hard work."
WAYSIDE JIM—"Heavens! An' don't yer call *dat* 'insanity'?"

Cupid's Tempest.

THEY had quarreled. The cold steel shaft from the arc-light penetrated the shadows of the porch and showed that she had been weeping. As for him, big, broad-shouldered brute! he chewed fiercely on his black cigar and gazed sullenly into the darkness. She was the first to sneak.

"I will never marry you now—oh, no, if you should beg me on your knees! I hate you!"

"And I shall never forgive you—no, not even when my bones bleach in the dust and snails crawl through my skull."

"Ugh! You are horrible—you are callous!"

"It is such women as you that make men callous."

"And it is such brutes as you that make women indifferent to everything. I shall never speak to you again!"

"Very well. I shall feel free."

"Oh, how I hate you!"

"Pray do not overtax your emotions on my account."

"My emotions? I have no emotions. I am absolutely without feeling, and you have made me so."

"That's right. Just like a woman—blame the man for everything."

"Man? I hope you do not call yourself a man?"

"Well, no. Perhaps I am only an apology for a man."

"And to think I once allowed myself to love an apology for a man!"

"Well, come to think of it, you were very willing to accept an apology."

"I would resent your insults, but I have taken a vow never to speak to you again. Now remember—never again!"

Ten minutes of silence ensued; then he spoke.

"Helen!"

"You dare to have the face to speak to me after all that?"

"Yes. Er—the drug-store down the street has a new soda-fountain."

"What have I to do with that?"

"And it looks just like a Greek temple."

"Well?"

"And they have twenty-four different flavors."

"My!"

"Will—you come down, Helen, and—and have a glass on me?"

She thought of the Greek temple, and visions of the twenty-four flavors flitted through her mind and drove away the tears.

"Yes, George," she whispered as she crept closer; "but—but remember, I shall never speak to you again—no, never!"

And the moon came out from behind a cloud and swam in the open blue.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

Rather.

THE prediction having failed dismally, the ancient Romans were cackling merrily upon the Appian Way.

"Don't tell me!" shrilled one. "These newfangled ways of predicting things may be scientific, but this goes to show that even science has its faults."

"It occurs to me," observed Claudius Comedius, "that if this sort of thing keeps up it will put the augur in the hole, so to speak."

Didn't Wish To Be Disturbed.

Mistress—"I am sorry to trouble you, Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast to-morrow at five-thirty."

Cook—"Oh, it won't be no throuble at all, mum, if he don't knock nothin' over whoile cookin' it an' wake me up."

His Reason.

Johnny—"Mamma, when I grows up I wants to be a saint."

Mother—"Oh, you darling! And why?"

Johnny—"Why, I was reading that boys never grows up to be what they wants to be."

Little Willie's Surprise.

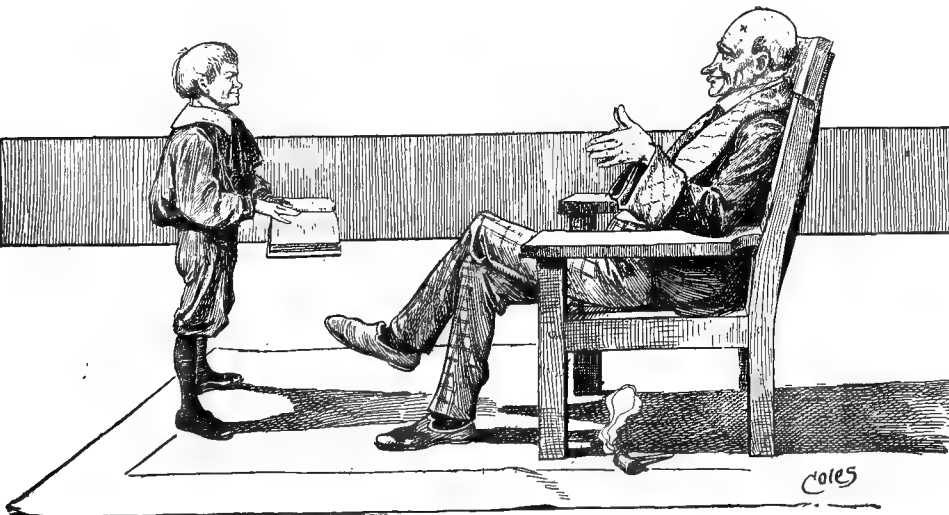
MR. AND MRS. BLANK recently moved from the city to the suburbs. The first night in their new home their five-year-old son climbed into bed as soon as he was undressed.

"Willie," said his mother, "haven't you forgotten to say your prayers?"

"Why, mamma," he replied, "is God 'way out here, too?"

New Yorker—"What's the use of running? You say the train never leaves on time."

Suburbanite—"It would if we walked."



A SHINING EXAMPLE.

Boy—"Pop, what's a bachelor?"

Pop—"A bachelor, my son, is a man whom nature has set up as a shining example of what good luck can do for an individual."



A COMPENSATING BLESSING.

BOB—"Yes; since the Smiths lost their money I have stopped calling there."
ETHEL—"How good of you! That ought to cheer them up a whole lot."

Waggley's White Elephant

By Will S. Gidley

WAGGLEY gave a gasp of surprise. Scarcely could he credit the message that his optic nerve sent flashing to the brain. Again he scrutinized the narrow strip of paper that had fallen from the envelope and was lying before him, face upward on his desk.

Yes ; wildly improbable as it seemed, he had read the figures aright. The check was for one thousand dollars—whew ! just think of it !—an even thousand dollars, “in payment (as the accompanying note ran) of prize awarded to your delightfully clever little story entitled, ‘The Bumptiousness of John Q. Bump.’”

Waggley picked up the check and carefully examined the back of it as if fearing he might find written thereon a line explaining that it was all a joke—a piece of “All Fools’ Day” humor.

But no ; although the date was April 1st the back of the check bore no jocular explanatory inscription, no merry “April fool, ha, ha !” or other seasonable witticism, but still remained in unsullied purity, awaiting only the hieroglyphics that stood for the signature of Willis J. Waggley to make it negotiable for its face value of one thousand dollars.

As he gazed enraptured upon this pleasing document Waggley’s mouth expanded in a smile so broad and so Hoosac tunnel-like in its general tout ensemble that his ears actually seemed to shrink back as if in alarm at their possible fate.

Presently his pent-up emotions found vent in speech.

“Haw, haw, haw !” he roared with a voice like a fog-horn on a February morning. “That was a lucky Bump for me. Well, I should smile !” And he did—the sort of a smile that declines to come off. See description above. “Yes, indeed ; I bumped the bumps to some purpose that time. Just think of it—one thousand big, cart-wheel dollars, and all in one wad at that, for a twenty-five-hundred-word story about my old friend, John Q. Bump and his load of bumptiousness ! Mighty fine thing I discovered Bump first. Why, at that rate he’ll be a regular Klondike. Hurrah for Bump ! Hip, hip, hurrah !”

In the exuberance of his joy Waggley got up from his desk and essayed a handspring. It had been several years since he had attempted a feat of this sort, therefore it was not to be wondered at that the venture was not wholly a success.

As it was, Waggley raked the mantel clear of bric-à-brac, both ornamental and useful, with his feet, and then came to the floor with a crash that shook the building and brought the landlady up stairs on a jump to see what had happened.

“For mercy’s sake !” she ejaculated, opening the door and sticking her head inside. “Why, Mr. Waggley, what does this performance mean ? Really, I am astonished and shocked to see you in this condition.”

“What condition ? What do you mean ?” demanded Waggley, struggling bravely to his feet and facing the landlady, with the expansive smile still illuminating his countenance in spite of his downfall. “Appearances are frequently deceptive, Mrs. Flapjack, and they never were more so than they are in the present instance. I am not drunk, Mrs. Flapjack, as you doubtless imagine—that is, not in the ordinary and vulgar acceptance of the term. Oh, no ; I’m simply intoxicated with joy. I’ve just received a thousand-dollar check from the *Magnet* for one of my stories, and—eh ? what’s that ?”

But Waggley’s landlady had hastily backed out of the room and was on her way down stairs shaking her head and muttering.

“Crazy as a loon ! Poor fellow, I feel sorry for him, but with *his* imagination he ought to write better fiction than he does. I think I see him getting a thousand dollars for one of his stories. Ten dollars would be more like it. But he’ll pay for the things he’s smashed, just the same, when he settles his board bill Saturday night.”

And he did. But that is only a detail and has nothing to do with the rest of the story.

“How will you have it ?” asked the paying-teller of the Steenth National Bank when Waggley loomed up at his window the next day and presented the check for payment.

“Big bills, please—the bigger the better,” responded Waggley, with a complacent smile.

The paying-teller smiled, too, as he reached over, and, picking up a single bill from a pile of crisp bank-notes, handed it through the wicket to his waiting customer.

“That big enough for you ?” he queried with a sarcastic chuckle.

“Just right,” was the response. “What I was looking for exactly. Don’t care for a lot of chicken feed to lug around. When I have money I want it in one lump, so I can take care of it without too much exertion. Besides, I’ve got just a few friends I’d like to astonish. Guess their eyes will look like Bermuda onions when I flash this bill on them.”

As Waggley passed out of the bank he felt as if he were walking on air. Permeating his being was a curious sense of elation—a sort of independent, millionaire feeling, such as Pierpont Morgan or John D. Rockefeller might be supposed to have, as they sit comfortably ensconced on their towering pyramid of dollars and complacently gaze down on the struggling masses below—the toilers who labor with their hands for a living.

At best, man—the ordinary, two-legged man—is a strange creature, a poor, weak atom of humanity, the helpless victim of his own vagrant moods and impulses, “pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw,” as the divine William expresses it.

Queer what a difference a little strip of paper with a few figures and other printed matter on it makes in one’s outlook on life ! Still, it is not so much to be wondered at

after all. An author with a thousand-dollar check in his pocket—received as compensation for one short story—can afford to be cheerful.

Waggley was not only cheerful, but beaming. Some men, under the circumstances, would have been tempted to incarnadine the town, but Waggley did his painting only in fancy. To his pleased and glowing imagination everything now possessed a roseate hue, and he saw Fame and Fortune (both with a big F, Mr. Compositor, if you please!) almost within his grasp—or at least not over a mile and a half away.

At this auspicious moment Waggley ran into an old friend and fellow-author named Beazley—Junius Brutus Beazley, for long. Ought to have been an actor with that tag on him, but he wasn't. He belonged to the Joke-Wrights' Union and wrote chopped-off witticisms and society verse for the periodicals and a living, sometimes making as much as fifteen per—per day understood, of course.

"Hello, Wagg!" greeted Beazley: "How's everything?"

"Never better," responded Waggley. "Just raked in a thousand-dollar prize for a short story."

"That's right; tell a good one while you're about it," said Beazley jealously. "But, say, Wagg, what's the use of stopping at a measly thousand? Why not make it five and have done with it? You are altogether too modest."

"Yes," admitted Waggley; "modesty is one of my strong points, and truthfulness is another. I said a thousand dollars because that is the correct amount of the bonus received in payment for my literary bantling, and, furthermore, I happen to be provided with the documents necessary to prove my assertion. How does this one strike you, for instance?"

Here Waggley yanked the thousand-dollar bill from his pocket and dangled it in front of Beazley's astonishing optics. "Speechless, eh? I thought you would be," gloated Waggley. "That's what I'm carrying this bill around for—to astonish my friends and confound my enemies. Oh, I'll get slathers of enjoyment out of this thousand-dollar shinplaster yet before I part with it."

And he did, after a fashion.

In fact, Waggley put in the most of his time for the next few days extracting enjoyment, or attempting to, at least, from that pleasing specimen of government lithography. He worked at it so constantly and persistently that he made a paripatetic nuisance of himself, and it finally got so that his friends and acquaintances would promptly vanish around the corner to avoid meeting him when they saw him coming.

The fun palled on Waggley, too, after a while, and he stopped showing the bill to anyone except himself.

It seemed good to look at it once in a while, though the feeling of elation over its possession no longer kept him awake nights.

One day, greatly to Waggley's surprise,

when he opened his pocket-book, he found he had only a solitary nickel in cash left outside of that thousand-dollar greenback. The surprise gave way to a feeling of annoyance and disgust when he reflected that he was at that moment twenty miles from a bank where he could get a bill of that denomination changed, and that he was aboard of a trolley-car which was carrying him still farther away as rapidly as possible.

He was, as it happened, on his way to Pineville Junction, in the wilds of Westchester county, to hunt up a summer boarding-place. It would require two more five-cent fares to carry him through to his destination; and somehow Waggley couldn't help wondering what he was going to do when his last nickel was gone.

True, he had the thousand-dollar bill, but if the conductor didn't drop dead from heart disease at the sight of it he would probably decline to change a bill of that size; or, if he did change it, he would give him all dimes and nickels, and then he would be worse off than ever.

Waggley was still frantically clawing around in his mind in search of some way out of the rapidly-approaching dilemma, when the conductor came through the car and halted in front of him, with extended palm.

"Fare, please."

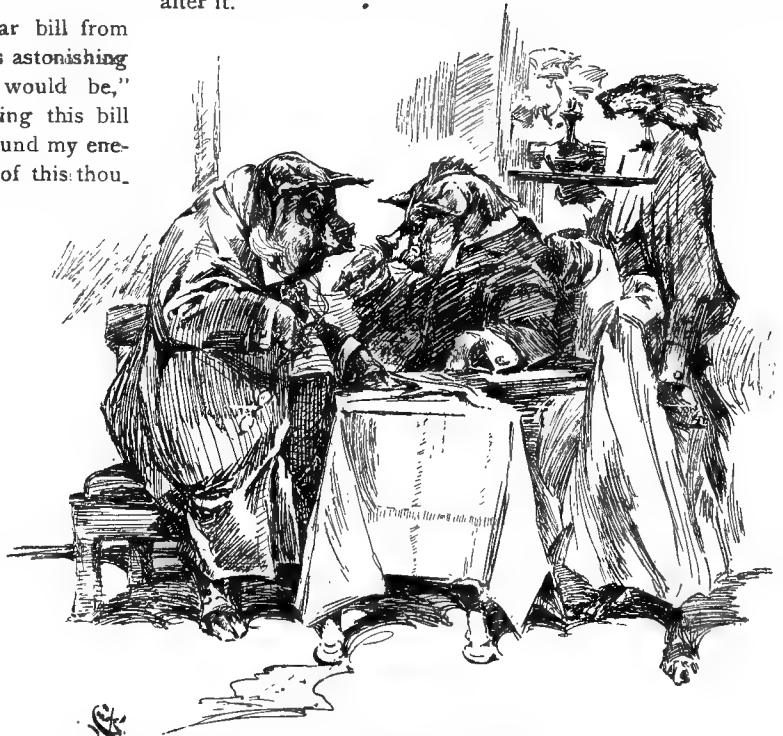
Waggley handed over his final nickel.

"Going through to the Junction?" demanded the conductor.

Waggley gave a guilty start.

"Why—er—yes; I expect to if nothing happens," stammered the flustered Waggley.

"Cost you five cents more, then. Might as well pay it now and save me the trouble of coming around again after it."



LOOKING FOR QUANTITY.

WAITER—"Two high-balls, sir? Yes, sir."

CUSTOMER—"And say, waiter, just make those high-balls as wide as possible."

"I'm sorry," said Wagglely apologetically, "but —er— I'll either have to hang you up for a nickel until I see you again or let you change a big bill."

"You can't hang me up fer no nickel, mister; I'll tell you that to start with," growled the conductor. "I can't afford any luxuries of that kind on my salary. Trot out your bill. If it ain't anything more than a sawbuck I can cover it all right."

Wagglely took the thousand-dollar bill from his purse, carefully unfolded it and offered it to the collector of fares.

"Holy smoke!" erupted that individual. "Do you think I am running a United States sub-treasury on wheels? Imagine I've got all my pockets stuffed with ten- and twenty-dollar bills? Got an idea that I'm a William K. Vanderbilt or a George Gould running a trolley-car fer the benefit of my health? Take me fer a Wall-street syndicate? Hey, what? And how do I know but what your old government chromo is a counterfeit, anyhow?"

"I'm sorry—er—"

"Mebbe you be," interrupted the conductor. "But that won't save you from hoofing it the rest of the way to Pineville Junction all the samey, unless you cough up another nickel. You've paid to Shadyside, and that's where you climb off or git the g. b., and I'll give you exactly two seconds to take your pick which it's going to be after we git there. Understand?"

Wagglely intimated that he did. And when the car made its next stop and the conductor shouted, "All out for Shadyside!" he hastily gathered up his gripsack and umbrella and dropped off.

After the car had passed on out of sight Wagglely began to take stock of his surroundings. Shadyside was only a small village, consisting of some twenty or thirty buildings all told, one of which was a general store, and another a rather lonesome-looking railroad station, size 12 x 14.

"Mighty interesting time of it trying to get a thousand-dollar bill changed in this town, I imagine," remarked Wagglely as he gazed gloomily up and down the street. "Guess twenty would be nearer the size. Money is a mighty handy thing to have with you when you are traveling, but not in quite such large-sized chunks. Here I am with a thousand-dollar bank-note in my pocket and I've got to walk the rest of the way to Pineville Junction because I can't pay my car-fare!

"Talk about the fix old Midas found himself in with his golden touch! I don't see but what I'm just about as badly off as he was; I can't buy even a nickel's worth of transportation with this bill, and no doubt if I were on the verge of starvation I might stay there or go ahead and starve to death for all the assistance this piece of paper would be to me.

"I felt rather proud of my thousand-dollar bill when I first began carrying it around and exhibiting it to my friends, but it's a mighty lucky thing for me I never happened to show it when the fool-killer was around, or I'd been a goner!

"Seven dusty miles from my destination and nothing smaller than a thousand-dollar William! Great Peters!

what a fix to be in! I wonder, if I called a mass-meeting of the citizens of this delightful burgh, whether the entire crowd would be able to furnish change for this confounded bill? Probably not. The only thing to do is to walk and pretend that I like it."

And walk he did, reaching Pineville Junction two hours and a half later, footsore, travel-stained and disgusted.

There was only one hotel in the place, a big, rambling structure known as the Wayside Inn. To this inviting hostelry Wagglely wearily wended his way.

"Best room in the house and a warm bath!" he laconically ordered after making the usual picture of a picket-fence struck by lightning on the register.

"Correct," said the clerk. "No. 19, the bridal chamber and bath-room adjoining, is yours. Five dollars in advance, please."

"I wasn't figuring on occupying your bridal chamber, exactly, all by my lonesome on this trip, but I guess I can stand it all right. Just take your change out of that!" and Wagglely shoved that thousand-dollar bill across the counter with the air of a man who has collateral to incinerate.

The clerk picked up the bill and glanced at the denomination. Then he gave a sudden start, looked up sharply at Wagglely and remarked,

"Er—um—nothing smaller?"

Wagglely truthfully replied that he hadn't.

"Er—um—excuse me just a moment, please," and the clerk turned to his desk, picked up a newspaper, hurriedly scanned its pages until his eye alighted on a certain paragraph, which he carefully went over line by line, glancing at Wagglely occasionally as he did so.

Just as that gentleman began to manifest signs of impatience the clerk once more came to the front with the remark,

"Er—um—sorry to keep you waiting; but"—

Here he made a quick dive under the counter and as quickly bobbed up again, and the next second Wagglely found himself looking down the barrel of a Colt's .44 and heard the crisp and business-like command,

"Throw up your hands!"

Wagglely hurriedly obeyed.

"Don't shoot!" he begged, holding both hands as high above his head as possible. "That's all the money I've got, so there's no use of killing me. Good Lord! what kind of a high-handed (the pun was purely accidental on Wagglely's part) proceeding is this, anyhow? Can't you rob your customers fast enough in the regular way without holding them up with a gun?"

"That's all right," said the clerk coolly, still keeping Wagglely covered with his artillery. "I know what I'm about. And when it comes to a hold-up I reckon you ain't no amateur at it yourself. Pretty slick job you put through up in Connecticut the other night. Oh, you needn't put on an innocent look! I knew you were one of the gang as soon as I caught sight of this thousand-dollar bill. Look out, there! Don't go to dropping your hands or reaching for your popgun. Put 'em up; higher yet! That's right! Now march over to that arm-chair at your left and sit down; and be sure to keep your hands

up until I tell you different—that is, unless you're anxious to head a small but select funeral procession about day after to-morrow."

Not having any aspirations in that direction, Wagglely hastily complied with the orders of the gentleman with the gun, in the meantime dazedly wondering what was going to happen next.

He was not kept long in suspense.

Calling in one of his assistants, a thick-set, phlegmatic individual who answered to the name of Mike, the clerk ordered him to procure a stout rope and bind Wagglely hand and foot. "And be sure to make a thorough job of it, too," he ordered. "He's a dangerous character."

"Sure an' he looks it!" commented Mike, glowering at the unfortunate Wagglely, who, still seated as he was in the arm-chair, with both hands extended toward the ceiling, looked about as dangerous as a frightened sheep. "What's the red-handed villain been doin', anyhow—settin' fire to an orphan-asylum, or only murderin' his mother-in-law?"

"Not quite as bad as that, Mike, but he is a desperate character just the same. He is one of the gang of burglars that cleaned out the bank up at Farmersville, Connecticut, the other night. Among the money stolen was a package of thousand-dollar bills, the paper says, and I've no doubt this chap has got his clothes lined with bills of that denomination this very minute. He just attempted to pass one of them on me, but he put his foot in a trap that time. As soon as I saw that bill I suspected right away who he was and proceeded to capture him. There is a reward of three thousand dollars offered for the arrest of"—

"May I say a word?" interrupted Wagglely meekly.

"Not till I get through!"

"Perhaps I can explain if you will allow me."

"You'll have a chance when the officers get here. That will be time enough, I guess. Got him securely tied, Mike?"

"Sure thing! A couple more twists of this rope and he won't know himself from a bale of hay."

"All right; you can stand guard over him while I telephone to the sheriff. Don't want to take any chances on letting that reward slip through my fingers. I need that three thousand dollars in my business."

It was beginning to look pretty dark for Wagglely, and he probably would soon have been haled away to a Westchester county dungeon, there to languish until he had proved his innocence, were it not for the fact that at this psychological moment (it may seem like stretching the possibilities, but fact is ever stranger than fiction!) a motor-car bearing the paying-teller of the 'Steenth National Bank, of New York City, rolled up to the door of the Wayside Inn, and that official, who, luckily for Wagglely, chanced to be taking a day's outing, dismounted and casually strolled into the very room where Mr. W. was being held a prisoner.

Wagglely sat up and fairly barked with joy to see him.

"Hello, Mac!" he exclaimed—the teller's name was McBride—"just tell this raving lunatic of a hotel clerk who I am and how I happened to have a thousand-dollar bill in my possession. You remember that prize check

you cashed for me a spell ago? Well, I've got that bill you gave me yet, and just because I attempted to pass it on our friend here he takes me for one of the Farmersville bank robbers and is holding me for a reward."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared McBride. "Pretty good joke that. But do you mean to say you've been carrying that altitudinous bill around all this time, wearing it out and drawing no interest on the money?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that is the case you're a—a"—

"I know what you're going to say: I'm a bigger chump than the chap who took me for a bank-burglar! Correct. I admit it. I'm as many kinds of a durn fool as anybody chooses to call me—at least, I *have* been, but I think I am getting over it. In fact, I know I am. And now, if you will take that thousand-dollar chromo off my hands and give me small change for it I'll never get into a scrape of this kind again as long as my name is Wagglely."

And up to the present date, be it recorded, Wagglely has faithfully kept his promise.

The City Bard Speaks.

DEAR reader (if you read at all),
Can you the good old days recall—
The dear old farm in winter time?
The jelly and the pickled lime?
The lowing of the bossy cow?
The farm-hand with his cheery "How?"
And mother in the kitchen bak-
ing pies "like mother used to make?"
The general store where were for sale
Dry goods and wet, and where the mail
Came every day at half-past three—
Long ere the days of R. F. D.?
The village cut-up, village band?
The miles and miles of fertile land?
The postmaster, the blacksmith, eke
Some things of which I cannot speak?
For I don't know the proper thing
For reminiscent bards to sing,
And I was not born in a small
Old burg, and I cannot recall
The things the poet says of it
When he is out to make a hit
Alas! born in a monster city,
I can't indite a rural ditty;
I cannot make the tear-drop come
By bringing up "The Dear Old Hum."

These and more things I cannot do,
But, then, I don't much care.

Do you?

• FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

Proof Positive.

The detective—"This is a plain case of suicide."

The coroner—"How do you know?"

The detective—"Why, here in his hand is the bill for his wife's Easter hat."

An Easy Mark.

Howell—"Did that fellow who wanted you to invest have a sure thing, as he claimed?"

Powell—"Yes; I was it."



1. A LAND-BREEZE.

"I think she'll go just-lovely!" cried little Bobby Carter.

A Misunderstanding.

"NO, Bobby," said mother; "it is not right
To whine or cry or pout.
An angry boy is a shocking sight—
I don't want one about.

"Now, when you're angry don't scream or roar—
I won't have growls and grunts.
You may go to your room and shut your door,
And stamp your foot just once."

When next Bobby felt his temper flare
He flew to his room and put,
With most extraordinary care,
A postage-stamp on his foot!

CAROLYN WELLS.

The Englishman's Jest.

THE Englishman was a good fellow. He was fully aware of his own shortcomings in the matter of the American joke, but not quite able to apply any remedy that lay at hand for the removal of the cause of the trouble.

His American chum was as typical of the witty Yankee as the Englishman was of the dense Briton.

One day, when they two were together and none others near, the American sprung that little bit of near-doggerel:

"I had a little bird; his name was Enza.
I opened the door and in flew Enza."

The Englishman saw the point instantly, and was greatly pleased with himself thereat. Over and over again he repeated to himself, "Influenza, influenza. I'll jolly well remember that good one, now. Influenza, influenza. Really the deucedest best bit I've heard on this side, y'know."

The next day, when starting with his American friend to a pink tea or some other such solemn function, the Britisher turned to his friend and said,

"Oh, I say, old chap; when they get to telling their riddles and their conundrums and their other bally bits of nons'nse this awfternoon, won't you be good enough to let me—aw—spring that bit you gave me yesterday about the bloomin' bird, y'know? There's a good chap."

"Sure!" said the American, yielding the point cheerfully and with malicious hopefulness.

As the afternoon wore on the foolishness of the event came, and conundrums were actually opened up. How much the American friend of the Englishman had to do with steering the conversation into that channel he only knows.

At length, in a lull, the Briton piped up, "Oh, I say, now! Did you ever hear this one:

"'I had a bit of a bird; his nime was—aw—aw—what was the bally beast's nime, now? Oh, yes! His nime was Enza.

And every time I opened the door to his cage—
Lagrippe!"

The only person present who really enjoyed the jest and laughed at it with unaffected and intelligent heartiness was the Britisher's American friend. But perhaps he enjoyed it enough for the whole company.

S. W. G.

Defined.

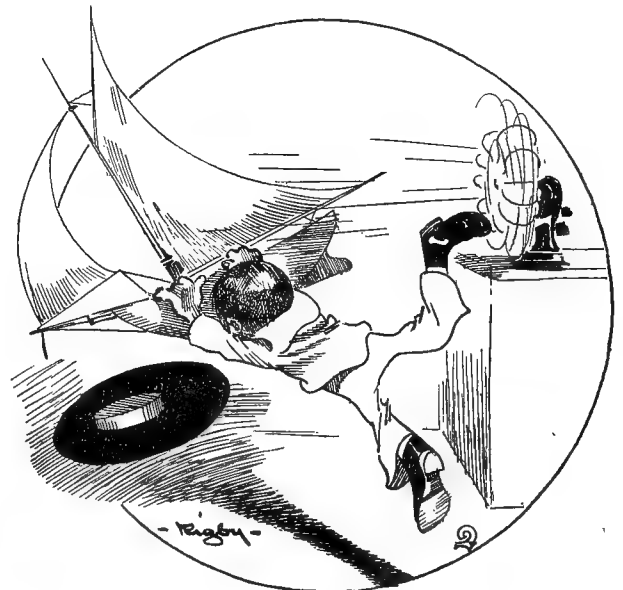
"NOW, children," said an enthusiastic teacher, "Johnnie has spelled 'mite' correctly and told us that it is a very small object. Can any little boy remember where mite is mentioned in the Bible?"

One small hand was raised and a small voice said, "The pen is miteier than the sword."

His Motto.

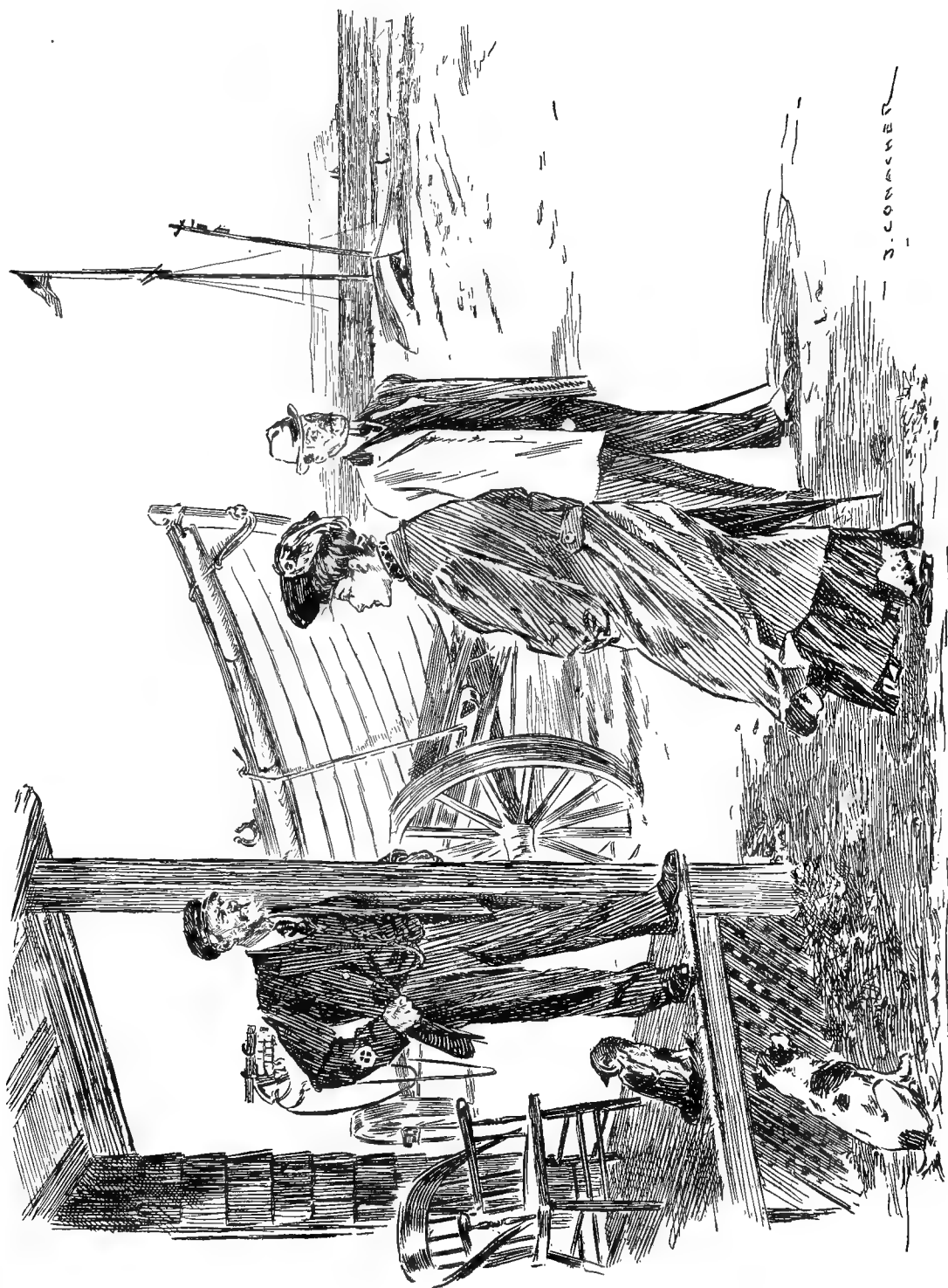
Well-digger—"Now, we have found a mighty good vein of water, but there is nothing like being doubly safe and sure of the supply. Suppose we dig it, say, twenty feet deeper?"

Owner—"No. I have always had for my motto, 'Let well enough alone.'"



2. A LAND-BREEZE.

But she began to sail like "sixty" before he reached the water.



PITIED THE B(U)OY.

INQUIRING FEMALE—"And what do you do, captain, when it's too rough to go out in the boat?"

CAPTAIN—"Well, ma'am, if the wreck ain't too far off we generally tries to rig a line to her, an' then we sends out the breeches buoy."

INQUIRING FEMALE—"Oh, the poor little fellow! But don't his parents object?"

His One Failing.

“THERE'S one thing I don't like about Jones.”

“What is it?”

“Why, the infernal, half-witted, illiterate slob is always calling somebody names.”

Just So.

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and of the others about one in every 1,000,000,000,000,000 has greatness thrust upon him.

The Gift of Speech.

Lady—“You said this parrot had the gift of speech. He does nothing but holler and shriek and say nothing.”

Dealer—“I meant de gift uv ‘political speech,’ lady.”

Nipped in the Bud.

Jones—“Yes, I intended to buy that shore hotel; but I went down there and stayed a week to look it over, and”——

Smith—“Yes?”

Jones—“And after paying my bill I no longer had the price of the hotel.”

The Other Way About.

Fidgety commuter—“Say, conductor, these everlasting stops drive a nervous person crazy.”

Cool conductor—“So? I had only noticed that they made crazy people nervous.”

THE way a miss can fool a mister is a mystery.



A NOVICE.

“Is Grace very much in love?”

“Terribly. Her first affair, you know.”

Digsby and a Button

By Morris Wade

WHERE will I find buttons?" Digsby asked the question with all the respect the size and good looks of the floor-walker demanded from such a small and homely man as Digsby was.

"Which?" replied the floor-walker, looking down on the little man in a patronizing way.

"Buttons. Where will I find buttons?"

"In the annex."

"And where is the annex?"

"Third aisle to the left, down to end of aisle and turn to left. Annex right ahead of you through the arch."

Digsby tried to follow these directions but found himself so balled up that he had to say to a second floor-walker, bigger, better-looking and more toplofty than the first,

"Where will I find buttons, please?"

"Buttons?"

"Yes—buttons."

"Second aisle—left! What is it, lady? Small-wares? Fourth right."

A cash-girl, with a huge wad of white gum momentarily at anchor between her teeth and displayed to the public, finally led Digsby to the button-counter, where he took a small steel button from the vest pocket into which his wife had slipped it that morning. Showing it to a young woman behind the counter with a pompadour nine inches high and a dog-collar of pearls and diamonds, he asked,

"Have you any buttons like this?"

She took the button into her jeweled hand, looked at it and handed it back to Digsby saying,

"Third lady down the aisle."

The "third lady down the aisle" extended her hand languidly for the button and said,

"Other end of the counter—the lady in the red-silk waist and gold chain."

"I was told I would find buttons like this here," said Digsby as he glanced at a near-by clock and realized that he had but fifteen minutes in which to make his purchase and get his train.

"You was told wrong then. We been rearranging stock, an' them kind o' buttons is up at the other end o' the counter now."

Then her voice cut the air like a two-edged blade as she shrieked,

"Mame! Oh, Mame! The gent comin' wants some o' them smallish steel buttons we moved up to your end o' the counter yesterday."

"I got a customer!" screamed Mame.

"Well, git some o' the others to git a move on 'em then! He wants to git his train!"

Mame took the button, eyed it an instant, and said,

"You sure you got that button here?"

"My wife said she got it here."

"Here, Sadie! See if you can find a button like this for this gent. Says he got it here, but I don't remember any such buttons!"

Sadie took the button.

"When did she get it here?" she asked.

"I don't know just when. I only know that she said she got it here."

"Not recent I don't think. Kitty! you remember of us having any buttons like this?"

She gave the button a fling over the heads of the three girls between herself and Kitty, who failed to catch the button.

"Whyn't you ketch it, gump?"

"I ain't no base-ballist to ketch things on the fly! I dunno where it went."

"It can't be far. Look for it," said Sadie with calm indifference.

"I want to get a train and"—

"Scurry around and find that button, Kit. The gentleman wants to git a train!"

Kitty finally found the button.

"I sold the last button we had down here like this just a few minutes ago, but there may be some in the stock-room. I'll see."

Then she beat a fierce tattoo on the counter with the



MUSICAL NOTE.

Professor Fiddlestix has a new string band.

end of her lead-pencil, and her voice had the penetrating power of a fog-horn as she shouted,

"Mister Gray! Mister Gray! Mister Gray! Here you, Cash! Go and find Mister Gray and tell him I want him!"

Digsby lost his train while waiting for "Mister Gray," who was head of that department. To him said Kitty,

"Will you send some one up to the stock-room and see if we have any more buttons like this? Think we have. The gentleman is in a hurry."

Fifteen minutes pass and the next train will leave in fifteen minutes more.

"I don't think that I can wait any longer," said Digsby. "I will come in again and"—

"There she comes now. Hurry up, here, girl! Slow as molasses in January. They got any buttons like that up there?"

"No; they ain't."

"Well, you needn't 'a' been forever an' a day finding it out!"

"Let me have the sample I gave you," said Digsby, but the girl did not produce it.

"Whyn't you give the gentleman his sample?" asked Kitty icily.

The cash-girl looked embarrassed and then tittered, and thrusting a finger into her mouth, said,

"I was carryin' it in my mouth and I—I—well, I swallowed it!"

"Ain't you turrible!" said Kitty with a grin, although she said tartly,

"I'll tell the floor-walker, you see if I don't. Sorry I can't give you your button, sir, but"—

She grinned and Digsby fled, saying,

"I'll call again—er—no—it's of no consequence!"

Her Little Hint.

THE full moon flooded the porch with shafts of steel-blue rays. It was late, but he showed no signs of departing.

"It has been said," he remarked dreamily, "that the moon is dead."

"Is that any reason," she inquired with a yawn, "why we should sit up with the corpse?"

The Ideals of Genevieve at Seventeen and Thirty-two.

WHEN Genevieve was seventeen

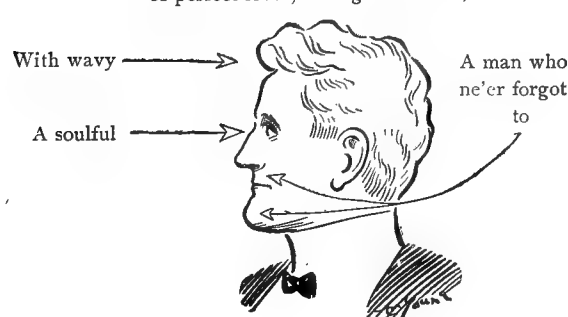
She lived in dreams; she loved to plan

Her future happiness, when she

Should meet her fate—her ideal man.

She pictured him, as maidens will,

A perfect lover, strong and brave,



Some Curious Effects of the Boom in Ice Prices.

WE WENT over to the "parlor" across the way and called for a "brick" of mixed, and put down the price we had paid always before. The young lady chirped, "Five cents more, please." We asked why and wherefore. "Ice has gone up," she said. Ah, yes, so. Ice up from three dollars to five dollars a ton, ice-cream from thirty-five to forty cents a quart. Exactly. This led us to investigate. We found the following facts—approximately, allowing something, of course, to a deep inward activity of feeling: Our beef went up because of increased refrigeration cost. A bunch of radishes cost two cents more. Oranges jumped, and all kinds of fruits. But we did not see just why kindling-wood went up twenty-five cents a barrel. Of course it was easy after we found out: it cost more to supply the kindling-splitter with ice-water. Then bricks went up forty cents a thousand. The owner of the brick-yard ran the ice-plant, and the rise in bricks was a purely sympathetic movement—like the inflammation of the eye because the other has got a cinder in it. Then we discovered that a corner lot we wanted had gone up one hundred dollars. This stumped us until we learned the intimate connection between this corner lot and ice. The lot-owner, it seems, had got shut up for three hours in a refrigerator, and contact with ice had imbued him with the idea that everything was going up. But the most singular effect of the ice-boom came out as follows: We asked for an increase of salary and got the frosty face, the glacial glance, and the icy eye all in a moment. Then we realized that ice was up and it was costing more to congeal employing interiors, leaving just so much less for the interiors of the submerged classes.

A. R. E.

Appropriate.

KOLB and Oates were rival candidates for the office of governor in a far southern state, and in the campaign "cobs" and "oats" were the emblems of the opposing factions. During this time Colonel Jones, a prominent politician, died, and on his coffin was laid a sheaf of wheat to typify the ripe old age to which he had arrived.

"How appropriate!" exclaimed young Mrs. Snow at the funeral. "He was such an enthusiastic Oates man!"

At thirty-two fair Genevieve

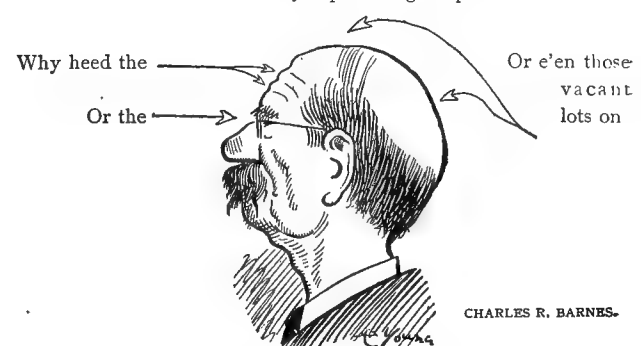
Forsook the type of early days;

The seasons, as they came and went,

Had taught her much of worldly ways.

She chose a man whose bank-account

Was fostered by a plumbing-shop.



CHARLES R. BARNES.

The Honest Man

WHEN the stranger with grass germs in his tresses was shown the last room back on the second floor of the Punktown hostelry and saw what sort of a stall he was to be bedded down in for the night, he bucked vigorously and said in the most offensive manner he could summon,

"Look at that chair! Liable to fall down even if I hang my shirt on it. The wash-pitcher is fatally cracked, and the bowl has a scallop as big as a summer squash. The carpet is full of holes and dirty, and so much quicksilver has been rubbed off the back of the looking-glass that I look as if I had the small-pox. The cover on the washstand has been on there for two long, hard, busy, dirty years, and the bed looks like a swaybacked horse with a thin blanket over it. If I were to try to sleep on that bed I would arise in the morning looking like a waffle. The wall-paper is off in large patches—in fact, it is off in a bunch. The ceiling is cracked, and a yard or so of plastering is liable to fall and smother me in the landslide

at any moment. That table is really only a one-night stand, and you couldn't write on it if you had two men standing and holding it."

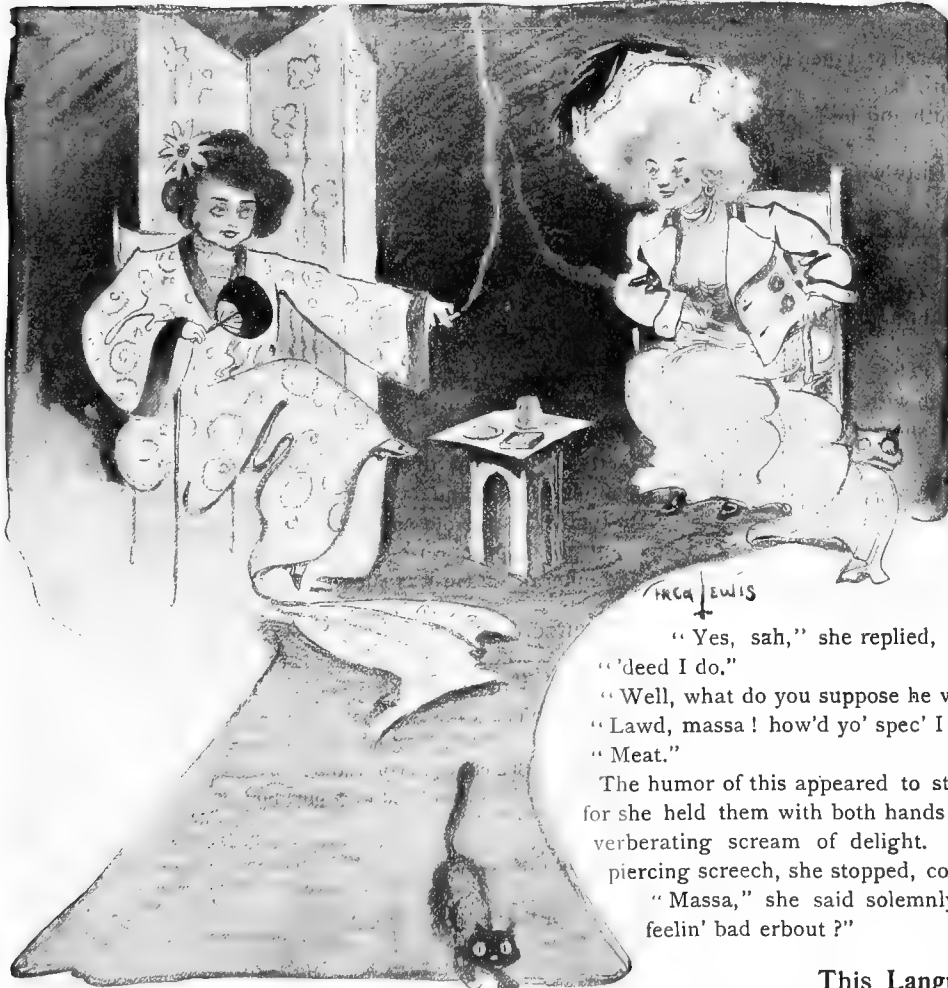
By this time the porter was very tired and angry, so he cried out in his vexation,

"That's right—kick, kick! But I'll bet a big dollar you're not used to any better than this at home."

"Young man," said the stranger in Punktown, "your bet is begging for takers. Your proposition is too much of a cinch to bet on. Things at home are as bad as this, if not worse. But what does a man go away from home for if not for a change of scene? I hoped I would find something comfortable and clean, and perhaps even elegant, at a hotel."

Moved to tears of compassion by reason of the man's honesty, the porter surreptitiously escorted him to Parlor A, where things were much better because the wash-pitcher had a smaller crack in it, and there was one upholstered chair.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.



EXPERIENCED.

MISS WILBY BRIDE—"George wants me to decide where we shall go on our wedding-trip. I can't make up my mind."

MRS. MUCHWED—"What's the matter with Switzerland? That's where I usually go."

Preferred To Be Miserable.

AN aged negro cook in a prominent family recently received news of the death of a friend.

"Oh, mah Lawd! oh, mah Lawd!" she sobbed. "Dey's on'y me lef' now—all de res' is crossed de ribber!"

She howled and wailed for an hour or more, utterly impervious to all attempts of her mistress to assuage her grief. Finally the master of the house determined to try the effect of humor.

"Deborah," he said, "you know Mr. Elton, the butcher, do you not?"

"Yes, sah," she replied, looking up through her tears; "'deed I do."

"Well, what do you suppose he weighs?"

"Lawd, massa! how'd yo' spec' I know? Whut *do* he weigh?" "Meat."

The humor of this appeared to strike her principally at the hips, for she held them with both hands and laughed with many a reverberating scream of delight. Suddenly, in the middle of a piercing screech, she stopped, confused and humiliated.

"Massa," she said solemnly, "whut's dat I ought ter be feelin' bad erbout?"

DWIGHT SPENCER ANDERSON.

This Language of Ours.

"ISN'T it funny," mused the man with mental strabismus, "that when two locomotives comes together the result is called a collision, while two babies coming together are called twins?"

A Little Banking Business

By Horace Seymour Keller

THE following happened in Cincinnati shortly after the close of the Civil War, when money was tight and times pressing. It is verified by Captain Beckwith, who is acquainted with the parties interested.

A young German, accompanied by a middle-aged man, entered a bank, approached the teller and said,

"If you please, vill you gif dis man eight hundred tollars?"

The teller gasped, scratched his pate and asked,

"And who are you?"

"John Zimmerman."

"But you have no money on deposit here"——

"No; I got no money by any blace. Vot is der tifference of it? It vas a pank, ain'd it, where money vas got?"

"Yes; but I cannot let you have the money without security"——

"Vot of it? Der security vas der grocery-store which I haf bought off der man vor eight hundred tollars. He

vants der money which I haf not got. Der pank haf blendy money; so please if you vill, gif der man der brice of der store. It vas blain"——

"I can't let you have the money"——

"Gentlemen," broke in the cashier, who had been an amused and interested listener to the conversation, "step into this room. Perhaps we can disentangle the problem."

"It vas no problem. It vas easy as noding," uttered the young German.

"Please be seated, gentlemen. Now, Mr. Zimmerman, kindly tell me why you thought you could get the amount of money from this bank."

"Vell, dis vas a pank, ain'd it?"

"Precisely; go on, Mr. Zimmerman," responded the amused cashier.

"Und because it vas a pank where money vas, vas der reason why I come after der brice of der grocery-store. Oder beoples do der same, und why not I? I puy out his store."

"Where is the store?"

"Just down der street."

"And you paid the gentleman eight hundred dollars?"

"Not yet, but vill so soon as der pank gif me der money."

"And, Mr. Zimmerman, you were positive that the bank would let you have that amount without any security?"

"Vell, der pank haf blendy money. I don'd got no money. Der pank's pizness vas vor to gif me der money. It vas blain."

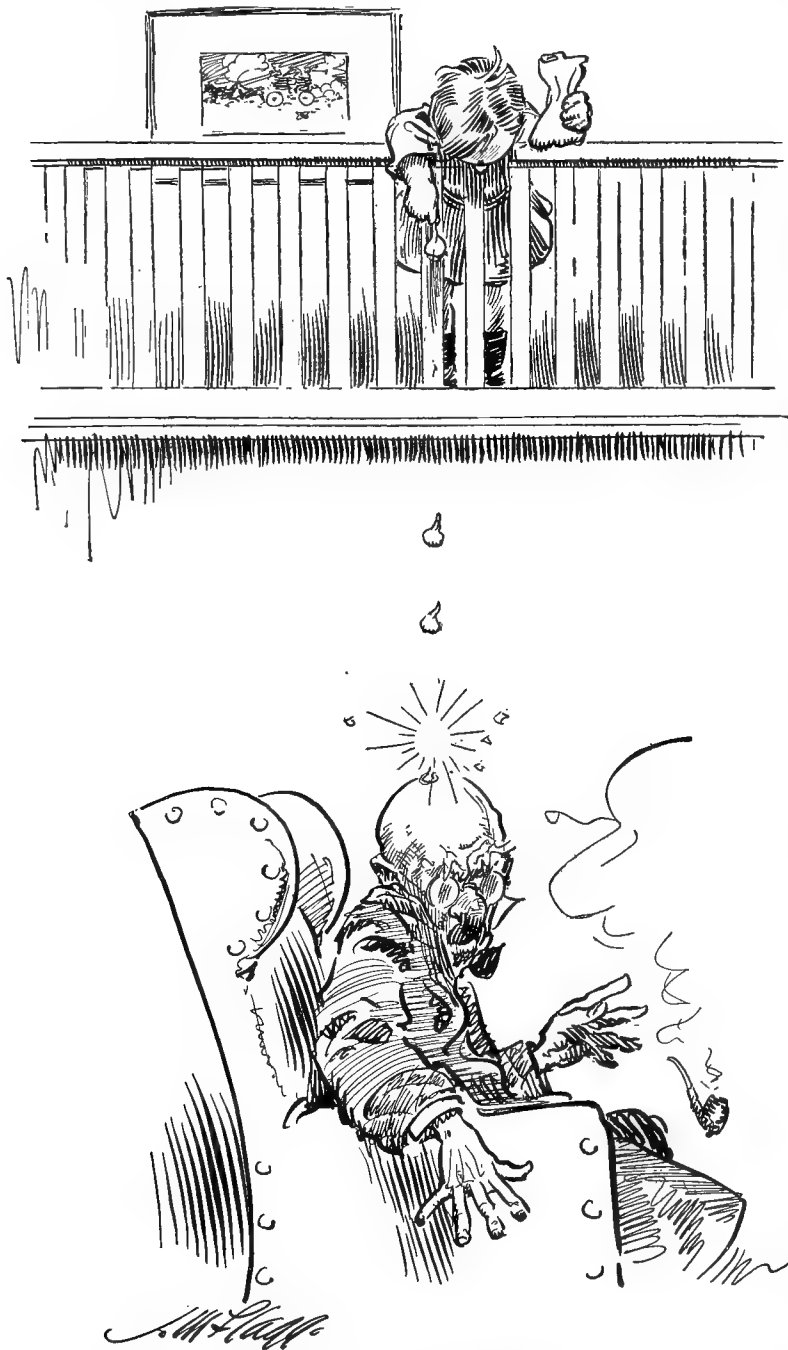
The cashier smiled, studied the honest, frank face before him and finally said,

"I think we can arrange the matter."

He drew up a bank-note for one year and asked the German to sign it. Leading the way to the teller's window the cashier said,

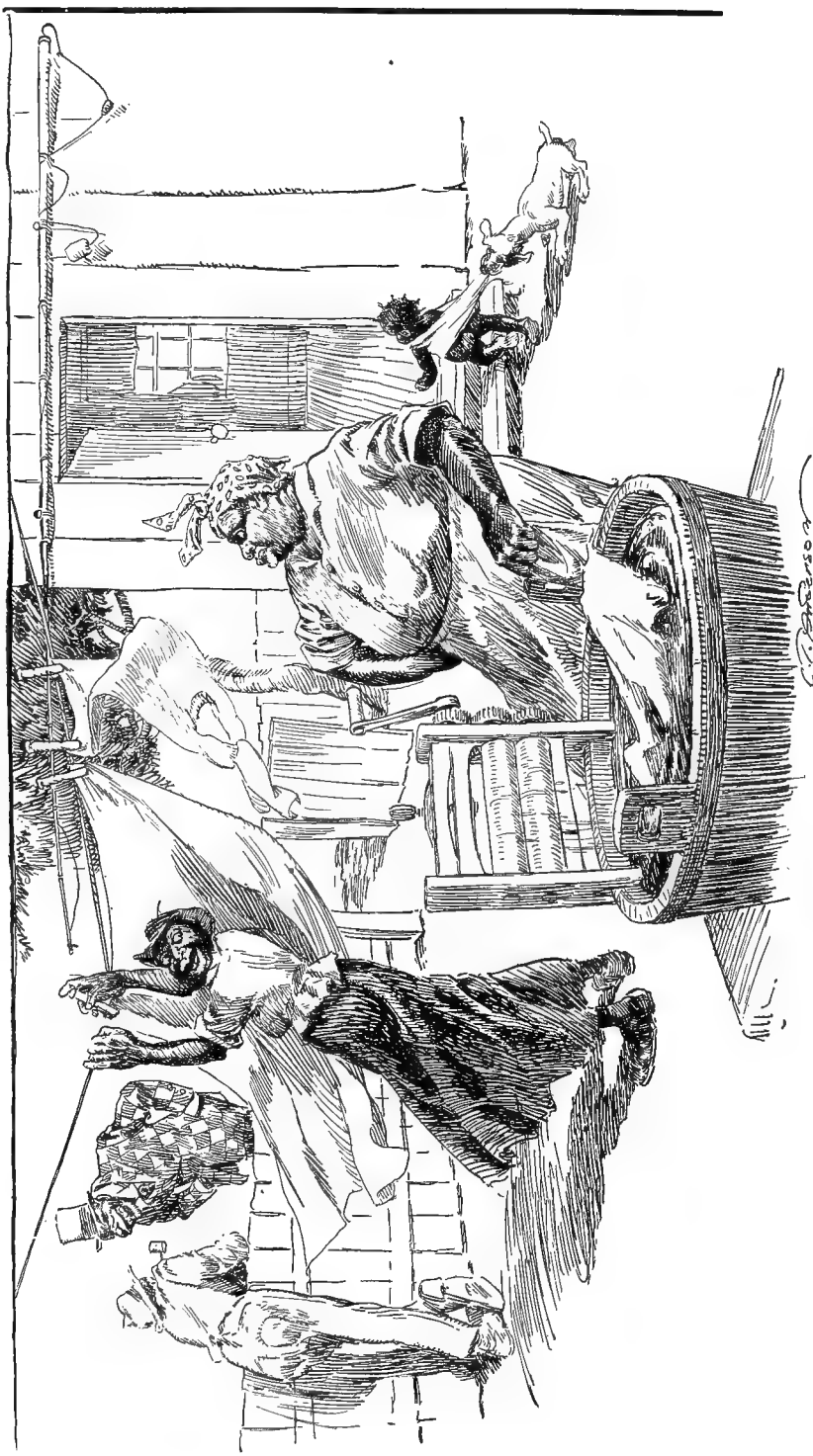
"Give Mr. Zimmerman the money."

And to-day the German, who had so slight a knowledge of banks, banking and securities—but who won out because of his frank, honest face—is worth a quarter of a million of dollars.



BETTER THAN A COBBLE-STONE.

JOHNNY—"Don't move, gampy; I've got only half a bag more o' these torpedoes, an' your head is the bulliest place I've found to set 'em off on!"



OTHER MEANS OF SUPPORT IN SIGHT.

"Lazybones Lincoln is goin' to git married, maw."
"How you know dat?"
"He done t'row up his job yesterday."

"Poor Little Nina"

By Walter Beverley Crane

CONSTANCE, my dear," said Mr. "Willie" Rockwood, "allow me to present Lord Heron."

"I am afraid—I really am awfully afraid—that I am intruding here," said his lordship.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. "Willie" Rockwood, with a slight delay on each word to emphasize her negative. "You can help me choose a new automobile coat. Do you like that?"

She pointed to a swagger garment floating up and down Mrs. Gosburn's Fifth avenue shop's show-room on a most elegant young person, who had risen in life by the remarkable fall in her back.

"Why do they call me a Gibson girl?" hummed Mrs. "Willie's" husband, while Lord Heron exclaimed, "Charming! Charming! Upon my word, exceedingly smart and pretty!"

"Which do you mean?" asked Mrs. "Willie." His lordship was delighted. These little American women are so quick and clever, don't you know; they have so much self-possession and so much spirit without being vulgar or fast. His heart warmed to her.

"It must be a strange life," he observed, lowering his voice; "this sweeping up and down and bending of the body under other people's clothing."

"Why, it must be delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. "Willie." "Only fancy being always sure to have on the very latest thing!"

"Isn't it time for little Nina's medicine?" demanded Mr. "Willie."

"Yes, dear; do hurry home," pleaded his wife.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company, Lord Heron, or do you elect to remain among the—er—clothes?"

"I think, if Mrs. Rockwood will allow me, I will stop and put her into her car." The lady smiled, and her husband strode off toward the Waldorf. Having finally decided on the touring coat and entered her waiting car, Mrs. "Willie" extended Lord Heron some beautifully-gloved fingers through the window of her luxurious limousine.

"Would you be so good as to tell me the time? Thank you so much. How late! Oh, dear! I hope Willie will give little Nina her medicine just on the hour. So good of you to have helped with the coat, Lord Heron.

I've a 'bridge' luncheon, and am awfully late. Tell François to hurry, please. Do call soon!" And Mrs. "Willie" flew up the avenue.

"Well, I hope little Nina gets her medicine," mused his lordship. He was a tender-hearted Briton. He thought of Tiny Tim and little Paul Dombey. He fancied the sick child lying like a faded flower on her little bed and lisping blessings on her mother, now on her way to keep a "bridge" engagement. "American women have even less feeling than Parisian," he found himself saying. "Unmothered mother! heartless, pitiless!" he repeated to himself.

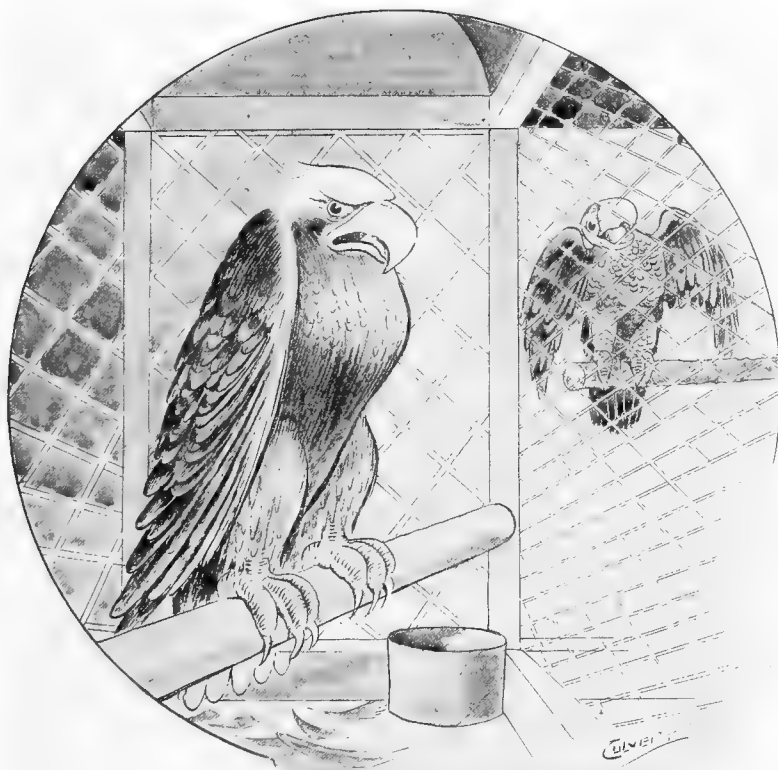
Yet, on the following day after their first meeting, he called at the Waldorf. Though forced to disapprove of an attractive woman, he could not resist his inclination for her society. The door to their apartments was opened by a French maid, who was crying in a most becoming fashion. Lord Heron's imagination was aroused. "Is it little Nina?" he gasped, letting the monocle drop out of his eye.

She nodded despairingly. She could not speak for weeping. She led the way into the drawing-room. The sight which his lordship beheld was indeed surprising. On the Louis XVI. table was little Nina's medicine, and by it the most delicate of sweetbreads untasted. Mr. "Willie"

THE IRONY OF FATE.

ZOO PARROT—"Hey! don't you know this is the glorious Fourth, when you ought to be soaring over these United States, screeching 'Liberty and Freedom'? Get busy!"

EMBLEM OF LIBERTY (*sadly*)—"And here I am in a cage! Wouldn't that make you sore?"



Rockwood, his vacuous face seared with deep emotion, was bending like a "broken" breech-loader over a luxurious divan. Opposite to him was his wife, who had sunk upon the floor, and with tears coursing down her cheeks was soothing the little sufferer. The little sufferer! Between husband and wife, propped by the softest pillows, draped by the costliest rugs and shawls, important and deeply conscious of her importance, reclined the queen of French bull-dogs. "Willie" Rockwood came forward.

"I hoped you were the doctor, Heron. I say, old man, have you any acquaintance with the maladies of dogs?"

"None whatever," tartly replied his lordship; "and indeed, Mr. Rockwood, I am glad to see that you can interest yourself in a dog at such a moment."

"At such a moment?" repeated Mr. "Willie."

"When little Nina"—began Lord Heron, visibly affected.

"Why, my lord, this is little Nina," burst out Mr. Rockwood.

Lord Heron screwed his glass in his eye. "I think," he said, "perhaps I'd better go."

"Yes," said Mr. "Willie"; "I am afraid my wife is not equal to conversation at present. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you under happier circumstances."

"Ah, thanks! I'm sure, ah—thanks!" murmured the visitor, and he glanced again at young Mrs. "Willie." She was wholly unconscious of his presence. She was holding the limp right paw of the patient in her hand and was bathing it with tears. Lord Heron departed rather abruptly. The next morning, as he was toying with his breakfast at the St. Regis, a note was brought to him:

"Dear Lord Heron—How you must have wondered at my strange conduct yesterday! I was in the deepest despair and quite unfit to receive *anybody*. To-day all looks bright again. The dear doctor came soon after you left. He is reckoned the cleverest man in the profession, and attends the dogs of the smartest people in this country and Europe. He says that our dear little Nina has no serious malady, but recommends a change of diet, and a change of climate as well. So we start at once for the Jamestown exhibition. I should prefer the south of England or the Isle of Wight for Nina, as the change would be far more radical, but the doctor says steamer travel is so irritating to dogs in Nina's delicate condition. Will you do me a great favor and send me some of Angel's flea-powder when you reach London? I would not trouble you, but Angel's is invaluable and so difficult to get in this country. Mr. Rockwood

is in despair at having to leave town so suddenly. He wanted to put you up at *all* the clubs. May I not depend upon you for the powder?"

"Very cordially yours,

"CONSTANCE ROCKWOOD."

"I buy flea-powder for that d——d cur!" cried his lordship. "Well, I suppose I shall," he added after a long pause. "Poor little Nina!" and he burst out laughing, causing the other guests of the St. Regis much polite and well-bred surprise by his noisy exhibition of mirth.

Self-protection.

"YOU say your wife is a poor cook?"

"The worst ever."

"And yet you say that you eat all of everything she prepares for the table. How can you do that if she can't cook?"

"Great earth, man! if I don't she will use up the scraps in some of those how-to-utilize-left-over dishes, and that will be my finish."



NOT A BIT STYLISH.

MARIE—"Does Marjorie smoke?"

ETHYL—"Heavens, no! She's hopelessly old-fashioned."

A Suggestion.

IF ON some resolution strong
You now would have your nature bent,
Refrain from making that old joke
About umbrellas keeping lent.

As It Sounds.

Mrs. Newrich—
"Marie's trip abroad has given her quite a smattering of French."

Mr. Newrich (disgustedly)—
"Quite a sputtering I should call it."

Their Identity.

Inquisitive party—
"What are those peculiar-looking things?"

Dealer—"Pressed family skeletons for the closets of flat-dwellers."



ABSENT-MINDED.

PROFESSOR RHINOCEROS—"Now, what in thunder can I have done with that candle-extinguisher?"

Don't.

IN THE town's big business battle,
In the bargain-sales of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Don't go shopping with your wife.

THE Pathfinder paused in the trail.

"This is easy!" he exclaimed, "but suppose Fenimore Cooper had made me find my way in New York!"

Shuddering at the thought, he hastened on, wishing only that he had been provided with rubber heels instead of leather stockings.

NEVER lick a fellow that's bigger 'n you, me b'y.



ANOTHER VICTIM.

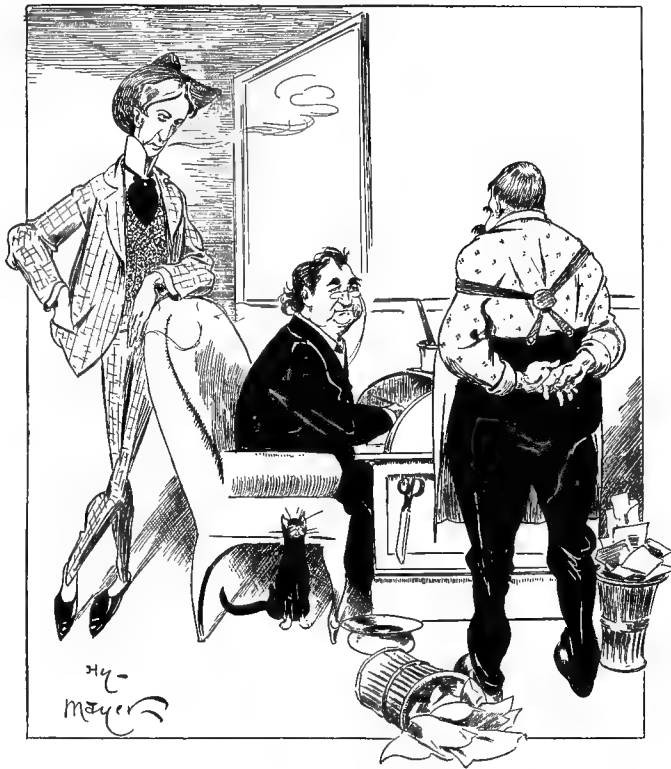
PHILANTHROPIST—"You say bad literature brought you here? What made you read it?"
CONVICT—"I didn't—I wrote it. I wuz a poet an' had ter steal ter keep from starvin'."

'TIS now the man who
 rocked the boat
And shot the guide
 for deer
With joy and glee upon
 his face
The danger-sign
 skates near.

"Hadn't we better strike for more pay, too?" they inquired.

Enough.

Waggles — "Not after he gave his name."



EDITOR—"How many were shot?"
REPORTER—"Six."
EDITOR—"What does the *Daily Whirl* say?"
REPORTER—"Twelve, sir."
EDITOR (*to foreman*)—"Well, make it eighteen in fat type."

IS IT a sign, or is it not,
And one that needs
attention due,
That, when the cashier
buys a yacht,
He means to be a
skipper, too?

Visitor — "A m I
right in presuming that
it was your passion for
strong drink that
brought you here?"

A Lost Opportunity.

Cohen — "Did you hear dot Meyer haf failed for two hundert tousand?"

Levi—"Vot? Two hundred thousand! Und I refused to let him marry my Rachel. Ach, Cohen, if you lofe me kick me hard!"



"A total fire, mein son, is a genooine picnic."

No Use for It.

Storekeeper—"Christmas-tree? Yes, sir. Here is something I can recommend. It is warranted non-inflammable."

Ickelberg—"Dake it away! Ton't you dink I vant to gom-pine peesnis mit bleasure?"

A Yearly Example.

Crawford—"You know it is possible to have too much of a good thing."

Crabshaw—"I always think of that when my wife warms over the Thanksgiving turkey."

"A PUBLIC official," exclaimed the ordinary man heatedly, "should be our servant. But is he?"

"Hardly," ventured the suburbanite. "He stays with us too long for that."



Groaned the moonshiner, back of the hill,
"Phin me darlint woife doied av a chill
Oi thought Oi wud niver see Nora ag'in,
But her shwate shmile haunts me *still*."

Worse and Worse.

"WHY so glum, old man—wife give you a box of cigars?"

"She did."

"Rank, eh?"

"No, confound it! they're good. That's what worries me. Is she a judge of the things herself, or has she a gentleman friend?"

Paternal Gratification.

Mr. Mosestein—"Vhat vher you blaying mit Sphiegelbach's leedle poy dis morning?"

Ikey—"Ve vher blaying mit fire."

Mr. Mosestein—"Dot's a good leedle poy."

The Hyphenated.

NAMES of great men all remind us,

We can make our own sublime,
If we can but make the printer
Spell them all out every time.



1.

What a woman tells her friends her new servant is a day or two after hiring her.



2.

What she tells them she is about two weeks later.

WHY DON'T THEY WAIT?



GENEALOGICAL.

MRS. GRADY—"Phin was yure family founded, Mrs. Kelly?"
MRS. KELLY—"Founded, Mrs. Grady? Shure, none av thim was iver losht but little Timmy."

The Colonel's Story.



THEY had been telling stories, and when every one had told pretty near all the stories he knew, and the office of the little western hotel had grown rather quiet, one of the gentlemen suddenly wheeled around in his chair and, addressing a venerable-looking gentleman who had been a silent listener, said,

"Colonel, during the ten years I have known you I've never heard you tell a story, and yet you must have had a good many experiences

in your thirty years in this mining country. Come, now; open up for once, and let's have one."

"Well, gentlemen," said the colonel, "I don't remember of ever having but one experience that was any way remarkable. If you would like to hear that I'd be glad to tell you. It was about ten years ago. Bill, Tweed and I were prospecting out here with no great success, and one day, when we saw the tracks of a bear near our shanty, we concluded we would take a day off and have a shot at him if possible. We tramped until nearly noon without any success. We then built a fire and munched our cold bread and meat in silence. We were presently startled out of our wits nearly by a blood-curdling war-whoop of six mounted Apaches coming toward us at full tilt. We started off at a speed I did not know I was capable of. The Indians were close up to us, and we could hear their exultant cries as they unslung their rifles. They began to slow up a little, evidently enjoying the sight, knowing



A BULL DOSER.

they could shoot us down whenever they wished. They must have seen something ahead which we in our terror had not noticed, for we presently found ourselves plump up against a rock whose smooth sides towered seventy-five feet above us. It was then the Indians let out a war-whoop that was truly blood-curdling, and, closing in on us and raising their rifles"—

"For heaven's sake! what did you do, colonel?" exclaimed a new comer from the east.

"Do?" replied the colonel quietly. "What could we do? They just sailed in and killed us!"



WITH OUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

SMITH—"Hello, Brown! Just bought a new flycycle. How do I look in it?"
BROWN—"Honest, old man, you look like the devil."



His Bitter Memory.

THERE we stood before the parting ;
 'Round my neck her arms she threw,
 And I saw that tears were starting
 From her dreamy eyes so blue.

My caress did not relieve her ;
 My heart pained me, I confess,
 When I knew I had to leave her—
 Forty dollars for a dress.

An Outrage.

PROMETHEUS was chained to the
 rock for stealing fire from heaven.
 "This is a blamed outrage," he
 exclaimed, "with coal costing twenty
 dollars a ton !"

Just then the vulture descended
 and made things warm for him.

AN OLD bachelor always tells young
 wives that husbands are faithless.

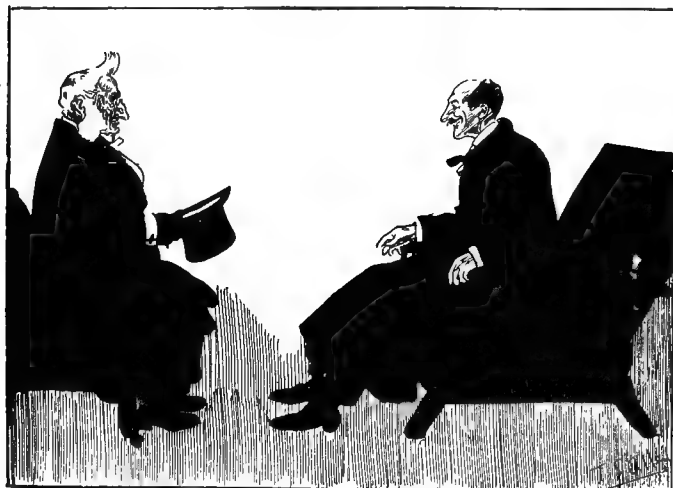


HAD NO COMPLAINT TO MAKE.

FIRST MOTOR FIEND—"I was fined fifty dol-
 lars for running over and killing that man."

SECOND MOTOR FIEND—"And now I suppose
 his wife will sue you for the cost of the funeral
 expenses."

FIRST MOTOR FIEND—"On the contrary, she
 insists on paying the fine."



WHAT EFFECT IT HAD.

"Has that insomnia medicine I pre-
 scribed had any effect yet?"

"Well, my foot was asleep this
 morning."

Two Valentines in One.

SHE GAZES into sparkling eyes,
 that laughingly look back !
 She notes the sheen upon the hair,
 so silky, soft and black ;

Those tender curves about the
 mouth, the dimple in the chin,
 A nose, retroussé just a mite, and
 olive-tinted skin !

Well might she gaze upon that
 face, so fair, to her so dear ;
 She knows it in each changing
 mood, its every smile and tear !

She loves her charming vis-à-vis,
 that winsome little lass,
 For 'tis her own reflection as she
 stands before her glass !



SAPPED.

MRS. SQUIRREL—"Well, I do declare ! if they
 haven't bored right into our pantry for maple-syrup."

The Janitor Again.

LEAR, having braved the
 winter storm, arrived at
 poor Tom's hut.

"But, why," inquired the
 fool, "don't you ask the janitor
 to turn the heat on?"

"I did," replied the king
 with wandering mind ; "but it
 was a game of freeze-out."

Perceiving that Shake-
 speare was getting things
 muddled, the old man went
 mad.

His Yearn.

Seldom Fedd (critically)—
 "I swan, Soiled ; you look
 like t'irty cents dis mornin' !"

Soiled Spooner (thirstily)—
 "I wish I was !"

The Sack of Afpynte Towers

A Tale of the Turbulent Long Ago
BY
Wood Levette Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. DAGGY.



LORD AFPYNTE was chesty. There was no doubt about that. He had swelled up suddenly after the arrival at Afpynte Towers of a courier who delivered a missive bearing the royal cipher. Indeed, he strutted about for a time with his head so high in the air that he ran against a table on which his Sunday-best helmet was resting, and sent it, with a boiler-factory clatter, to the stone floor of his apartment. He paused a moment to scowl at it, and then went on with his strut; for though it was dented and battered so that it would puzzle the nicest skill of the Towers armorer to re-block it into the latest spring shape, such a matter was of too little significance for him to take cognizance of under the circumstances.

And well might his lordship be chesty, for the king, by his own royal invitation, was coming to spend his regular midsummer, two-weeks-off-with-pay vacation at Afpynte Towers. He had sent word that he would come informally and incog., with only a couple of gen-

tlemen-in-waiting, and said he wanted to be treated as one of the family.

"Don't go to any trouble, my dear Af," he wrote, in his auto-invitation, "as I want to get away for a while from the pomp and formality that hedge me about with a hedge too accurately trimmed for comfort. I want to rest and take things easy, for the fact is the pace has been a bit stiff here lately, don't you know, and sometimes the next morning it takes more than one to do me any good. So let me get back to nature for a while, our real national nature with simple bacon and eggs for breakfast, and roast mutton and boiled potatoes for dinner, with a pewter of bitter now and then between times."

Lord Afpynte put the royal missive in the safe and leaned back with a satisfied smile. No wonder he was chesty. Of course the entertainment of royalty, even incog., is a trifle expensive, but his lordship felt that by the time his majesty left Afpynte Towers he would stand in so solid that any favor he might ask would be a cinch. Thus he expected not only to catch even, but to get somewhat to the good in the long run.

"I'll give him the time of his life," declared his lordship to himself as he took a self-congratulatory draught of sack; "and by the time he leaves here he will forget his past so that those short skates hanging around the court won't be



"PAUSED A MOMENT TO SCOWL AT IT."

THE SACK OF AFSYNTÉ TOWERS.

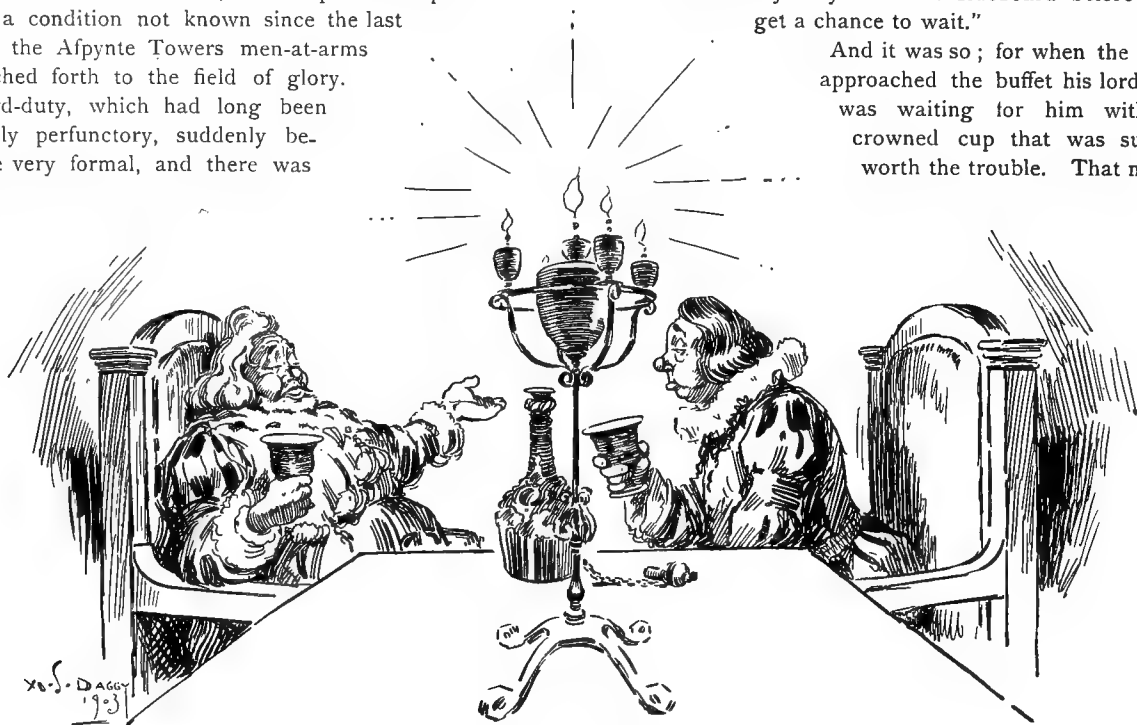
one, two, three. Only the real thing can finish in front when the event isn't fixed for the books."

Never in the memory of the oldest retainer had there been such a furbishing up of things at Afsynte Towers. Hedges were trimmed, walks were sanded, and roads were scraped and leveled. All the various repairs about the place that everybody had put off until somebody else had time to do the work were made in a hurry. The state apartments were opened to the sweetening influence of the sunshine, and the choicest linen was aired. Armor was scoured until it shone, and weapons were put into a condition not known since the last time the Afsynte Towers men-at-arms marched forth to the field of glory. Guard-duty, which had long been merely perfunctory, suddenly became very formal, and there was

"Oh, that's all right, Af, old boy," responded the king with delightful simplicity. "Go take off your hardware and be comfortable. Ecod! Why don't you make those varlets of county commissioners sprinkle the roads out this way. There's as much dust inside my neck as there is outside my doublet. Eh!"

"In a minute, your majesty! What, ho there! Tell the butler to get busy" cried his lordship, with much ado. "And while your majesty is refreshing yourself with a dash of cold water I'll unload my line of consolidated steel and join you at the sideboard before you get a chance to wait."

And it was so; for when the king approached the buffet his lordship was waiting for him with a crowned cup that was surely worth the trouble. That night



"CALL ME BILL."

a general tightening of the discipline in the establishment.

As these preparations progressed his lordship grew so continuously chestier, that when he tried on his dress-armor he found he had to fasten the breast-plate and back-piece together with rubber bands.

Everything was made ready in ample time, and so, on the appointed afternoon, when the lookout on the watch-tower announced that three horsemen were coming down the Afsynte Towers road, all the family banners flew out to the breeze, and every man on the premises was at his station. The front put up by the men-at-arms would have done credit to any noble lord in the country.

"Welcome to Afsynte Towers, your majesty!" exclaimed his lordship, with hearty cordiality—earnestly hoping that his rubber bands would not show—when he met the king in front of the barbican. "'Tis an honor to the Towers to be at your command," he continued when his majesty had dismounted, as he knelt down, with a noise like the bending of a rusty hinge, to kiss the royal hand.

when his majesty inserted his royal form between the sheets in the state chambers the only thing he was sorry for was that he hadn't found this place sooner.

And every day he was there he liked it so much better that he sometimes felt as if he would like to renege on ever going back to court at all. Strictly incog., which everybody understood, but pretended not to, he rode to hounds, went hawking and pig-sticking, fished in the moat, played at bowls on the green, and freely followed his fancy without a hedge to cramp his course. So good a time did he have that odds were freely offered among the gentry that Lord Afsynte would be the next prime minister if he wanted the job, and that the next time decorations were given out he would have to bring his share home in a trunk.

Finally the last evening came, as the night-before-the-morning-after frequently does. His majesty had to return to work and worry the next morning, and he was deep in the dumps.

"What's the use?" he growled disconsolately.

THE SACK OF AFFPYNTE TOWERS.

"Cheer up, your majesty!" cried Lord Afpynte, who was ever a smooth guy at a jolly. "There's always something coming at Afpynte Towers. I have saved the best for the last. To-night we shall drink sack such as none ever tasted before. Why, the wine has the very sunshine of Spain and the goo-goo eyes of the senoritas in it, and its age is past human tab-keeping. There is only one cask left. I trow there will be none to-morrow."

A gleam of anticipation lighted his majesty's eye, but he was still in the range of the indigo slide of the calcium at the prospect of being kept in a dreary winter's reign, when the two settled down for the evening.

But by the time his majesty's cup had been filled for the severalth time he was another man, and it began to look to him as if Lord Afpynte were two other men; but he still knew better, and did not lose confidence.

"Af, ol' boy," he said at last, as he pushed himself up in his chair so as to get his neck straight enough for a free passage, "we know each other pretty well, don't we? Eh?"

"Y'r maj'sty does me g-great honor t'say so," replied his lordship with sack-burdened gravity.

"Well, tha's just what I wanted t'speak t'you 'bout. Don't call me y'r maj'sty; call me Bill. Tha's not my name, y' know, 'f course, but 't indicates good fell'ship, an' we're it."

"I sh'll feel quite honored, y'r maj'sty"—

"Bill!" roared the king.

Lord Afpynte bowed gravely, and took another long pull at his cup.

"Bill," he said, with great dignity.

"'Sright!" declared the king. "An' now what I want t' know is how much o' this sack is left at th' outside. Careful, now," he went on slowly, "how—much—left—at—th'—outside?"

"Well, y'r maj"—The king scowled. "Bill," his lordship corrected himself, as he rubbed his chin in a judicially ruminant manner, "well, it's now 'bout two 'clock, an' we've not los' much time—well, I sh'd say 'bout two gallons, more 'r less."

"At th' outside?"

"At th' outside."

"Well, tha's wrong place f'r it. Fill 'em up again, an' let's keep busy till it's on th' inside, where it b'longs!"

And his majesty was so pleased with the prettiness of his wit that he lifted a rather thick voice in song:

"Oh, light th' night with pleasure bright,
An shun dull care's lean pack!
We know no woe who breast the flow
Of good ol' Spanish sack!"

It was a noble, but expiring, effort, and as the king finished the verse he smiled feebly and then slid to the floor, oblivious alike to the pleasures of the present or the cares of the future.

Lord Afpynte raised his hand to ring the bell, but for some reason, not exactly clear to him, he could not reach



" 'WELCOME TO AFFPYNTE TOWERS.' "

THE SACK OF AFPYNTÉ TOWERS.

the cord—which was on the other side of the room—so he merely murmured compassionately, "Ah, poor f'ler! He needs th' rest. Let 'im sleep!" and he sank into a sonorous slumber himself.

The court circular of the current date contained the following paragraph:

"His majesty returned this morning from Afpynte Towers much improved in health and spirits. After

breakfasting on a bottle of soda-water and a double portion of bromo seltzer, he retired at once to his apartments. The court physician assures all loyal subjects that the king's headache and the discomfort at the roots of his hair are merely passing ailments of a sympathetic nature which will soon pass away, and that his majesty will be quite himself again to-morrow. For this reason the usual fortnightly levee is postponed until that time."

Modern Journalism.

"**H**AVE you covered all your afternoon assignments?" inquired the city editor of the "yellow journal."

"Yes," answered the new reporter, rolling up his sleeve and administering a hypodermic injection of elixir of life.

"You called the governor a liar, did you, and took down his reply in shorthand?"

"I did."

"You accompanied the board of health through the sewer in the hunt for typhoid germs?"

"Yes, sir."

"And interviewed Actress Sweet Marie about her milk baths and champagne breakfasts?"

"Yep."

"You took down verbatim Senator Guggenheim's 'hot-air spiel' at the lyceum?"

"I did."

"And also made an ascension with



A PURCHASE.

GLADYS—"She has the fatal gift of beauty."

MAY—"What makes you think so?"

GLADYS—"Such glorious hair and complexion."

MAY—"Oh, that isn't a gift. I was with her when she bought it."

Professor Highfly in his new air-yacht?"

"Yes, sir."

"You secured a smooth story on the sensations of playing golf minus a red waistcoat?"

"Yep."

"Well, here's an order on the cashier for two dollars. Go out and hire some one to sand-bag you, and be sure to turn in by to-morrow a fierce story on how it feels. That'll be all to-day."

EUCLID had just propounded one of his most brilliant problems.

"Yes, I know," replied his wife; "but I wish you'd go down cellar and read the gas-meter. I want"—

But, muttering something about a forgotten engagement, he hastily dashed from the house.

THE man who is satisfied with himself seldom satisfies others.



HIS OPINION.

"Well, old man, what do you think of my lion?"
 "I think it's fierce."



CERTAINLY.

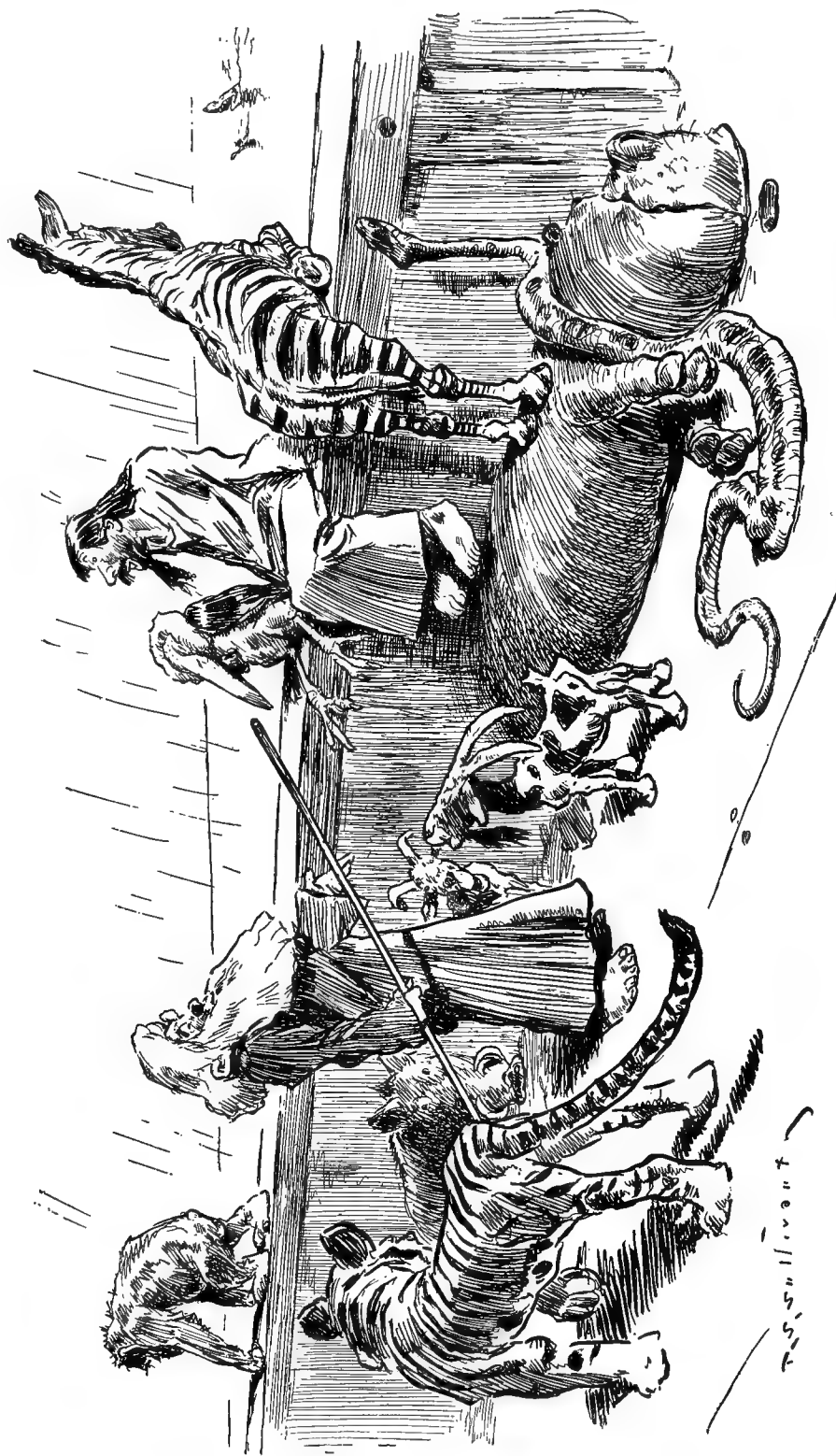
ORATOR—"Gentlemen, this trust evil must be discussed
calmly!"



C. J. Taylor

NOT NECESSARY.

CLEVERTON—"I want to ask Miss Pittston to go to the theatre with me. Do you suppose she will want a chaperon?"
 DASHAWAY—"Oh, no; she doesn't know you well enough for that."



ON THE ARK.

NOAH—"There, now, Shem! I knew I'd forget something."

SHEM—"What is it, pop?"

NOAH—"Tomato-cans for the goats."



A Woman With a Past.

CURSES on my fate!" The unhappy girl moaned sadly.

"Curses on my fate!" she repeated. "Must my past ever pursue me like a phantom of evil?"

She shuddered so that her clothes refused to fit her properly.

"Ah-h-h-h!" she groaned. "Just when I am getting a foothold in society, here comes some secret enemy who threatens to publish my picture as a baby, when I gained thirty pounds in two months by eating infant food; and, as if that were not enough, he declares that he will scatter broadcast fac-simile pages of the village paper which tells of my having been voted the most popular young woman in Higginsville, Ohio!"

Though her agonized parents endeavored to soothe her



WANTED THE NEWS.

ISAACS—"How ish your friend Chummer gedding along?"

BROWN—"Chummer went to Denver, and the poor fellow is failing."

ISAACS—"So? For how much?"

by telling her of the new trust her papa had formed that very day, she still moaned and refused to be comforted, crying,

"Oh, papa! why were you not my grandfather? Then we would not have had to bear this blight of having suddenly acquired wealth."

Trembling with grief, her father slunk from the room with a haggard look in his eye.

P. s.—The unhaggard eye was glass.



AND THEN SHE FOUND IT.

"Why, James, you've only brought home one skate. Where's the other one?"

"Don' know, m'dear. You kin search me."

MANY a man is late to dinner for the sake of being seen around a popular café.



WARMING THEM UP.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN—"Would you mind giving us fellows a little practice with your auto?"

CHAUFFEUR—"How could I assist you?"

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN—"Why, get a good flying start and smash into our line a few times. I'll instruct the boys not to injure the machine."

How He Looked at It.

Hewitt—"Here is the stone the boy threw when he struck my mother-in-law in the head the other day."
Jewett—"Are you keeping it to use as evidence against the boy?"
Hewitt—"No; I'm keeping it for a lucky stone."

Drum and Trumpet.

IF YOUR ear-drum has met with mishap
 Do not irritate, worry and thump it,
 But seek some auricular chap
 And buy your ear-drum an ear-trumpet.

Sunday-school Anniversary.

Clergymen (reviewing the school)—"Now, children, we have all been learning about Peter this month. I wonder who can tell all these kind friends who have come to see us what we know about Peter. Ah! there is a little hand up. Come right up here, dear, and stand by me. That's right. Now tell us what you know about Peter. Speak up; don't be afraid."

Very small voice—"Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her"—
 Sensation.

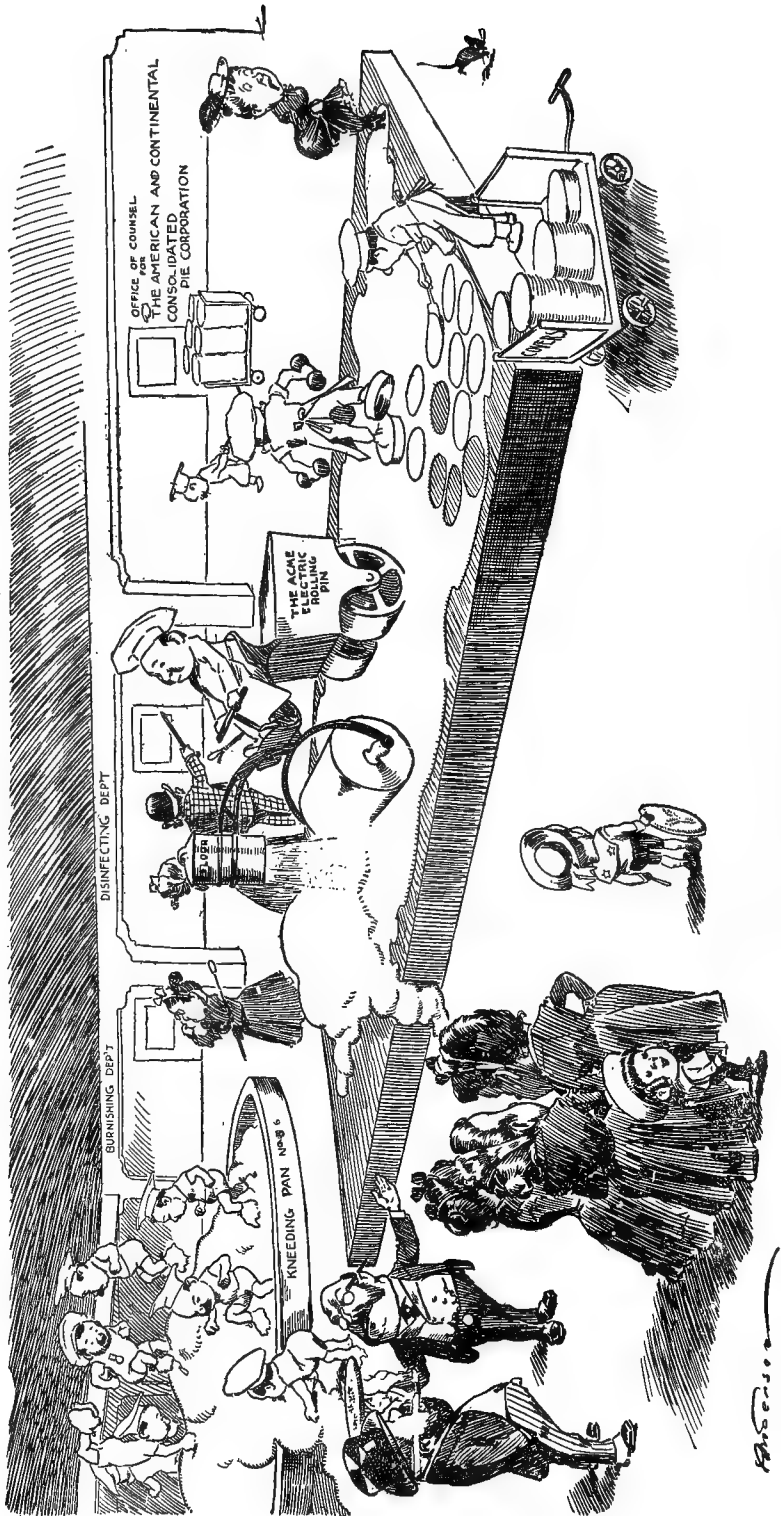
Completing the Quotation.

Seldom Fidd (musingly)—"Lemme see! What's dat old sayin' about half a loaf? 'Half a loaf is better'—better dan what?"

Soiled Spooner—"Better dan a steady job, o' course!"

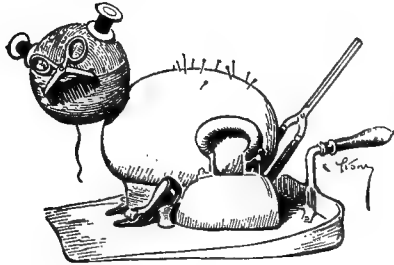
Ignorance Was Bliss.

Cora—"I wonder what made the druids of old believe that the mistletoe was a charm against disease?"
Merritt—"In those days, my dear, they didn't know there were microbes in a kiss."



ONE OF OUR GROWING INDUSTRIES.
 Scene in a large American pie factory—visitors' day.

A FEW APPROPRIATE COMBINATIONS.



Miss Tongs, the hair-dresser.

Prepared.

Mrs. Todds—"Good heavens, John! You're not going to dinner in that sweater?"

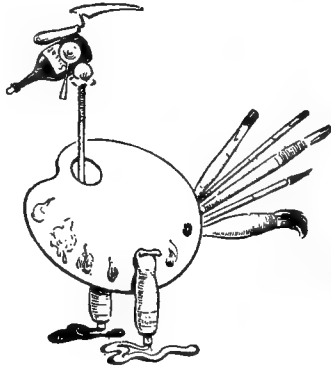
Mr. Todds—"Yes, my dear. The landlady told me last night that she was going to call on me to carve the turkey."

A Free Translation.

"CANST thou, then, minister to a mind diseased?" casually inquired the eminent exponent of the drama, while the spot-light sputtered radiantly.

"Wot's dat guy gittin' t'roo him?" inquired One-eyed of Limpy Lou, his companion in the gallery.

"He means, 'Have yer got any dope fera bug-house guy?'" was the lucid explanation of the gentleman addressed.



The artist.

The Height of Realism.

Scene-painter—"When you write your next story try to work in a little puff for me."

Press-agent—"All right. I'll make the star sprain her ankle by slipping on one of the rocks you painted."

THE camel is now called the automobile of the desert.



ILLUSTRATED SLANG.

"Throwing a fit."

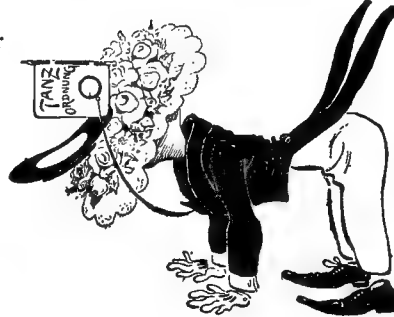


HE BARELY ESCAPED.

An Illusion Dispelled.

THE tourist had dropped two dollars and eighteen cents into the maw of the slot-machine that stood in Rome, but to no avail.

The little indicator stood immovable and refused to divulge his avoirdupois.



The stage-door "Johnnie."

"Huh!" sneered the tourist. "I always did think there was a good deal of fake about this Appian weigh."

But the guide merely suggested that they hie onward to the coliseum.

Ambiguous.

"HE MAY mean well," said the young doctor, "but I don't exactly like the tone of his letter."

"What's the matter?" inquired the old practitioner.

"Jones, the undertaker, writes and says that if I will send my patients to him he will guarantee them satisfaction."

Useless to Her.

"CHOLLY has room to let in his upper story," said Miss Frocks to Miss Kittish.

"But I don't wish to rent a flat," added the latter.



The sporty friend.

A Romantic Goat.

I'M HAPPY, said the goat,
to-day;
Love's sun upon me
shines.
And just in passing let me say
I'm full of valentines.

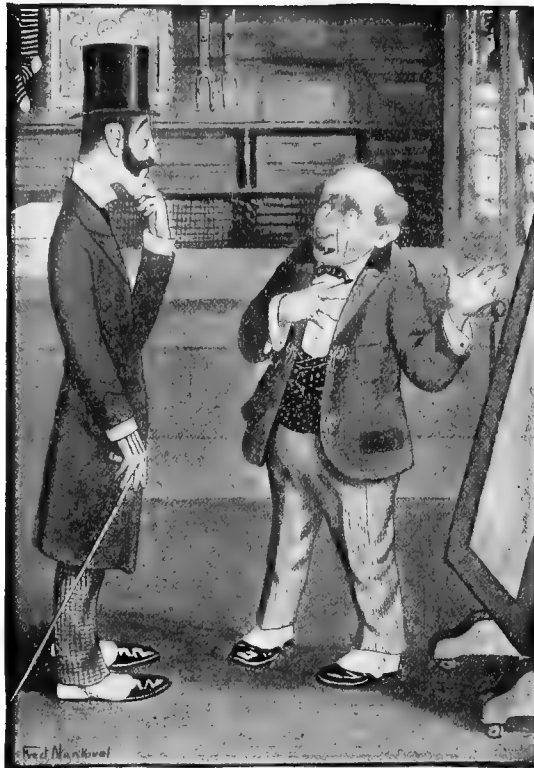
Three score of them within my
pouch
My finest visions wake—
I feel I'm on Joy's softest couch,
A-brim with angel-cake.

In fact, I'm full of Love's sweet
pain;
My heart beats pit-a-pat
Until I view with cold disdain
The predigested hat.

With bleeding hearts I'm simply
gay;
Likewise with sonnets pure.
And promises I trust that may
Unbroken long endure.

Oh, "love" and "dove" and
"fate" and "mate"
My fancies keep afloat;
They tenderly assimilate
And gild my inner goat

Until I feel a beast of note
That quite outpards the pard,
And not the common can-fed goat
Of Mulligan's back yard.



HE DIDN'T WANT A PAIR.

PROPRIETOR—"So you wish a pair of trousers?"

ABSENT-MINDED CUSTOMER—"No; I think one will
be sufficient."

Distinguishing the Tint.

AT THE seance there are
marvelous materializations.
During the evening a spirit of
a pale-pink hue emerges from
the cabinet and floats about the
room.

"What can that be?" asks a
trembling newcomer.

"That?" says the experi-
enced investigator. "Oh, that
is nothing but the shade of a
red man."

His Little Ruse.

Mrs. Oldwed—"My hus-
band has given up card-playing
during Lent."

Mrs. Justwed (not to be
outdone)—"And mine has
given up smoking those lovely
cigars I bought him."

A Spring Carol.

WHEN dandelions dot the mead
And render gay the verdant
scenes,

My inner self is glad indeed—
They prophesy a mess of
greens.



TOO SEVERE.

FIRST TRAMP—"Sav, Bill, couldn't I get yer ter join our 'knocker club'?"

SECOND TRAMP—"W'ot's de 'knocker club'?"

FIRST TRAMP—"Why, every member swears ter knock off work five minutes after he gets a job."

SECOND TRAMP—"Leave me out! I'd sooner git knocked in de head dan work five minutes."



RACING TERM.
Her running mate.

The South American Revolutionist.

THE revolution habit," said the visitor from South America, "is apt to grow on one until he does not know whether he is a patriot or a pinwheel. I have made a careful study of the matter, and believe that the result of my researches will be of material benefit to science, and perchance of some aid to the society for the supplying peace to localities with overworked wars. I have, you might say, viewed the revolutionist in his native lair and studied him both coming and going, and I have learned that he is to be divided into the following grades:

"Revolutionist politicalibus. This variety grows best when barred off from the treasury department. Should be plucked as soon as possible after discovery.

"Revolutionist religioso. One of the most uncertain varieties of this species. Hard to cultivate and rather unproductive.

"Revolutionist conversationalito. This variety is perennial. May be recognized readily by the large mouth and proneness to bloom wherever there is liquor in the vicinity.

"Revolutionist militaris. Easily recognized by the profusion of pronunciamientos attached to it. Grows best at night. Some fine specimens, however, have been plucked in the public grounds during the day-time.

"Revolutionist. The common or garden variety of revolutionist is discerned by the absence of a shirt and the raggedness of the trousers. It thrives when in proximity to the revolutionist politicalibus or militaris. It grows wild under these conditions, and will be found in luxuriant bloom near the commissary quarters. Must be provided with rain-checks when weather is unpropitious for revolting.

"I think," concluded the South American visitor, "that this includes all the varieties except the revolutionist absenteeisto, which is not so numerous as the ones I have mentioned. This one is sporadic, and invariably appears in France, England, or America, with its tendrils wrapped around the remains of the state treasury."

The Indulgent Papa.

"POPPER," said Beatrice Bondclipper, "my new automobile is just lovely."

"I am glad you like it, daughter," responded Mr. Bondclipper.

"But, popper, it ought to have a chauffeur."

"Well, Betty," said Mr. Bondclipper, who at times forgot that his daughter had shifted her first

name after attending boarding-school, "I reckon you can have it, but the machine is pretty well cluttered up the way it stands. You have two kinds of automatic brakes on it, and an umbrella-rack, and a dog-carrier, and a nickel-plated bundle-holder, and—yes, by jings! you've got a whip-socket on the thing—but I don't see where you're going to fasten this here chauf—this here what-you-call-it. But go ahead and get it, and have 'em send the bill to me, if you think you ought to have it."

A Spellbinder.

First citizen—"Talkaway is a born orator."

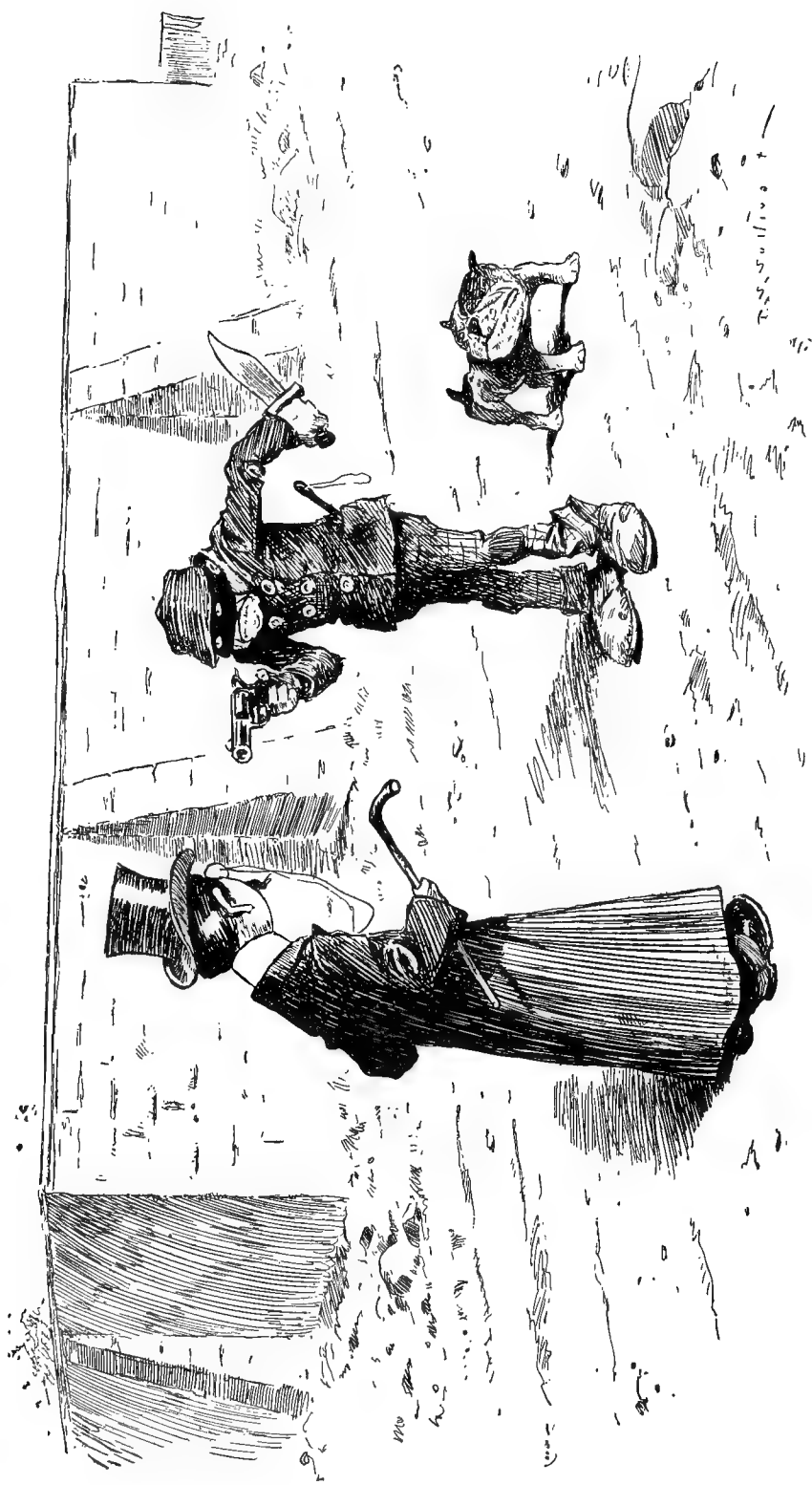
Second citizen—"Yes, indeed. It is only when you see his speeches in cold type that you realize that he hasn't anything to say."



SUCH CONSIDERATION!

MRS. HAYMOW—"Ef you will draw water fer a half-hour I'll give you your dinner."

ENNUI EDDIE—"Lady, I'm just dyin' ter draw water; but we now know dat de beautiful symmetry of woman's figure kin only be preserved by exercise, an' be it far from me, madam, to deprive you of de trainin' w'ich I perceive keeps your Venus-like form in all its youthful shapeliness an' glory."



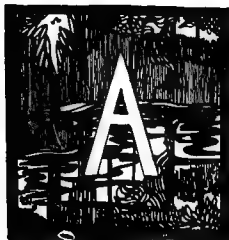
A JUST SETTLEMENT.

ROBBER—"De would owes me a livin', so shell out yer watch an' wad."

DUDE—"But I am not the world."

ROBBER—"No; but yer act as if yer owned it."

An Ingenious Villain.



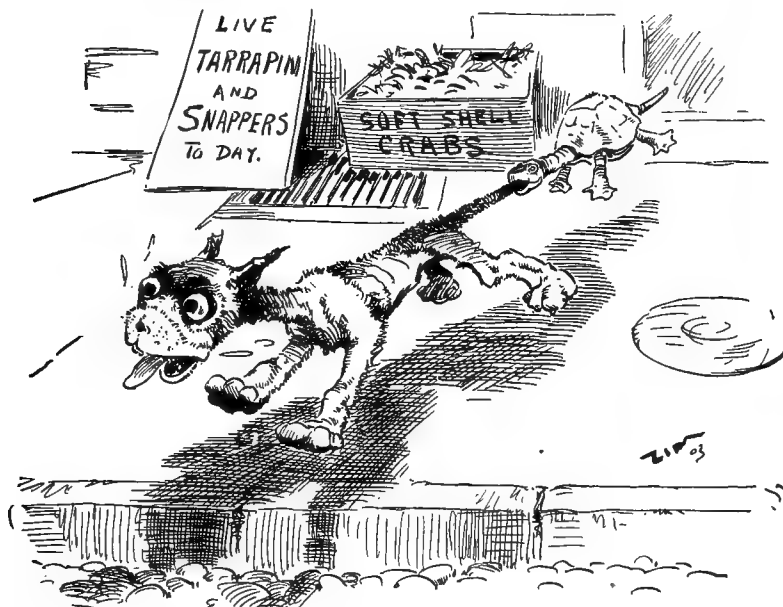
"HA!" growled Puddiford Suggs, the villain, as he strode from the wings to be confronted by Titherington Botts, the hero.

"Aha yourself!" retorted Titherington Botts. "What are you up to now?"

"To practice me villainy, rash youth!" replied Puddiford Suggs.

Slowly from the opposite wings came the poor heroine, beating her way in the face of a pitiless snow-storm. She passed up stage, followed by the gaze of the two men.

"Listen!" came the hoarse whisper of Titherington Botts. "You shall



A MATTER OF CHOICE.

THE CUR—"Wow! I don't know what it is fastened to my tail, but gimme a tin can any old time."

not persecute her. I have foiled you again, wretch that you are!"

"Foiled me, eh?" sneered Puddiford Suggs. "Foiled me? So? And how?"

"I have hidden your cigarette papers, and you cannot practice your nefarious designs without the aid of a lighted cigarette."

With a maddening laugh, Puddiford Suggs reached into the midst of the snow-storm, grasped one of the largest flakes, and rolled his tobacco in it. Lighting the affair, he stalked along the trail of the heroine, chuckling like a fiend incarnate.



AN AWFUL EXPOSURE.

Cholly was cutting quite a dash along the avenue until—



HER SYMPATHIES WITH THE MOUSE.

BOARDER—"Mrs. Stewdprune, I found a mouse in the milk this morning."

MRS. STEWDPRUNE—"Oh, the poor thing! Was it dead?"

But Titherington Botts, our hero, dashed off the stage to change his costume for the great foiling scene in the third and last act.

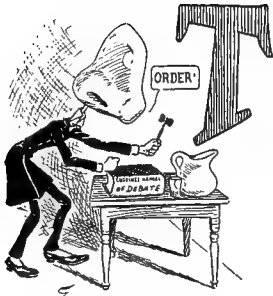


—an unfriendly gust of wind disclosed the fact that he was doing some bachelor marketing.



(Being the details of an indignation meeting of the other features protesting against the continual reign in fiction of the hair, the eyes, and the heart.)

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. GREENING.



THE Roman Nose took the chair and called the meeting to order by a tuneful snort.

"We are gathered together, friends," it began in nasal tones, "to protest against the decadence of modern literature as illustrated by a phase"—

The Face reddened and grew long in protest. "Do I understand the chairman to say that the decadence of our present literature is due to the Face, a body politic of which the chairman is a part? The fact that the Nose is out of joint is no reason for slandering the rest of us," it said truculently.

The Nose curled its nostrils in anger. "The Nose is not out of joint. I happen to be a Roman Nose, that is all," it explained proudly. "But the chair has been misunderstood. I meant to intimate that the sterility of our present literature is due to the fact that three features have obtained a monopoly upon it. It is hardly necessary to state that these are the eyes, the heart, and the hair. Competition used to be the life of trade, but of late we, the other features of the body, have been completely driven out of business in modern fiction. We have been given the icy glare and the frozen heart. We have been offered a crimp fatal to our interests."

This hit was tumultuously applauded. The Dainty Feet stamped, the Shapely Hands clapped, and the Silvery Tongue cheered.

"Quite true," argued the Snowy Breast sentimentally. "I used to play a prominent part in literature myself; perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say a vital part. 'The heaving of the heroine's snowy breast' used to occur not less than once in every three pages, but"—

"Yes, yes, we know all about that," hastily interposed the Shapely Hand, clad in a number-five imported suede; "but you would better heave an anchor before you get under full sail. I want to point out to the meeting that in the twaddle now being written the hero no longer kisses the heroine's hand."

"The situation is worse than that," sighed the Ruby Lips. "The up-to-date hero is an utter ass. He talks tommy-rot when he gets engaged instead of meeting her rosebud lips in one long, rapturous kiss. How the heroine stands it I don't know, though she's not much herself—mostly runs to eyes and hair."

The Tapering and Elegant Waist now registered her grievance. "I haven't been embraced in a novel for so long that I'm losing my shape. They're a namby-pamby lot, the lovers of nowadays fiction. Time was when my lines were the pride of the writer and the joy of the reader. Now the stilted characters do nothing but throw goo-goo eyes at each other and rave about their red hair. It's simply ridiculous!"

The Dainty Foot snapped forward from under rus-



" 'KISSES THE HEROINE'S HAND.' "

A LITERARY PROTEST.



"ONE LONG, RAPTUROUS KISS."

ting skirts. "I am not in it any more, either," it stamped. "Authors are weak creatures. One of them sets a fashion and the rest follow the fad like sheep. If I do ever get into a story they dress me in the rough walking-boots of some athletic girl. My neatly turned ankle has fallen into desuetude. I am sure I don't know what we're coming to."

"Nor I," agreed the Swanlike Neck, exhibiting her most graceful turn. "There has none of you been so neglected as I have. Once I used to be the belle of the ball-room, but now I'm quite dead and buried. I'm sure I don't know what I have done to deserve it," she complained with a proud undulation.

The Roman Nose condescended to explain.

"It is not a matter of deserving. It is a matter of evolution. The eyes, the hair, and the heart formed a trust and cornered the market against us. Pick up any book or magazine and see if they are not eternally and disgracefully pushing themselves to the front. 'Their eyes married'—surely a most idiotic expression. And here again, 'His eyes kissed her.'"

The Ruby Lips pouted. "I vow, it is most inane! How can eyes kiss? What an absurdity!"

"One must turn up one's nose at such stuff as this," continued the Roman Nose. "'Her heart thrilled. It hammered like an anvil.' Or this, 'Her wondrous auburn hair threw

off glints of sunlight that dazzled him.' Sheer rot! But what are we going to do about it?"

There was much discussion on that point, but at last one coy feature hit the bull's-eye.

"I move that the canons of literary art be revised so as to bind authors to make their heroines blind and heartless; also, that they be forced to wear wigs so as to disguise the color of their hair," suggested a Bewitching Chin Dimple.

There was a moment's dead silence. Then came a rustle of applause. The Shapely Gloved Ones shook hands with each other in joy and then embraced the T. and E. Waist. The Snowy Bosom sighed with relief, and the

Dainty Foot arched itself proudly. Soft Cheeks flushed approval and the Swanlike Neck held itself finely.

"Motion seconded," smiled the Ruby Lips; and then imprinted a sweet and lingering kiss on the Bewitching Dimple.

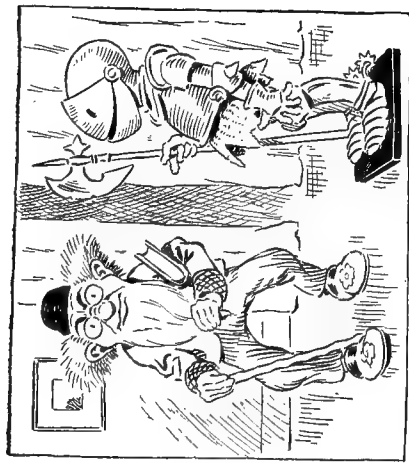
The motion to revise the canons of literary art was carried with unanimity.

"The ayes have it," reported the chairman. "Henceforth liquid eyes and throbbing hearts, and russet hair with threads of gold are to be expunged from literature. Meeting adjourned."

And the Roman Nose scratched itself with urbane pleasure as it descended from the rostrum.



"THE HEAVING OF THE HEROINE'S SNOWY BREAST."



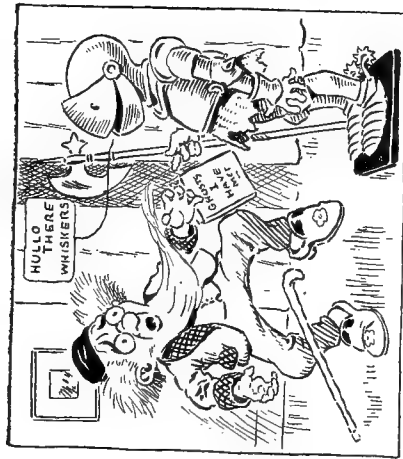
1.

PROFESSOR PUZZLEWUZZLE—"Pooh, pooh! There's nothing in this spirit theory. Bosh! pure bosh!"

Ample Excuse.

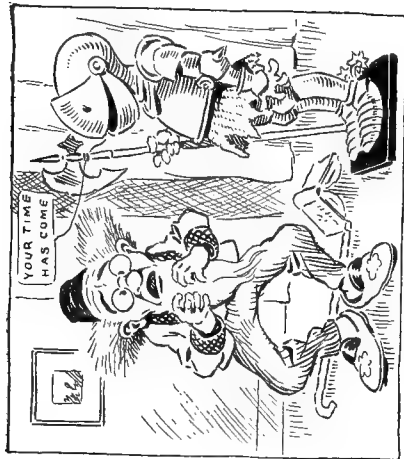
Yosh—"I s'pose Silas is mad at the feller thet sold him the horse."

Hiram—"I dunno why he should be. If yer look at the horse yer won't blame anybody fer sellin' him."



2.

—Wha-a-at!



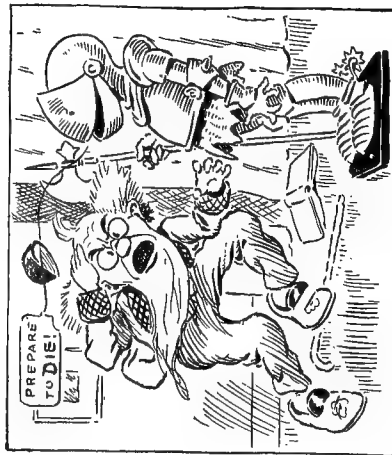
3.

—G-g-g-g-ghosts!

A Soft Answer.

Artist (proudly)—"I've got my anthracite where the janitor can't get at it—in that sofa you're sitting on."

Uncomfortable visitor (timidly)—"I should think you'd use soft coal."



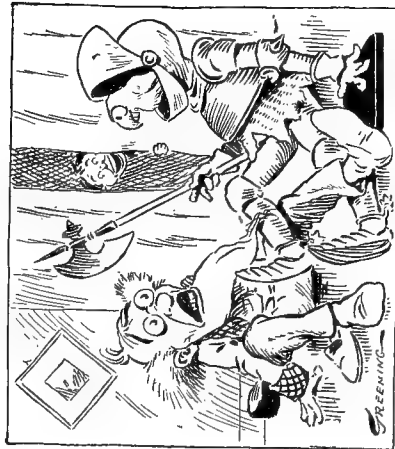
4.

—I feel faint!



5.

—Wow!



6.

—Well, I might have known it!

THE DOUBTING PROFESSOR AND THE GIBBERING GHOST; OR, HE NEARLY BELIEVED.

The Angora Goat.

THE United States department of agriculture has kindly sent us a scholarly and exhaustive treatise on the Angora goat. The author of this pleasant excursion into a field that is comparatively unexplored has not only covered himself with glory, but has brought to the public eye an animal that is all overcoat. His wool hangs down in heavy draperies that make him look like a mop in repose. He parts his wool in the middle, along the spine, and lets it hang over on each side like football hair. Like his Harlem brother, he is very fond of scrap-iron, which delicacy is fed to him in captivity that he may yield mineral wool. He also yields mohair, which is noted for its specific gravity, though not so much as the Angora goat is himself noted for his skill, in which sphere he is said to be superior to the Chinaman, in clearing land. He makes the brushwood fly like oysters at a church fair, eats chestnut-burrs with the same delight that a Scotch golfer devours thistles while helping the caddy find a lost ball. When he begins to clear off the bosom of the landscape he eats cans, bottles and other things with such gusto that the owner of the place is harrowed by the suspicion that the omnivorous Angora may devour the title and both mortgages that hold the pumpkins down as if fastened with spikes. He has been known to eat cord-wood, and sometimes he has been given slivers of cedar, which have the same effect on him that a chest of that wood has on a sealskin sacque — inas-

much as the moths fly to him as if he were a lamp. His pelt makes fine rugs, college diplomas and shoes, while Angora milk is much richer than that of the cow, and, in addition, is absolutely water-proof. It is furthermore translatable into a cheese beside which limburger is as

the dainty scent of the wild-flower. He wears brick-à-brac horns and a van Dyck beard; his wool is so long that sometimes it is done up in papers, that it may be curled up off the ground and not trip him. He protects ordinary sheep against wolves and dogs, and always keeps out of thickets, that he may not become snarled and tangled to such a degree that he will fall over himself and become impossible of unraveling. His song is an emulsion of the susurra and the frou-frou, and we thank the author, George Fayette Thompson, for the hour of genuine pleasure that was ours while reading his luminous exploitation of the Angora goat.

A Relapse.

Biggs — "I understand Lushleigh was graduated from the liquor-cure establishment not long ago."

Boggs — "He was, and he went back two weeks later for a post-graduate course."

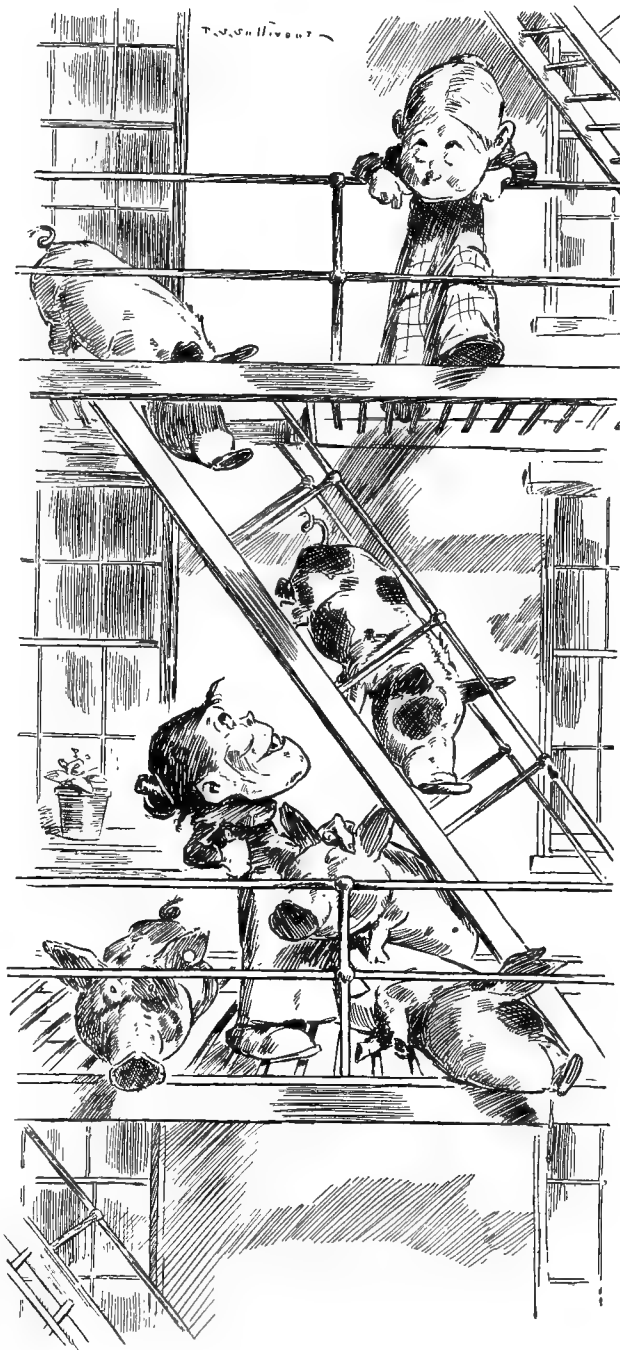
A Fall.

Customer — "I understand that your chef has been discharged."

Waiter — "Yes, sir. He has gone to a place where they call him cook."

Human Nature.

GIVE a play a bad name, and the public will stand in line for hours to buy tickets.



PLENTY OF SPACE OUTSIDE.

MRS. ROONEY — "Th' landlord av these flats sez he'll allow no more pigs in th' house."

MRS. CASSIDY — "Faith, thot's reasonable enoof, Mrs. Rooney, wid such large, roomy foire-eshcapes an' an illigant roof."

Her Only Open Date.

AME the day," sighed the fond lover.

He had stolen the opportunity to propose by availing himself of an artistic piano recital at the regular weekly meeting of the Bach-Gounod cult, of which she was a prominent member.

"I wish I could," she whispered; "but my Mondays are taken up by the ladies' literary association, my Tuesdays by the sewing and slandering social, my Wednesdays by the higher-thought coterie, my Thursdays by the Bach-Gounods, my Fridays by the Browning researchers, my Saturdays by the charitable visitors, and my Sundays by the heathen-helpers. My evenings are all booked for a long time ahead because of lectures, essay readings, and various intermittent clubs. I wish I could find an open date, but you see how it is."

"Couldn't you?"—the lover's voice trembled with the rashness of his suggestion—"couldn't you resign from one of the clubs and trust me to take its place?"

"Mercy, no!" she rippled; "but I'll tell you what we might do. Wait until the next leap-year, and I will marry you the evening of the twenty-ninth of February."

"WHERE in thunder are you going with that stove and all those overcoats?"

"I am going, my friend, to spend the winter in Florida."



OFF COLOR.

An Artistic Criticism.

"DRAW, scoundrel!" hisses d'Artagnan. Nervously the unknown enemy endeavors to comply with the demand. He tangles his scabbard in his legs and almost falls over himself.

"Draw?" shouts d'Artagnan with that reckless laugh of his. "Ma foi! You act as if you were a Sunday-supplement artist."



HOW HE WORKED IT.

Mr. Stouter couldn't quite reach the slot to put his penny in, but—

—he was a man of resourcefulness.

BIG DAN'S LAST "RASSLE"

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

SPEAKIN' of rasslin'," remarked the liveryman, as he removed one boot from the stove and felt of it to see if it was scorching, "recalls to mind th' career of Big Dan Fogarty, down to Mudville. Dan grewed up with th' idee that he was th' original rassler, an' as he managed to keep th' heft of us Mudvillains on crutches nearly every workin' day in th' year, it is no wonder Dan's cranium was some exaggerated.

"Dan was a sizable lad, standin' about six foot three an' bein' wider 'n a barn door. His hands looked like th' fag end of banana bunches, an' every one of us cripples was prepared to swear his neck had ribs in it.

"Dan's dad bein' pretty well off, it wasn't necessary for 'im to do no hard work, an' he jest grewed up big an' loose, with muscle stuck here an' there on 'im in groups. He never trained any, unless it was when he stopped eatin' pie for breakfast, but relied on his heft an' what few tricks he'd learned while maintainin' us fellers on th' sick list.

"Of course we never thought but what Dan would outgrow it in time, but he didn't seem to. Rasslin' was what he was on earth for, an' he gave it out he was goin' to foller it exclusive. Down to Si Decker's store of evenin's he'd corral us an' relate by th' hour them rasslin' anecdotes of his, never stoppin' to think that we'd all been right there an' seen th' hull performance.

"After a while Dan got forgetful or somethin' an' got to enlargin' an' polishin' an' ornamentin' up them rasslin' tales of his most amazin'. Fellers he'd throwed in thirty minutes he'd get it down by easy stages to ten. Some nights, when he was feelin' particularly strong, he'd squeeze it down to five, an' even three.

"By th' time he'd got so far as to claim he'd downed th' Cairo Cyclone it six minutes, when we all had timed it at an hour an' a quarter full, we begun to have them sensations known as ongwee. We got our heads together an' agreed simultaneous that somethin' had to be applied to Dan or he might warp his intellect.

"One night, when Dan was out helpin' th' preacher round up a stray Jersey calf, we met down at Si's an' concocted a deal. We elected Zack Sanders as a committee of one to run up to Chicago an' bring back one o' them terrible Turks that was performin' up there. Seein' as Dan had bluffed us fellers into our holes an' plugged 'em after us, we made up our minds to separate him from a peck or so of his dad's money, if it could be done as a side issue.

"We dug down deep into our jeans an' provided Zack with th' wherewith, an' he took th' night train. He'd been in Chicago about a week when he writ back that it was no go. He said all th' terrible Turks was engaged at big prices, an' they wouldn't come short of a cool thousand. When we heard that we jest had breath enough

left to write Zack to call it off an' come back.

"We went down to th' depot to meet 'im, reelin' sad an' lonely an' grittin' our teeth every time we thought of th' expense money Zack had been spendin' all for nothin'. When Zack got off th' train he comes up to us rollin' 'is eyes like a hoot-owl lookin' at an arc-light.

"'Be ye sick, Zack?' says Bill Chambers, mighty sour.

"'S-s-h! Hush!' says Zack. 'See that feller with th' wicker-ware grip gettin' off th' smoker?'

"We took a look up that way.

"'You mean that little sawed-off yap with a face like a rutabaggy?' inquires Jabe Winters.

"'That's him—that's th' man!' says Jack, eager an' tremblin'. 'He'll chew Big Dan up an' expectorate 'im through his teeth!'

"We took another look at th' ornery little runt. He was bowlegged as a high-grade bull terrier an' rolled like a ship in a storm as he come down the platform.

"'Zack, you've been poisoned!' snorts Eph Williams. 'That feller will be jest a piece o' huckleberry pie to Dan.'

"Zack looked a little indignant, an' he says,

"'Mebbe so, boys, mebbe so. But this feller agrees to dissolve Dan into his original elements or no pay. That sounds square, don't it? What more do ye want?'

"We give a general snort o' disgust an' Bill Chambers advanced th' idee that th' new man would be adornin' a square of ice in th' undertakin' emporium after meetin' Dan. Zack fired up at that an' threw back both shoulders till they cracked.

"'Trouble with you fellers,' says he, 'is ignorance. When ye've traveled as much as I have ye'll find out that when it comes to rasslin' it's th' small packages that carry off th' dust!'

"'You bet it is!' says Bill. 'They wipe it up!'

"'Well, I'll back th' Demon—that's what he calls 'imself—I'll back 'im to make Dan look like a pin-wheel th' day after the Fourth o' July!' says Zack real warm.

"We didn't make no reply, but it ain't more'n fair to remark that a sort o' coolness sprung up betwixt us right from that p'int.

"We walked down the street a ways an' Mose Bright says,

"'Why, hang it! Dan'll swaller that feller same 's you would a capsool!'

"'It won't cost you a cent if he does—not a cent!' says Zack.

"That sort o' silenced us an' we went on down to th' store, leavin' th' Demon to go up to th' hotel an' register as Reggie Honeysuckle, of Chautauqua, New York.

"We'd been settin' there about an hour sighin' an' twistin' our whiskers when Charley Peters, th' hotel man, came slippin' in an' says he wants Big Dan.

"'What fur?' says Dan, lookin' up from th' codfish he was workin' on.

"'Why, there's a feller up to th' hotel that allows he's a rassler. Asked if we had any rasslers hereabouts. Told 'im yes, but they wasn't his size. Asked what size they was, and when I told 'im he said bring 'em on, th' bigger th' better. I nearly died laughin.' Come on, Dan—it's a vacation for you.'

"Big Dan chewed at th' cod for a minute.

"'I don't want to hurt anybody,' he says. 'I might get excited an' kill 'im.'

"'Yes; you might. Don't take any resks,' says Zack, kind o' contemptuous.

"Dan took a peek at Zack an' then stiffened up.

"'I'll jest go over an' crowd that rassler into a cigar-box,' he says. 'I need th' exercise.'

"'We all went over in a body. When we got there th' Demon was whittlin' a whistle out of a green switch for a kid.

"'We all looked innocent as we could while Charley pointed out th' Demon, an' then Dan walked over an' tapped 'im on th' nigh shoulder.

"'Boy,' says Dan, away down in th' dregs of 'is nature, 'what's your callin'? Are ye a rassler?'

"Th' Demon took a look around kind o' surprised.

"'No particular callin' as I know of,' says he. 'But I'm a specialist in grips. Also I rattle some for pastime an' to keep in condition to digest th' ordinary run o' boardin'-house victuals.'

"Dan sort o' licked 's chops an' winked at us.

"'Any objections to gettin' beat, son?' he asks as tender as a sister o' charity askin' for aid.

"'Not at all—I like it,' says th' Demon.

"Big Dan took off 'is hat an' threw it on th' writin' desk. Then he started to peel 'is coat. Th' Demon looked around at us weary-like an' Zack passed 'im the wink. We see 'im smile like a man goin' to th' stake, an' then he got up an' stretched. Say, he growed a foot durin' that stretch. His backbone lengthened out an' his shoulders went up an' his chin come down between 'em till it looked as if it had growed right onto 'is breastbone. For a minute I thought th' feller was comin' apart somewhere, but when he took off 'is coat I see he was together yet.

"Then he kind o' blushed an' begun rollin' up his shirt-sleeve. When he'd got up beyond th' elbow we begun steppin' back an' catchin' our breath. That was th' peculiarest arm we'd ever saw. There was big streaks of muscle laid onto it, an' when he bent it up sort of casually they all foot-raced up neck an' neck an' piled up in a knot th' size of a cocoanut an' jest as hard. Then he begun workin' his fingers an' geese-eggs bobbed up all over that arm.

"Durin' this time Dan had been goin' on tellin' how he'd held th' rasslin' championship of Mudville ever since he was knee-high to almost nothin', an' that he'd never yet see th' man that could stand afore 'im. He was sayin' he had prejudices against rasslin' runts an' crippled persons, but in this case he'd overlook it, when Charley Peters hit th' counter a lick with his fist an' yelled,

"'TIME!'



THE WICKED ESQUIMAU.

Oh, once an Esquimau lad there was;
On a candle long and thick he fed.

His brother asked him for the wick.

"There ain't goin' to be no wick," he said.

"Th' Demon grinned an' stuck out 'is hand to Dan, jest as if he was mighty glad to see 'im. Dan reached out an' took it. That was th' last we see of Dan—he faded out like a calico apron at a steam laundry. Th' room seemed to be full of hummin', buzzin' an' swishin'. Big hunks of language that sounded like Dan's came from all sorts o' directions, an' things was hittin' th' walls an' ceilin' promiscuous. A piece o' Dan hit Bill Chambers in th' wind an' nigh killed 'im.

"We jedged that big Dan was bein' handled some rough and frolicsome. Th' Demon was standin' about where he was when he begun an' he was apparently doin' a combination jugglin' an' balancin' stunt. Once somethin' hit th' writin' desk with a bang, but jest as we'd begun to recognize Dan it faded away again, an' one o' his boots shot into th' dinin'-room an' broke a lot o' dishes.

"Then th' Demon sort o' bent over an' spread Dan out on th' floor an' started in to brighten up the wood-work with 'im. Dan made a fine mop an' th' dust he stirred up was surprisin'.

"Zack Sanders was as white as a celleroid collar by this time, an' we begun to think poor Dan had cashed in. But jest then th' Demon took Dan by th' reverse of 'is trousers an' shot 'im about fifteen feet right against th' springs of a big foldin'-bed that was standin' in th' corner. Dan hit 'em fair, bounced back, and th' Demon caught 'im on th' fly, revolved 'im a few times sort o' absent-minded an' then put 'im down careful in a rockin'-chair.

"Then th' Demon brushed a spot o' dust off 'is shoulder and asked Charley Peters for a toothpick.

"'It's quite warm this evenin', ain't it?' he says, an' that is all I recollect hearin' that feller say afterward, for when we give 'im th' purse he jest shoved it down in an aft pocket an' yawned as if he was disgusted with life an' was huntin' a dry place to lay down an' die.

"With close nursin' we pulled Dan through. We

stayed by 'im earnest, as th' sheriff had passed it out strong that he'd pull every last man of us for manslaughter in case Dan died.

"Dan never rassled again in Mudville. If any one happened to mention rasslin' when he was around he'd roll up 'is collar like he was havin' a chill. He told us that—eh, what? Feller wants a team? Ain't that provokin'? All right—comin'! 'Night, boys!"

The liveryman stretched himself to his full height and went out pulling on his dog-skin mittens.

Chaphorisms.

A FELLOW failing makes us wondrous blind.

Those who live in glass houses should never throw fits.

Many a man, starting out to nail a lie has bruised his fingers.

It is a curious fact that he who saves most worry will have least in the end.

A cynic is one who would fall off the pinnacle of joy and make his nose bleed.

Money will not buy happiness, but it will buy pants; and it is hard for most men to be happy if they haven't any pants.

In New York Improper.

"AND do you live in New York proper?" asked the man of the friend who had been dilating upon the manifold advantages and attractions of Gotham.

"In New York proper?" responded the friend, with some accent upon the last word. "In New York proper? Oh, no! That would be entirely too far out for me to get back and forth from business."

Very Practical.

"WHAT is a practical joke?"

"One that you can sell for a dollar and buy bread with it."

Disillusion.

MY shallop sails along the summer streams;
Hesperidian apples, full and ripe,
Grow on the banks, and birds of varied stripe
Sing merrily in morning's golden beams.
But ah! the dread awaking always seems
As if I'd close connection with the pipe,
For then Reality, with one fell swipe,
Shatters to atoms my frail ship of dreams,
And I, perforce, must join the sons of toil.
The rent is due, and every day new bills
Are piling up in dreadful pyramids.
My troubled waters need the peaceful oil;
Till pay-day I must go the pace that kills
To purchase shoes and stockings for the kids.

EUGENE GEARY.

All Wanted an Office.

"WHAT did you do about that Honest Voters' League that I told you I was afraid would cut in on the party vote at the election this fall?"

"I had a good man go to each member and whisper in his ear that he had a good show for some office if he only would consent to run. Result was that when the first meeting of the Honest Voters' League was called to order there wasn't anybody there but the chairman."

Making It Hot for Hubby.

Private detective—"Madam, here is my bill for shadowing your husband during the past four weeks."

Suspicious wife—"Very well; present it to him. And go on shadowing him until you receive further orders from me."

Tabooed.

Knicker—"I wonder why Diplomaticus was so unpopular with the czar?"

Bocker—"Well, he had a breezy way of referring to Russian court functions as blow-outs."



PERFECTLY SAFE.

THE GIRAFFE (to Mr. Monk, who can't swim)—"Come on in, Mr. Monk; it's only up to my chin."



EASILY SATISFIED.

ETHEL—"He told me I looked good enough to eat."
ERIE—"Marry him, dear. You can certainly cook good enough for a chap so careless of what he eats as that."

A Poetical Reiteration

“THERE was a young man of St. Paul
Who went to a fancy-dress ball ;
But it wasn't much fun,
For he went as a bun,
And the dog ate him up in the hall.”

According to Wordsworth :

The dance was just commencing, the guests were on their feet,
I heard a voice exclaiming, “Eat, little doggie, eat”;
And, looking o'er the banisters to share the speaker's fun,
I saw a dog devouring what appeared to be a bun.
'Twas little Charlie Johnson, who came from old St. Paul.
He was paralyzed with fright to see the canine in the hall,
And in his choice of fancy dress, I'm sure that you'll agree,
He might have done much better—but he didn't live to see.

Kipling's version :

“ 'E's a doughnut, 'e's a cookie, 'e's a bun,
'E's a lollypop all bent on masquerade”—
But the purp 's the one as collars all the fun,
And the victim 'asn't time to be afraid.
So 'ere 's to you, little fellow, from the city of St. Paul.
It's a lovely place to die in, is a cold and draughty 'all—
But it's beautiful to think that, as you're traveling incog,
Your friends will never realize 'ow well you fed the dog.

Burns would have written thus :

Youths wha hae in fancy dress
Sought to capture happiness,
Hearken to the sad distress
Whilk befell St. Paul

When her bravest, brightest son,
Merely for a piece of fun,
Dressed himself up like a bun—
Started for the ball.

Wha would show a trace o' fear,
When, as he was drawing near,
Growling smote upon his ear
Frae within the hall.

But the dog wi' a' dispatch
Swallowed doon his shrinking catch,
Wha, when someone lit a match,
Wasna there at all.

Macaulay's idea :

Young Jones of St. Paul City, to his best girl he swore,
That he'd attend the masquerade to dance with her once more ;
Most mightily he swore it and thought it would be fun,
And bade his sisters spare no pains, to use their money and their
brains,
And dress him like a bun.

Oh, Rover, gentle Rover, to whom the people trust,
The night is nearly over and Jones's day is bust ;
For when his lady searched the hall to see where he could be,
The doggie growled : “He will abide quite peacefully on my
inside
And watch the door with me.”

Scott might have said :

Breathes there a dog with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own, my daily bun”?
Who has not frolicked in the hall
At prospect of a fancy ball,
With no restraint to spoil the fun.

One such there was, and, mark him well,
He did a thing I hate to tell,
For in the height of pleasure's hour,
He did unthinkingly devour
A youth, who came in a disguise
That might have puzzled wiser eyes—
A bun—and yet, despite his wealth,
The doggie took him to himself,
And comrades wired the story all
Back to his people in St. Paul.

Byron would have treated the subject as follows :

There was a sound of music in the air.
St. Paul society had gathered then
Her cream, in fancy dress, and dazzling fair
Glittered the costumes of the maids and men.
But, hark ! a fearsome rumbling greets the ear,
Filling the heart with terror to its core.
“Did ye not hear it?” “Yes, I greatly fear
'Tis Rover growling in the corridor.”

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
A youth reclined, made up to represent
An ordinary Bath bun—that was all—
He had not counted upon Rover's scent ;
He knew precisely what that growling meant—
A shriek, a slip, alas, a headlong fall !
And Rover, catching him in his descent
Scattered his remnants broadcast through the hall.

REGINALD G. SMELLIE.

An Orderly Meeting.

DURING a political campaign in Delaware a speaker whose repertoire consists for the most part of jokes which in other sections of the country are wont to set audiences in a roar, was assigned to address a meeting of Newcastle county farmers. The night of the meeting was dark and stormy. Several hundred solemn-visaged farmers in high-top boots tramped into the hall and took their seats. The chairman of the meeting was the same sort of individual, to whom a jest of any kind made no appeal. For nearly an hour the speaker worked with his audience. Joke after joke fell harmlessly, eliciting not even so much as a ripple. But finally his efforts were rewarded. An individual seated in one of the front benches emitted a loud guffaw. It broke rudely upon the stillness and the audience craned their necks to get a look at the individual whose appreciation had been manifested so audibly. The chairman rose to the situation. Jumping from his chair he strode quickly toward the footlights. “We must have order !” he cried in a loud voice. “Any one interrupting this meeting will be asked to leave the hall.” It may be imagined that after this disheartening reception the speaker soon brought his address to a close. J. L. MILLER.

As It Seemed to Pa.

“HOW'D you like to be my brother-in-law?” asked little Albert.
“I would like it very much,” the young man answered.
“Do you think there is any hope for me ?”
“Well, I dunno. Sis and ma seem to think so, but pa says you're hopeless.”

A Good Price for an Old Hat

By Emmett C. Hall

THERE is a lot of fun made of southern 'crackers,'" the man who travels for a Boston shoe house remarked, as he settled himself comfortably in the smoker and, lighted a fresh cigar, "but in my rambles through Dixie I have come across one or two that would have made a Connecticut farmer green with envy. There is a dry humor about them, too, derived from their Scotch ancestors, that is more rare in New England.

"I remember one old fellow who stepped on the train as it was passing through a small Arkansas town. The train hadn't stopped, the engineer seeing there were no women folks waiting on the platform. The old fellow, who was long and lanky and carried a hollow-chested carpet-bag, had strolled along behind the train for a while, and then climbed aboard. It was about dark, and he flopped down in a seat, opened the window, put his head near to it and prepared to go to sleep.

"What had attracted my attention had been his hat—the one he wore when he boarded the train. It was a black 'slouch,' about a yard across, and new. His first move on taking his seat had been to remove this roof, place it carefully in the consumptive bag, and substitute a battered affair that looked as though it might have been at the siege of Vicksburg.

"Wise old duck; don't propose to get that new lid spoiled this trip,' I thought.

"Presently the conductor sauntered into the car, borrowed a chew of tobacco from a man farther up, and came on to where the old farmer was sleeping. He evidently hated to disturb him, for he looked at him for some time and sighed. Then he braced himself and shook him by the shoulder.

"Ah'll have to ask yo' foh yo' ticket, suh,' he said in a gentle voice.

"The old fellow let out a bass snore, but did not open his eyes.

"Pahdon me, suh, but yo'll have to wake up,' the conductor said firmly. 'Ef yo' had put yo' ticket in yo' hat-band it wouldn't have been necessary.'

"Still the old fellow did not stir, and I and the conductor came to the conclusion that he was trying to work the old game of simply staving off an accounting till his station was reached, when he would be satisfied to be put off. The conductor looked across at me with an apologetic air.

"Yo' see, suh, that Ah have done everything Ah could to wake him up gentle?' he asked, and I nodded.

"He then carefully took a large brass pin from his coat and inserted it to a depth of about half an inch in the old farmer's shoulder, at the same time slipping his other hand under the tails of his coat. He was evidently preparing for emergencies.

"When that pin went in, the old fellow gave a yell that had certainly been left over from Pickett's charge, and gave his head a tremendous jerk which sent his old hat flying out of the window into a swamp we were passing.

"Thought some one of them Bradley boys had stuck a knife in me,' he remarked in a good-natured tone. 'Hope Ah didn't disturb none of yo' gentlemen?' he added, looking about.

"Yo'll have to pahdon me foh wakin' yo' up that-away,' the conductor said, 'but Ah ain't got yo' ticket yet.'

"The old man reached up for his hat.

"Whar in hell is my ole hat?' he demanded, feeling of the top of his head with both hands, as if he expected it to be hidden in his hair.

"Ah'm afraid yo' yanked it outen the window,' the conductor said sorrowfully; 'but encourse, the company'll buy yo' another, it bein' some-ways my fault.'

"Is she plum gone?' the old fellow demanded, a look of dismay spreading over his face.

"She sho' is—fell right in Blackgum swamp,' the conductor assured him.

"What am Ah goin' ter do?' the old fellow asked helplessly.

"Ah done tole yo' the company'd buy yo' a new one,' the conductor assured him. 'Yo' just make a claim an' Ah'll get it 'proved; but Ah got to go now, we'll be at Smith's Crossin' in 'bout fifteen minutes, an' Judge Smith tole me last week his wife was goin' to get on to-night, so Ah'll have to ask yo' again ton yo' ticket.'



HIS FAR-OFF ANCESTOR.

ROBBER—"Neighbor, judging from that air picter on the wall, you come from a regular fighting stock, eh?"

MR. A. TREMBLE—"Yes; but I'm afraid I've come too far from them."

"'But my ticket war in the sweat-band of that thar hat, an' she's plum gone,' the old fellow announced tragically. The conductor stood in blank dismay for a minute, then called the brakeman for consultation.

"'Whar was yo' goin' to?' he asked the ticketless one. "'Gwine ter Little Rock ter see my daughter,' was the reply.

"'Reckon yo' have to pay yo' fare in cash, then,' the conductor announced judicially.

"'But Ah done paid my fair to Little Rock once, an', anyhow, Ah ain't got but eighty-five cents, nohow,' the other protested.

"The whistle sounded for Smith's Crossing, and the conductor, with a hunted look on his face, hurried away to help the Smith women-folks aboard. Presently he returned.

"'Yo' paid one fare to ride to Little Rock, an' yo' have therefo' got a right to ride; an' mo'over, yo' say yo' ain't got no fo' dollars and a half to pay cash fare,' he said. 'Ah been an' talked with Bill, the engineer, yo' know, an' he 'lows we is bound to take yo' on. 'Tain't likely none them frogs an' catfish in Blackgum swamp will pick up yo' ticket an' steal a ride with it. Got a chaw about yo', suh?'

"The 'chaw' was handed over, and the old fellow slept the sleep of innocence until we pulled into Little Rock. Then he extracted his new 'slouch' from the unenthusiastic appearing carpet-bag, and, looking at me with twinkling gray eyes, winked deliberately.

"'And I thought I was over seven,' I remarked to myself, but what I said to that old codger was 'Come out and have something.'"

A Peep into the Future

IN TIME the possession of wealth became such a common thing that it was no longer a distinction. Society, indeed, was graded thus: The rich at the bottom, the moderately poor on a higher level, the poor almost at the top, and the very poor above all.

It became a common saying—"It is a disgrace for a man to die poor."

Money was so easy to get that it was argued that nobody had the right to refuse to amass his share, thus relieving his brethren of the necessity of caring for more than their portion.

History here began to repeat herself as usual.

John D. Rockefeller the fiftieth was pilloried in the public prints, scathingly arraigned on the platform, bitterly assailed in the pulpit, and mercilessly mocked in cartoons.

It was alleged that he was endeavoring to be poorer than any other man in the world.

"I can't help it," he would say. "It just comes natural to me to be poor and get poorer every day. It is natural selection—it isn't individual effort at all."

At last some sociologists and scientists, by dint of patient research into his genealogy, found that among his ancestors who existed prior to John D. Rockefeller first there had been two or three who were naturally poor.

"It is atavism," was the verdict. "It is an instance of sleeping hereditary characteristics awakening after the lapse of years."

Thereafter the criticism was milder, yet to the day of his death John D. the fiftieth was pointed out as both a curiosity and a good example, because he was the poorest man on earth.

W. D. NESBIT.

Well, Well!

"INDEED," the lecturer went on in a quizzical way, "I believe I am justified in asserting that nine women out of ten practically propose to the men they become engaged to. As a test, I would ask all married men in the audience whose wives virtually popped the question to them to arise."

There was a subdued rustle in the auditorium, and in the dense silence that ensued could be heard sibilant feminine whispers in concert, "Just you dare to stand up!"



IN PIONEER DAYS.

FRONTIER SCHOOLMASTER (*thinking a friend is playing a joke on him*)—"Oh, I know you. You're just stringing me."

Her Literary Treasure.

HER shelves were filled from end to end
With books of all hues and sizes ;
There were sumptuous volumes and those as rare
As a bibliomaniac's prizes.

There were Scott's romances and Shakespeare's plays,
And masterpieces of mystery ;
There were science and poetry, travel and art,
And much of the great world's history.

There were beautiful legends and fairy tales,
Of sweet-hearted folk, and unruly ;
There were stories and stories, from "Adam Bede"
To "They" and "Mr. Dooley."

I asked her, "Which do you like the best ?
Which gives you the greatest pleasure ?
If you had to relinquish all but one,
Which would be your treasure ?"

Her eyes ran over the rows of books,
But not upon art they lingered ;
"This is my treasure !" she brightly said,
As a volume thin she fingered.

It was dingy and faded, and tattered, too ;
I put out my hand to take it,
And I read these words on its title-page,
"Candy and How To Make It."

ENIMA C. DOWD.

Relieved.

"YOU seem to be in a particularly happy frame of mind
this morning, Mr. Wadsworth."

"I am. For several months past I have had a suspicion that my private secretary and my stenographer were in love with each other."

"And have you found that you were mistaken ?"

"Yes. He came to me last night and asked for my daughter."

A Double Failure.

"I UNDERSTAND Mr. Shooch's last play was a failure," said the man with the thick eye-glasses.

"Worse than that," replied the man with the gold tooth. "It was a double failure."

"Yes ?"

"Yes. It was adjudged immoral enough to be suppressed, and at the same time was not sufficiently immoral to draw good houses."

Perfectly Willing.

Mrs. Farmer—"Wouldn't you like to hoe the cabbage-patch ? Why not take example from the little busy bees and"—

Weary Willie—"I'm willin' ter, mum. Jest ez soon ez I see a bee grab a hoe an' hike it to de cabbage-patch I'll do de same t'ing."



THE GOOD WHEAT AND THE TARES.

"How goes the fight against the tares, Brother Higgins ?"
"Wa-al, I ain't bin on one sence the caounty-fair, pahson."

Every Profession Has Its Technical Terms.

"WHAT wages do you expect?" asked Mrs. Randolph of Aunt 'Phronie, who had come to hire as cook.

"Well, Ah tell yo'. Ef Ah cooks an' waits on de table, too, Ah 'spects two dollars ebery week Ah lives; b-u-t ef yo' all has *family reach* at de table an' Ah jes' hab ter cook, den Ah charges er dollar an' fo' bits."

Too True.

Dyer—"Poor Higbee has got to start life anew."

Ryer—"What's the matter?"

Dyer—"He has just returned from his vacation."

"AND why," asked the good man who was being conducted through the penitentiary, "are you here?"

"For two reasons," answered the convict. "One is because I can't get a pardon, and the other is that the guards is so blamed careful."

BEFORE AND AFTER.



This is the way our house looked every evening for the month following the installment of our new suburban electric-lighting plant.

Evidence.

"YEP," remarked Si Whipple, the landlord of the Benson Bend Hotel; "ther sausages I've bean a-feedin' my guests air made from kanines."

"How'd yer find thet out?" inquired the postmaster.

"Wa-al, I fed 'em sausages ter a week, an by Saturday every guest I had begun ter growl."

The World Easily Beaten.

"AND now, children," said the teacher, "do you know that there is a revolution of the world every day?"

"Huh!" replied little Arthur. "Central America has it beaten to death."

A WOUND in the purse is not mortal.

Vacation Reflections.

(A pantoum.)

'MID flurries of fashion and grace
I've basked for a fortnight or more
In Nature's impassioned embrace,
Afar, on a rock-littered shore.

I've basked for a fortnight or more—

Each day meant a five-dollar bill—
Afar, on a rock-littered shore.

Where the breezes were bracing and chill.

Each day meant a five-dollar bill,

And I had a hall bedroom at that,
Where the breezes were bracing and chill
And the 'skeeters were portly and fat.

And I had a hall bedroom at that;

'Twas a wonder how money could fly.
And the 'skeeters were portly and fat,
And they drained me excessively dry.

'Twas a wonder how money could fly—
Hotels are a highwaymen's clan.
And they drained me excessively dry;
I must borrow some cash if I can.

Hotels are a highwaymen's clan.

No more will I loiter, athrob.
I must borrow some cash if I can,
For I lost everything but my job.

No more will I loiter, athrob,
'Mid flurries of fashion and grace,
For I lost everything but my job
In Nature's impassioned embrace.

GEORGE FITCH.

One Lack.

"GROUCHE is said to be a gentleman in every respect."

"Yes; except in the respect of those who know him intimately."



2.

And this is the way it looks since we got our first bill.

Parable of the Rube That Hiked

By Strickland W. Gillilan

BEHOLD now the man that is grown aweary of his domicile !

Doth he not thirst for travel and hanker for the elongated hike ?

Then it cometh to pass that his yearn reacheth a point where it acheth him day and night, and he sleepeth not, neither belaboreth his ear.

And when it is so that he tosseth and pitcheth and throweth curves and spit-balls and in-shoots upon his bed, he maketh up his mind that he will pull out the basting threads that unite him with that place unto which he is so grievously anchored, and go afar off ; even bye-bye on the choo-choos, as is the language of them that have no sense when they speak unto their offspring.

Furthermore he mortgageth the hind-forty and he purveyeth his wheat and his wool in the market-places, so that he getteth him an great roll of paper shekels that would have to be squeezed twice and shoved thrice to get it into the New York subway.

Then girdeth he up the usual portions of him and he

beateth it to a ticket-agent that hath in a tall clothes-horse many slender ribbons of paper bearing thereon much dotty language, saying, "To such a place except thou stoppest over, then the walking for yours"; "Good for stopover, but not good when thou gettest back on the train, where the conductor will smite thee with great zeal"; "Not good to-morrow nor very good to-day," and divers other things that have no meaning—nay, verily.

And it cometh to pass (but not a railroad pass) that the hike-hungry man sayeth to the ticket-man, "Here, you !" and the ticket-man looketh not up from the instrument whence cometh his name tick-it.

Furthermore, the philistine cryeth yet again, "Hey, you !" which, being interpreted, meaneth, "Why in Harrisburg didn't you answer me before, you large-number-of-three-em-dashes lobster ?"

Yet, behold ! doth the ticket-man cease doubling in the brass or listening contentedly to the rattle of the machine ? Nay, nit.

Then doth the man with the wanderlust begin to sweat scarlet corpuscles, and when that he hath hearkened to

the yowl of the approaching five-forty-three he sayeth in a whisper, "Please, sir, if it liketh thee, thy servant would crave of thy personally owned and conducted railroad a brief ride, if it seemeth good unto thee to relieve me of these burdensome golden dinars that are stitched into the lining of my corduroys. I have spoken. Thy servant is a small, yellow kiyoodle at thy feet, but he craveth favor in thy sight."

Then the ticket-man leisurely ariseth as one who hath found himself so overstocked with time that he hath decided to place a lot of it on the bargain-counter to make room for new goods, and he setteth his hat on that part of his head that was meant to contain brains, and he sayeth in one word, "Wazyousayin-sumpin ?"

And when that the man outside the window hath arisen from an



MIXED ON HIS COLOR-SCHEME.

"So I suppose, John Henry Peeper, that you painted the town a very brilliant red last evening?"

"I did think so last night, my dear ; but everything has such a decidedly blue tinge this morning that I think I must have been mistaken."

grievous fit and hath brushed the foam-flecks from his lips, he sayeth: "Behold, there is thy servant's wad! Give unto me an round-trip ticket somewhither, and a trunk-check."

Then he that is an ticket-agent asketh the philistine if he wisheth to go by way of Kootenay or return by the way of Moose Jaw. And the man answereth as in a deep sleep, "Thou hast said." For he wotteth not whereof the agent singeth. The tune soundeth familiar, but behold, he knoweth not the words.

Then the agent sayeth something that soundeth, afar off, like Sam Poole, but that could not have been what he said. And he seizeth from the ticket-rack an long ribbon, and he runneth with it, and he turneth his back upon the ticket-rack and he shutteth his eyes and pulleth until the ticket breaketh loose of its own accord and the agent falleth over the letter-press in the corner. And he feedeth the ticket through an machine that spanketh it at frequent intervals, so that it have an meaning in the eyes of him that is an conductor and not to him that is an non-conductor.

Selah.

And the man taketh his ticket and wrappeth it about his waist and about his neck and letteth eight feet of it drag upon the ground, so that he stumbleth over it up the step of the train just as the conductor calleth out "All aboard!" which meaneth that peradventure the train will start that same day.

Then the man that is anhungered for transplanting feeleth his oats—even his rolled oats, his oatine, his wild oats and his Bohemian oats; likewise some millet and other cereals, and he chorleth a large chortle, saying,

"Am I not getting away from home? Will not some one else swill the swine to-night—yea, and even in the morning ere yet cometh the day? Do I not feel the rumble of the train under me and do not my trousers, so long accustomed to the harsh, angular and uncompromising fence-rail, press plush, even red plush, with their bosom? Have I not access to the ice-water tank whenever those seven children are not playing in it? Will not the news-butcher bring me many Ben Davis apples that he falsely sweareth are Baldwins, and will I not purchase a tōy lantern?"

And he crieth aloud in his joy.

Now it cometh to pass yet again, as night approacheth, that he that presseth the crimson plush wotteth with a sudden wot that he hath not purchased him an berth, and he wearie of sitting, even upon his hunkers.

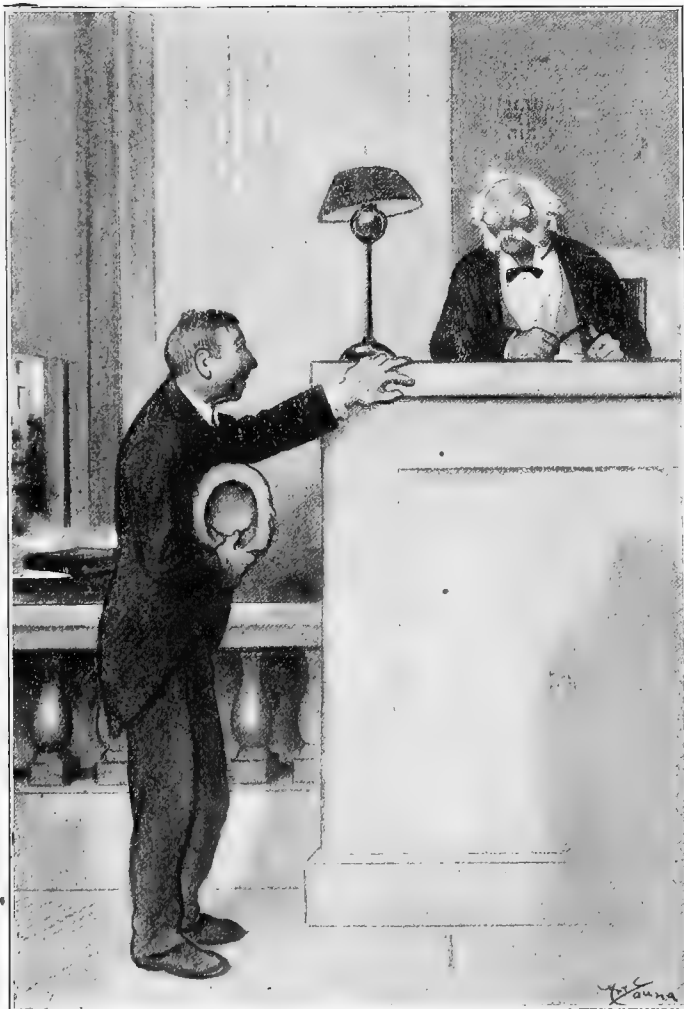
He stealthily openeth the pillow-slip he hath brought and sneaketh therefrom many pieces of embalmed chicken, and doughnuts as the sands of the sea for number; and he eateth of them so restlessly and widely that the brakeman afterward gathereth up of the fragments thereof, twelve basketsfull.

Then cometh upon the Rube the spirit of deep sleep, and he curleth him about, like a dog, and placeth his head upon his coat on the arm of the

seat and he snoreth in A flat and dreameth that he is being run through a stone-crusher. Behold, doth it not seem unto him that the conductor awaketh him every few minutes in the night and asketh him for his ticket?

Yet it falleth out furthermore that there ariseth upon the much-used and manhandled air in the car a perfume that resembleth in no whit attar of roses, for behold, it is eau de hosiery. For do not the night inhabitants of the day-coach viciously remove their sandals so that the conductor (who hath need to pass through the aisle to beat them into consciousness so that they may not go further than they have paid) weareth of necessity a clothes-pin upon his nose while he vieweth the woolen aurora borealis on either side?

And again behold, O slothful, that the sons of men who inhabit the day-coach at the time of darkness and sleep, get themselves into sundry attitudes, from standing on their heads with their feet in the luggage-racks, to sitting upon their collar-buttons and holding their mouths wide open, so that the passing gazer might see at a glance



PENITENT.

"The last time you were sentenced, what were you guilty of?"
 "Well, yer honor, I wuz sent up fer horse-stealin', but dat ain't wot I wuz guilty uv."
 "What, then?"
 "Judge, I'm almost ashamed ter confess it; but I wuz guilty uv hirin' a lawyer ter defend me."

whether or not they had ever been operated upon for appendicitis, tonsillitis or heartburn.

Selah !

So that when Rube is awakened in the morning by the twitter of the air-brake and the lowing of the brakeman he taketh his right foot out of his left ear, much lamenting that he must needs break his leg to do so ; he taketh his left foot out of the skirt-pocket of the lady in front of him, and he ariseth with bones that ache him even unto death and back. And behold, the taste inside his face—is it not that which remindeth him of the wicked city chap who once gave unto him limburger cheese that he might eat thereof ?

And he wisheth he were home, and he yearneth for sustenance, yet his stomach crieth out many indecent things when it thinketh of the late lamented contents of the pillow-slip.

Then doth Rube line up at a nose-bag, even a lunch-counter (so called because the young woman in charge thereof hath every day to count the lunches she serveth out of the proprietor's stock), and he drinketh coffee made out of incinerated beans and he eateth the indestructible samhandwitch of commerce and he feeleth different, which is better, only because he could not feel worse.

And he resumeth his journey, and seeth from the windows of the train many city dumps and piles of lumber and scummy ponds and smokestacks and dirty back-doors and piles of burned ties on the right of way ; and he is rejoiced for that he loveth scenery.

Then sendeth he home an postal-card, even an souvenir, showing many things of which he not even half wotteth a single wot, and he writeth falsely thereon, saying, "I saw this to-day, as is the manner of them that journey, even them that hit the grit."

Peradventure when that he acheth in every bone and agonizeth in muscles he had not aforetime wist of, when his clothing hath become so that it is no longer habitable with wholesomeness or comfort, he goeth again home and is exceeding glad, so that it is nip and tuck whether he or the dog will win out in the effort to be first to lick the other's paws.

And yet when that he hath rested, he lieth vigorously and constantly, so that no geography picture can be shown him and no place mentioned in the telegraph headlines but that he perjuringly averreth and beareth witness that he was once in that place, and he telleth many hand-made anecdotes that he sayeth happened unto him there.

Now the rest of the disagreeable things about travel on the cheaps, and the things that are done unto the Rube who taketh an non-expensive hike, are they not written in the beautifully half-toned circulars sent out by the railroad companies advertising cheap excursion rates ?

Yea, verily, they are not !

"HAS your boy an ear for music ?"

"I think he must have. A hopeless expression always overspreads his countenance when my wife sings."



PRESENT NECESSITY.

FIRST TRAMP—"How would yer like a seat in de senate, Bill ?"

SECOND TRAMP—"All right ; but jest at present I'd be satisfied wid a seat in dis pair uv trousers."

Hard Place To Fill.

"DID youse avvertize fer a boy, mister?"

"I did, me lad."

"Does youse reckon I'd do fer de place?"

"That depends, me son."

"D'pen's on wot, mister?"

"I want a boy who can write a plain hand, run errands, and do anything that is honorable promptly and successfully. You must always tell me the truth, no matter how many errors you have made. I want a boy to be clean and careful in his personal appearance, a credit to himself and his employer. He must be clean inside and out, clean in speech, never saying a single naughty word of any sort. He must be always polite and gentlemanly, and never quarrel with anybody under any circumstances. He must not be afraid of me or impertinent to me. He must respect and obey all his superiors quickly, willingly, intelligently. I want a boy I do not have to watch. I must feel that he will do his own work and do it right, and that when he gets done the task I assigned him he will immediately seek something else to do for me without telling. I want him always to be busy. I want him always to help any one who is at any task at which he can be of assistance. I want him always to be ready to do whatever is asked of him, whether or not it is his own regular work. I want a boy who will always consult me in matters of doubt, yet who always depends upon himself and is self-reliant. I want a boy who will do the work better than I tell him to. I want a boy who will not loiter when sent on an errand; who is always cheerful and quick. There must be nothing frivolous about his behavior at any time. He should always be at his post of duty during office-hours, and I should never have to wonder for a moment where he was if I wanted him. He must be respectful and yet have spirit enough to let no one impose on him. I want a boy who is never late at his work—not even a moment. Here is the first task, if you care to undertake the job—address these three thousand envelopes for me before noon. It is not quite ten o'clock."

"Say, mister, jest a word wid ye before I went. Dey's on'y one chap dat cud hold dis job, an' I un'erstand he's got anudder stiddy sit."

"Who is he, me lad?"

"De angel Ga-breel." And the boy departed in disgust.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Small Change.

THE average original humorist impresses us with the excellence of his memory.

There never was a funeral procession quite as sad as the efforts of a humorless man to be funny.

When one day chances to be allotted to two distinctly separate and hostile dogs, it is pretty safe to count on a scrap and the triumph of the better brute.

A Discouraging Case.

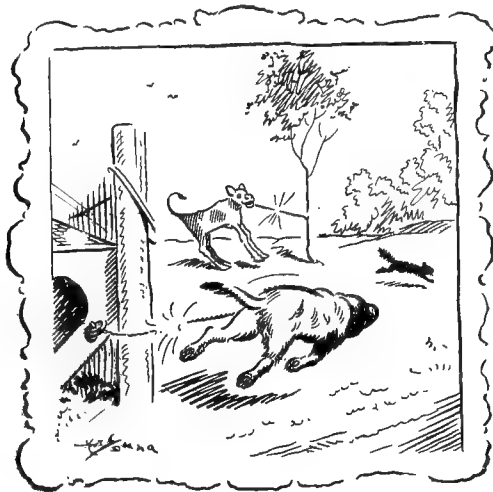
THERE is a young doctor of Brace
Who thinks that he must leave the place.

His reason is clear,

For in one entire year

He has had but a dress-suit case.

POPULAR PAINTINGS (A LITTLE DIFFERENT).



"Breaking Home Ties."



"After the Bath."



"The Hunt Ball."



A FINANCIAL BREAK.

RICH UNCLE EBENEZER—"So you are named after me, are you?"
SMALL NEPHEW—"Yes. Ma said it was too bad, but we needed the money."

The Love of John Alden and Priscilla

AN OLD STORY RETOLD

By James E. Almond



WHEN two fellows are in love with the same girl they don't usually go around with their arms about each other's necks, and one is most generally plotting to make hash out of the other.

Now, in the days when the history of the United States was still in short pants, and the Pilgrims were yet chasing angle-worms up and down our verdant shores, there dwelt in Plymouth colony a man by the name of Miles Standish. History makes no mention of his ancestors, and it is very probable that he never had any. I find, however, upon more extensive search, that both his father and mother were dead before he was born. Miles was in the military business, so he didn't have much to take up his time but spring chicken and poetry.

One day a tramp who said he had served on the Confederate side during the Civil War came to the house and Miles took him in. The

man's name was John Alden. They soon grew to be quite fond of each other and got along nicely. John took care of the cow and put the cat out at night and was always willing to wait when they had company to supper and there were not enough chairs to go around.

There was a young maiden in the colony who entertained steady company twice a week, and Miles got deeply smitten on her. Every time the cook baked an extra good pie or the cow gave cream two days in succession, Priscilla always got some of it, and Miles's livery bill often amounted to \$3.40 a week. At last Miles found that he was in love. Yes, love; that shy little trickster that induces a man to hold a dead weight of two hundred pounds on his lap for three hours and a quarter and call it his "little turtle-dove."

As soon as he found out what was the matter with him he did his best to cure it—tried the cartilage system, and slept out of doors for three weeks, but it did no good. If Lydia Pinkham had only been alive! So matters went on from bad to worse, and poor Miles's life was despaired of. He had been measured for his coffin and the choir was practicing "Rock of Ages," when a bright idea struck him and he leaped from his bed, ran around the house seven times, and declared that he was well. This is known

as Christian Science, and retails at a dollar and a quarter a bottle.

So Miles concocted a beautiful little couplet about "roses red and violets blue, won't you marry me, p. d. q.?" and told John to take it to Priscilla. Now, for a long time, John had been casting eyes in the same direction as Miles—in fact, he was negotiating for the purchase of the laundry around the corner, and he intended to set up housekeeping with Priscilla himself. Priscilla's old man was president of a feed-store in the next block and had laid up a bunch of dough, and John was sad when he saw that his chances were getting as slim as a water-pipe after a spring thaw.

And so when he got to the door of Priscilla's house he was weeping bitter, salty tears as big around as California cherries. But he gave the letter to the old folks and then he and Priscilla strolled out into the back yard to inspect the new calf. How many of my readers have ever carefully considered the beauties of the new calf? With an anatomy so thin that you can't tell whether to use it for a saw-horse or a place to paint "Keep off the grass, no hunting allowed." After gazing for a while upon the lithesome creature they gathered the eggs, killed, skinned, and hung up to dry a couple of Indians that were prowling around the cellar door, and then went into the house.

When the old lady told Priscilla what the letter contained the poor girl was so shocked that she went out and gave a chunk of meat to the cow and brought in a dozen ears of corn for the cat. Then she took John aside and told him if he didn't marry her right away she would throw herself off the cliff and probably perish on the rocks, five hundred feet below.

John was so tickled at this that he borrowed forty-six dollars of his father-in-law-to-be before he realized what he was doing. Then he and Priscilla took the 3:30 car to town and were married and lived happily ever afterward.

And when Miles heard this he was crazed with grief and he went out into the wild woods, swallowed three quarts of carbolic acid, and died of a broken heart.

And thus, my friends, you will see what happens to those in love.

Just a little word in closing—if you're ever in love, either get vaccinated or have it pulled.

Ample Cause.

"BUT then, he had good grounds for divorcing his wife."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed. Her complexion didn't match the color of his new auto."

Printer's Error.

AN unfortunate printer named Flint
Rashly married a wealthy Miss Print.
Now he cries he was sold,
For her type is too bold—
And since marriage she's started to squint.

Beppino

By Walter Beverley Crane

HE WAS not of my people—said New York's great Italian sleuth as he filled the quaint liqueur glasses with benedictine—neither crafty Calabrian nor cunning Sicilian. As a crook he was more American or English, in that he was bold and daring, and operated in broad daylight, as some of your clever "second-story" men do.

It was in the days of "The Bend," the old Mulberry-street bend. Of course there's a girl in the story. Her father was old Giovanni Tassilo, with blood like lava and a temper—inferno!

Basta! If the Virgin grant me to bring these black hairs, to their three-score years I shall not forget the man's temper. Teresa was left motherless at the age of five. She grew up under blows and endearments, oaths and caresses, for Giovanni was both padrone and parent to the child. And yet her smile was like a sunbeam, her laughter was melody; she cheered the old and sick with a voice as sweet as vesper belis.

Many were the flowers she sold in the cafés, and when she returned to the old "double-decker," her pockets jingling with silver, old Giovanni would forget his jealous fears as he gloated over the shining coin. Of but one young man was he really fearful—Antonio Cappiani, the handsome organ-grinder, who owned a wonderful performing monkey, and who occupied a room in the rear tenement of the big court. Diavolo! Did not the window of Antonio's room look into the abode of his money-making Teresa? Was not the end of the Tassilo clothes-line fastened to the wall near the window of Antonio? Had he not seen the man's monkey making trips between the two windows, hand over hand like a human, as he swung himself along the swaying rope? Maledizione! The monkey was helping along a courtship, carrying love-messages in the dead of night. Pietro Santuzzi laughed at him when

Giovanni told of the strange sights he had seen when returning home late at night, when from the court-yard below he had looked up and seen on a line a monkey between the windows of the top stories traveling to and fro—to and fro. Pietro told Giovanni that he drank more vermouth and absinthe than was good for him. The hot blood of Giovanni could not brook the insinuation; Pietro was carried home with a bad knife-thrust between the shoulders.

"If you want my daughter Teresa, Antonio, you must pay me well for her," he said to Cappiani the next night when they chanced to meet in a neighboring cabaret. "If you steal her from me—corpo di Christi! I'll"—here old Giovanni showed young Antonio a gun of .45 calibre.

"How much you want for Teresa?" asked Cappiani.

"One thousand dollars," was Tassilo's answer.

And that night the clothes-line was cut. All further intercourse between the lovers must cease until Antonio came up with a cool thousand.

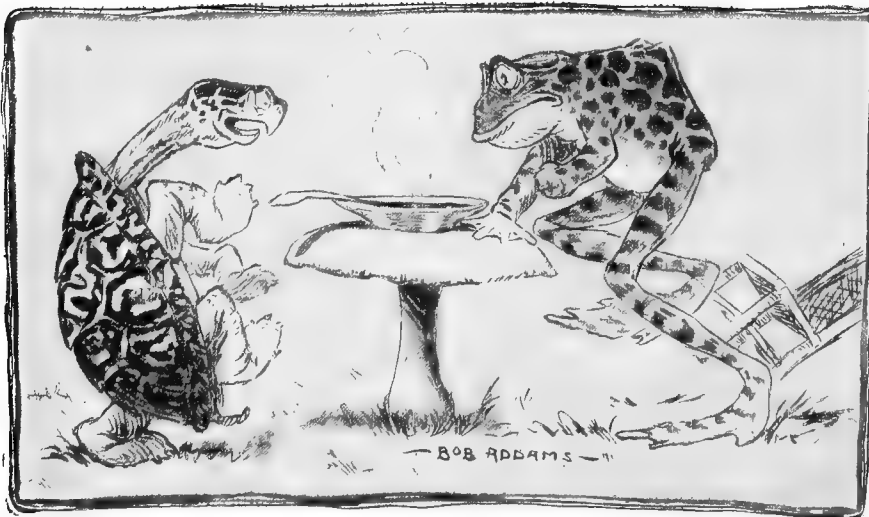
When Antonio reached his little room he poured out his heart to Beppino. Beppino scratched his head.

"Beppino, dear Beppino, help me make a thousand dollars!" cried Antonio. It was in the days of the hand-organ and monkey, my friend, when "Sweet Marie" was one of the cylinders, and "East side, west side, all around the town," was played, when Beppino climbed as Antonio played. "Beppino!" implored Antonio, as he cuddled the little monkey in his arms and kissed his furry cheeks, "Beppino—pietra mossa non fa muschio—help me make the thousand dollars!" And then he and Beppino held further conversazioni in Antonio's little cot, the monkey chattering sympathetically in reply to the lovesick youth's moaning.

Another day dawned, and they were up and on their way to the rich residential districts. Block after block Antonio rattled off his repertoire, and Beppino did his best as a "second-story" man. But many windows remained closed; many faces were unsympathetic.

Trovato! An open window above the drawing-room floor of a palatial mansion, and a dear little American girl at the window.

"Sweet Marie, come to me,
Come to me, sweet Marie," played Antonio. "Beppino!" he cried in shrill accents; "presto! you promised to make me a thousand dollars!" Antonio played prestissimo. He was excited! The child



ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

THE FROG—"See here, waiter, I won't stand for this. There is not a single fly in this soup."

held something in her hand. Would she throw it to him, or would poor little Beppino have to climb all the way to that second-story window?

Che? Beppino had reached the window and was doffing his little red cap to the child. He tried to embrace her, and the child fled from the window with a scream of terror.

Antonio gave the monkey's rope an angry pull. Basta! The monkey was misbehaving. He never could make money acting in such a fashion.

Beppino was angry, too. He took the rope in his little hands and yanked back. Antonio knew what the signal meant. "I want *more* rope."

"Corpo di Baccho!" swore Antonio, "take it, then, you little devil!"

Ah, my friend, Beppino could have given some of your American "second-story" men cards and spades at the game! He held something bright and glittering between his teeth as he quickly made his way through the window and hastily clambered down over cornice-stone and ledge, window-sill and stoop. When he had safely reached the delirious hand-organ and leaped on its friendly top, he handed Antonio his plunder—a diamond sun-burst worth every cent of \$2,500!

And as Antonio Cappiani and Mr. Beppino made rapid tracks from that part of town, for the safe haven of the "Bend," the monkey did a lot of thinking. He thought, among other things, that Darwin was right. "All to the good." And, my young friend, so it proved. To Beppino the lovers, the man and woman, owe a happy existence!

Old Tassilo cut the clothes-line and demanded one thousand dollars for his daughter. Antonio begged Beppino to make that thousand dollars. Beppino fully demonstrated that he was no fool "monk."

He did the best "second-story" job on record.

He Flew the Coop.

"WHAT do you do," he asked the gardener, "when the egg-plant has been properly set?"

Realizing that there was a hen on, the grizzled old gardener advised the young man to come off the perch, laughing sarcastically.

"Don't cackle at me," advised the young man.

"If I wasn't afraid you would crow over me I'd ask you what you would do with the egg-plant."

"I'd pullet."

Which angered the old gardener so much that he pursued the youth with a hatchet.

Nice Prospect for Him.

"ARE you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly.

She looked up into his face trustingly.

"Certainly, dearest," she answered, "if—if"—

"If what?"

"If you can get another one for yourself."

Very True.

It is well to remember that the fellows, who are all wind seldom come to blows.



A GOOD SCHEME.

SHORTTOP—"I see Mrs. Crosspatch has married that oldest boy of hers to her maid."

MRS. SHORTTOP—"Well, well, well! To what extremes people must go to keep their help these days!"

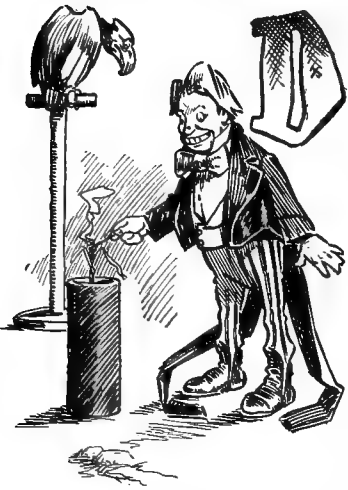


OF COURSE.

PARSON JACKSON—"Lemuel, ef yo' could 'arn fo' dollahs a day, how much would yo' 'arn in a week?"
LEMUEL—"Fo' dollahs, ob co'se. Ah'd go fishin' foh de rest ob de week."

M. S. DACEY
1906

A Brief Biography for Little Patriots.



EAR little patriots, your Uncle Sam was born on the Fourth of July, and that is why we celebrate the day. He was comparatively large for his age, and has been growing ever since, although there were some who said at first that they really did not believe he would ever reach maturity.

His parents were poor, but very respectable, and they made up their minds that, as he had not been born with a golden spoon

in his mouth, they would do the best they could with a pewter spoon. They realized that it would be hard sledding for the baby, but they were not afraid of anything as long as they pulled together, and they resolved to do that, first off.

There were some right cold days during the earlier years of your Uncle Sam, but his progenitors hustled and kept their feet warm, and by and by times began to improve and the baby responded promptly. He had a pretty bad spell in 1812-14, but the usual baby luck was with him and he got through it somehow. After that he was all right, and the way he grew and throve was a wonder to all beholders. He practically became the whole Sam family and extended the home place clear across the continent from Philadelphia to the Presidio, with an eye on several adjacent tracts.

In 1861-65 he had some trouble which was thought to be constitutional, and maybe it was, but whether it was or not, he fought good and hard for his life and got on his feet once more. And on both feet, too. Gee whiz, but he did!

Since that time he has been whooping it up from Kalamazoo to Kratatoa and coming out on top every time. He has got the American Eagle as fat as butter; he has unfurled the Star-spangled Banner till it floats in the icy winds of the arctic circle and the balmy breezes of the equator; he has proclaimed liberty throughout the earth and opened his gates to the world; he has given sic semper tyrannis the skiddoo from Portsmouth to Panama; he has wrapped the whole western continent in the protecting folds of the Monroe doctrine; and he has made the Fourth of July a red-letter day in the calendar of Christian civilization. And he is still young and lusty and going some.

Oh, say, little patriots, ain't he grand? W. J. LAMPTON.

Consolation.

Traveler (at railway junction, four a. m.)—"Is there a telegraph-operator here? I just got in and want to send a message immediately."

Train-caller—"No; but if you had been here any time up to midnight you could have sent it."

Afraid They Might.

"IF YOU come out to our place we'll treat you like one of the family," the farmer had said to the prospective summer boarder.

He had gone on that cordial recommendation and was spending his first night under that hospitable roof.

Before he went to sleep he heard the old man cuss his wife, who gave him a mighty good imitation of a tongue-lashing in exchange; he heard the old man administer the barrel-stave treatment to one of the boys, the mother spank a good-sized daughter, while two others of the children engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight as the finale to a loud-voiced quarrel.

Before the morning light had lent its glow to the east the summer boarder had arisen and hiked hence, leaving orders for his trunk to follow.

He was afraid they would begin soon to "treat him like one of the family."

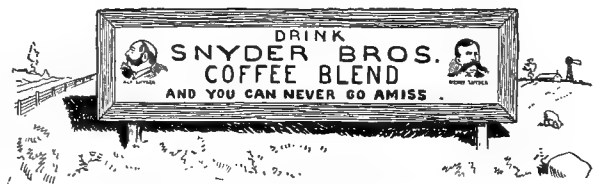
S. W. G.

The Evolution of Snyder Brothers.

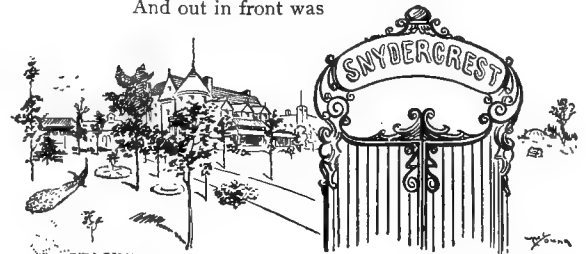
THE fence along the old pike road
I'll ne'er forget, for mem'ry clings
About the streaky ads. that told
Where one could buy all earthly things.
Along old Skinner's pasture-land
A piece of fence this message bore:



But time passed on. The little town
Where Snyder Bros. had their place
Became a city, and the firm
Of Snyder Bros. grew apace.
Along old Skinner's pasture-land
The march of progress showed like this:



A month ago I wandered back
Along the old pike road, and lo!
The trolley-cars buzzed swiftly past—
'Twas not the place I used to know.
At Skinner's rolling pasture-land
The change o'ershadowed all the rest.
A gorgeous house and lawns were there,
And out in front was



CHARLES R. BARNES.

Horticultural Note.

SO FAR all efforts to propagate the orange in Utah have resulted in a heavy crop of blossoms only.

A Comforting Call

By Morris Wade

SO THIS is your new baby, is it? Well, well, lemme see what he looks like. La, you needn't be afraid to let me take him. I've handled scores o' new-born babies before you were born."

* Old Lady Butters took young Mrs. Mooney's first baby into her arms, saying as she did so,

"Land sakes! there ain't much to him! Must be an awful little mite. How much did he weigh? Eight pounds? My! don't feel as if he weighed more'n half that. I guess your scales ain't just right, and—well, well, well, youngster! Let's see who you look like. I don't see as you favor either your pa or ma in particular, although your nose looks some stubby like your ma's, and it kind o' looks as if you might have the same funny little squint in your eye that your pa has. Still, a baby young as this one is never looks enough like any one to calc'late any on who it's goin' to favor. What makes him act so kind o' trembly-like? I remember that Suise Day's third baby was always kind o' squirmen' and wrigglin' like this baby does, and, lo, and behold! it turned out that it had St. Vitus's dance. Still, like enough it's only some little nervousness that your baby has, but if I was you I'd ask the doctor about it. Even then you can't tell. Doctors

are so often mistaken. I know that—the doctor says he never saw a sounder baby in ev'ry way? Now, my dear, don't you know that that is what the doctors *always* say? And even the born-healthy baby can have diseases like any other child. There was my Harriet's Tommy—as fine and plump a ten-pounder boy as ever cut the air with his first yell, and here if that child wa'n't havin' spasms in less than three months—and that's somethin' you've got to look out for, Mary. You never can tell when a baby will have a spasm. I've seen so many babies have spasms that it wouldn't s'prise me a mite to see this baby curl up in one this minnit. Then there's that nasty thing, the croup. It comes like a thief in the night. If you should wake up some night and hear this baby breathin' hard and with a rattlin' sound, I tell you but you ain't no time to lose. You got to bounce right out and git 'busy. You better keep a bottle o' syrup o' squills in the house and then when you hear that croupy rattle you rub nutmeg and vaseline hard and fast all over the child's chist and then set it in hot water up to its neck while you are waiting for the doctor. I don't want to make you nervous, but croup is somethin' that runs in your family—and—you *are* nervous, now ain't you? Then what makes you kind o' shiver so?



FAMOUS.

MR. PORKER—"They tell me that you distinguished yourself at football last year."

MR. GRUNT—"Well, I acquired the reputation of being the best 'rooter' on the team."

"Now see here, Mary, let an old lady that knows a good deal more than you do and who loves to cheer a young mother up and help her with good advice tell you something. It's this: Fight off that nervousness of yours. A nervous mother will be sure to make a baby nervous, and if you are nervous with your baby only three weeks old I don't know what you'll be when the child is three years old—if it should live that long. Of course you've got to face the fact that there are such things in the world as measles and scarlet fever and pneumonia and diphtheria and spasms, and your baby is as likely to have them as the next. Then of course there's all kinds of accidents that ain't no respecters of babies and they happen to the healthy as well as the onhealthy baby and to the rich and to the poor. It was only yesterday that I read of a rich woman leaving her baby in its little baby-carriage on the sidewalk while she went into a store to buy something, and a runaway horse suddenly dashed around the corner and went slam-bang into that baby-carriage and—what? Don't tell you any more? You see I was right about you being nervous. Well—la, the baby has opened his eyes! One eye seems some bigger than the other, doesn't it? That's a little queer. A niece of mine had a little boy baby with one eye bigger than the other and that child was six years old before they found out that he was stone blind in the small eye. If I were you I would have the doctor test this child's eyes right off. Even then you can't tell. What one doctor says another flatly contradicts, and there you are. I know that Lucy Dakin had a boy baby just as healthy and peert-lookin' as yours and that baby couldn't walk a step when it was nine years old all because the doctors disagreed over it and none of 'em was right about what ailed it. It was some kind of a leg trouble. But I must run along. I just thought I'd come in a few minutes and see your baby and tell you how glad I am



THE CONDESCENSION OF GREATNESS.

"Kin yer stan' on yer head?"

"No; I cannot."

"Well, yer needn't feel bad about it. I couldn't, neither, once."

you have him—if he keeps well and strong, and of course that depends a lot on you. You want to keep bright and cheerful and never look on the dark side, no matter if so many of your family *did* die before they were thirty. My grandmother died at thirty and here I am sixty-nine. You want to just keep hopeful. You know the old saying about a baby in the house being a well-spring of joy—'specially when they don't have spasms, or scarlet-fever, or fits, or St. Vitus's dance, or diphtheria, or whooping-cough, or the ricketts, or mumps, or measles, or don't cry all night, but then most babies are that way, seems to me. Good-bye. Hope I have chirked you up a bit."

Where the Treasure Is, etc.

"**H**AROLD," said the heiress, "I have been thinking."

"Thinking of me, precious?" asked Harold.

"Indirectly, yes. I have been thinking that, were you to marry me, everybody would say you only did so in order to get my money."

"What care I for the unthinking world?"

"But, oh, Harold! I will marry you."

"My own dar"—

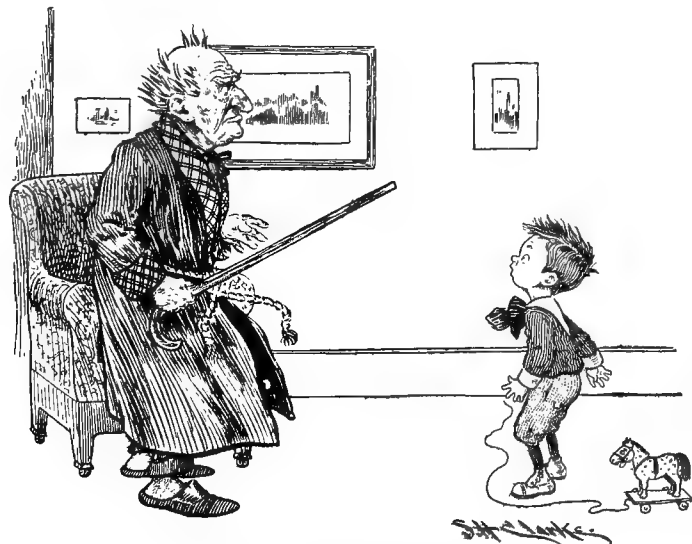
"And I will not have people saying unkind things about you, so I have arranged to give all my fortune to the missionaries. Why, Harold! here are you going?"

Harold paused long enough on his way to the door to look back and mutter, "I'm going to be a missionary!"

The Modern Father.

"**W**HEN I was your age, Tommy, I had no mother and father. Strangers took care of me, and they beat me and didn't always give me plenty to eat."

"But now you've got it nice with us," his son replied, "and mamma gives you to eat three times a day."



WANTS GRANDPA TO CROAK.

JOHNNIE—"Grandpa, will you make a noise like a frog?"

GRANDPA—"What for, my boy?"

JOHNNIE—"Why, pa says we'll get ten thousand when you croak?"

One by Old Hank Calkins.

"**N**AOW, I mind th' time," drawled old Hank Calkins from the counter as he applied a match to the sputtering bowl of his pipe and stared at the smooth-shaven face and cropped mustache of the stranger through the smoke; "I mind th' time, three year ago come June, when I had a purty good gardin, th' seed all planted in th' moon. I was grubbin' th' cabbage thet day when I lost my watch—one o' th' most ackret time-pieces. 'Mandy an' me hunted nigh all th' mornin', but next day I had to swap a ca'f with Deacon Vedder fer another watch.

"Wa-al, it run along till about Thanksgivin', when th' ole woman says fer me to git a head o' cabbage fer th' b'iled dinner. I brought up out'n the cellar a big head an' some cider"—

"Yer alwus do when ye go down celler," interrupted Deacon Vedder maliciously.

"You shut up an' let me alone! As I was a-sayin', I brought up th' head an' was cuttin' it in ha'f when my knife struck somethin' hard. Cuttin' keerful, I opened it, an' out dropped my watch from th' centre o' thet cabbage an' still a-runnin' an' only two minutes behind th' right time."

"But how in the name of Time could it be running," queried the drummer, "after being lost five months?"

"Wa-al, ye see," answered Hank, "it was one o' them curly heads o' cabbage, an' th' leaves had kept growin' twistin' around th' stem an' windin' thet watch till she was most wound tight when I picked it up, by hen!"

DON CAMERON SHAFER.

Mistake.

First spirit—"Well, how do you like the place? I used to be a reporter when on earth, and"—

Second spirit—"Gosh! then I've come to the wrong place. I thought this was heaven."

Would It Be Fair To Tell?

I LOOK into my neighbor's eyes
And twist a smile that's strangely grim,
I'm thinking, Would he feel surprise
To know just what I think of him?

I gaze into my dear friend's face,
And with this thought my soul is stirred:
What revolution would take place
Were I to tell her what I've heard?

I stare into my mirror there
With eyes that hunger to be true,
And say aloud, Would it be fair
To mention all I know of you?

LURANA W. SHELDON.

The Outlook.

"**D**R. THIRDLEIGH'S sermon last Sunday night was a great improvement over the ones he has been preaching lately. I am so glad he kept the note of pessimism out of it. He has seemed for the past year or so to take such a dismal view of things."

"Yes; it was a welcome relief to hear him say the world was growing better. Did you know the trustees had voted to raise his salary twenty per cent.?"

Less than He Offered.

"**I** WILL go to the end of the world for you," he declared, "if that is necessary to prove my devotion—to manifest the manner in which you have enslaved my heart."

In the stillness that ensued the clock in the library laboriously chimed the hour of twelve. The beauteous maiden who sat near the young man raised a lily-white hand to conceal a yawn and murmured,

"I don't want you to go to the end of the world, Harold. That would be entirely too far. But there is a little journey I wish you would undertake."

"What is it? Tell it to me and I will fare forth like a knight of old upon the quest. Tell me, fair one, and I will take up the pilgrimage this moment."

"It isn't so serious as all that," she replied sleepily. "I simply wondered if you wouldn't go home. Papa objects to my keeping such late hours."

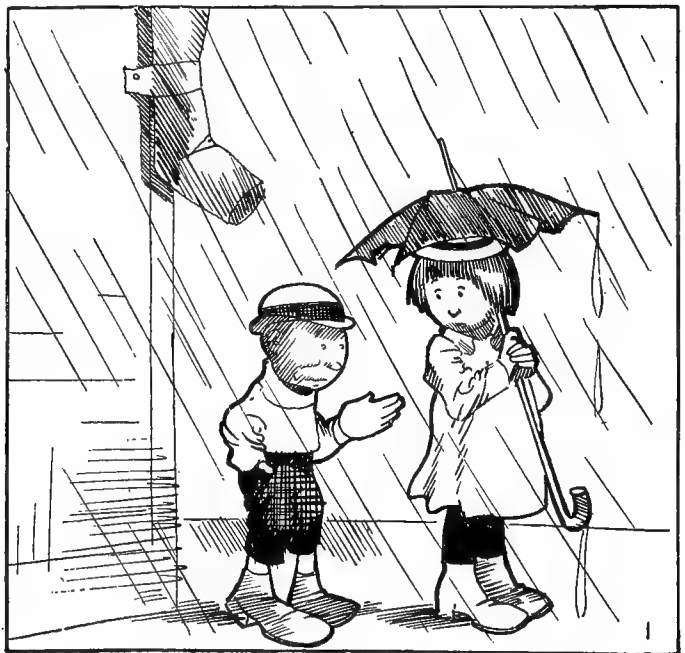
A Confession.

"**W**OULD you mind telling the court," asked the examining attorney, "where and when you laid the foundations of this structure of graft that has overshadowed your life?"

The once famous man who had been mercilessly exposed and must now pay the penalty for his misdeeds lifted his haggard face and replied,

"I will tell you, in the hope that it may serve as a warning to the young—to the very young. My first step in graft was when, as a boy of six or seven, I compelled my big sister's admirers to bribe me to leave the parlor by giving me pennies and nickels and dimes. Step by step I can trace my downfall from that evil time."

"**D**O you dote on your kin-folks?"
"Relatively speaking, no."



MORE THAN HE COUNTED ON.

L. SID—"Hold de parachuttle over yerself, Mame; I don't mind de rain."

Foibles of Literary Men.

KEATS liked red pepper on his toast. It was the only sure way to keep it warm.

Disraeli wore corsets, believing that they would enable him to cut quite a figure in the world.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall. He was afraid some of his visitors might take a seat.

Ernest Renan wore his finger-nails abnormally long, having a wholesome dread of Parisian manicures.

Edgar Allan Poe slept with his cat, thriftily believing that it always paid to have his mews within reach.

Zola would pass whole weeks in the belief that he was an idiot. Thousands of his readers have had the same idea for whole years.

Robert Browning never could sit still while writing. He had to move around to keep from falling asleep over his work, like the rest of us.

Dickens was fond of wearing flashy jewelry and showy waistcoats. This first attracted attention to the fact that he was a dandy novelist.

Björnson kept his pockets full of the seeds of trees, scattering handfuls broadcast in his daily walks. That is why his plays and books are so full of shady characters.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair." It is supposed that he did this to relieve the pressure on his hat-band.

Count Tolstoï, though very rich, wears the cheapest clothes he can buy. That is why they call him the sage of the Russian revolution. It is a sort of allusion to Russell Sage.

Has Nothing Left.

"DO YOU leave your valuables in the hotel safe when you go to a summer resort?"
"Only when I leave."



MORE THAN HE COUNTED ON.

2. SID—"I said I didn't mind de rain, but I wuzn't thinkin' about waterspouts."

Finnigin Filosofizes.

SOME marriages, supposed t' be ma-made in hevvin, ray-sult in a divvle av a mess.

Ut's none av wan-half av th' wur-rld's biznëss, begor-rah! how th' other half lives.

Ut's a quare thing, ut is, thot th' fewer frosts a public shpaker incounters th' more ice he cuts.

Minnny a wan av th' modhern novvles thrills ye wid th' reeliza-ation av th' author's nade av rest at th' toime he wuz writin' ut.

Shakespeare wuzn't in th' sa-ame class wid pla-ay-writhers av th' prisint, an' ut's a dirthy sha-ame he isn't aloive t' be congratula-ted on the fact.

Payrints wid no more sinse than t' lave their childher t' be dhragged up be hoired nur-rses is doin' th' poor little gossoons a grea-at favor be riddin' thim av sich companions an' ixamples as sich fool payrints wud be till thim.

Woman is th' bist or th' wur-rst, th' purtiest or th' ugliest, creature in th' wur-rld.

Afther a while th' Unoited Shta-ates sinate will begin t' ha-ate utself, an' thin th' sintimint will be unanimous.

Th' pessimist thot's thried ivereverything ilse an' tired av ut might thry bein' a man a while, jisht fer variety's sa-ake.

Manny a woman boasts av her husband's fr-reedom fr-rum timpta-ation thot wuddent boast if she knowed how he got 's immunity.

Thot man-who said, "I said in me ha-aste all min ar-re loirs," he needn't hov bin in sich a shplutter in ordher t' ka-ape fr-rum cha-angin 's verdict.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

The Mosquito.

Weeks—"What is good for a mosquito-bite?"

Slick—"Most any sort of human flesh, I believe, is considered good."

Don't Worry, My Brother—Don't.

DON'T worry, my brother; don't threaten to blow Your brains out because you a multitude owe— Because tradesman's duns you're receiving each day And can't reckon when you'll be able to pay.

Don't worry; brace up! Don't despair; be a man! There's in such straits as yours but one sensible plan, And that's not to worry. One's foolish who frets. Just borrow some money and pay off your debts.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

The Old Fogey.

"I SUPPOSE," says the modern actor to the stately old relic of the palmy days of the stage, "that you got a few press-notices when you trod t'he boards? I am mentioned fifteen times in the papers this morning. There are four notices of my new automobiles, three items about my dog being lost, five stories about what I like for dinner, and two mentions of my taste in cravats, with one paragraph about my trunks being lost on the train."

"Yes," sighs the old-fashioned, out-of-date actor; "I got a few notices—but they were all based on the impression that I had played well my part."

The Charm of Marriage

By William J. Lampton

JEPHTHAH JENKINS was sixty years of age, his wife was five years his junior, and a more contented pair of people never lived under one roof. The traditional two bees in a honeysuckle were positively envious.

They had been married for ten years and their preposterous harmony was the continued comment of a community which had unanimously agreed that they were a pair of old fools when the invitations to their wedding were sent out.

To the meeting of the Dorcas Society last Wednesday afternoon, held at Mrs. Deacon Wigginton's, Mrs. Jenkins came smiling and radiant as usual.

"Well, Susan Ann Jenkins, if you ain't the beatingest woman I ever see in this vale of tears!" greeted old Mrs. Pusley in a tone of protest. She viewed matrimony as a necessary evil, and had reason to in the opinion of everybody who knew her husband. "I never see you that you ain't smiling as if you had just got a new bonnet." Mrs. Pusley had had so few that a new bonnet was little less than the supreme blessing.

"And the provokingest," added Mrs. Sniffins in the same tone. "It fairly riles me to see you always so dratted cheerful, and you and Jephthah ain't near as well off in this world's goods as me and my husband."

"It isn't money that does it, Sister Sniffins," laughed Mrs. Jenkins.

"I'm sure of that," admitted Mrs. Sniffins, "and still I can't help thinking that the more people have got the better satisfied they ought to be."

"They are, if what they have is the right thing," Mrs. Jenkins explained without making herself very clear.

"For the life of me," Mrs. Pusley put in again, "I can't see why you persist in being happy." Mrs. Pusley was as cheerful as the average married person so long as her husband let liquor alone. "There ought to be times when there was trouble enough to take the sunshine out of your face. I've known Jephthah Jenkins since he was a boy, and I know he ain't perfect."

"Neither am I," laughed Jephthah's wife.

"I'm sure that's no reason," Mrs. Pusley contended.



WILLING TO ECONOMIZE.

"He even promised to leave his club if I marry him."

"Huh! What club?"

"Why, the bachelor club, of course."

"There is something more than that needed. None of us is perfect and our husbands ain't any better." The entire society nodded approval of this sentiment, and Mrs. Pusley continued her inquisition. "Have you got some kind or other of secret process to use? You wasn't that way before you married Jephthah, and Jephthah wasn't, as we all happen to know, both of you having lived right here all your lives."

Mrs. Jenkins for once did not smile, but the cloud lingered only an instant before the sunshine chased it away.

"Yes; I have a secret," she responded, cheerily as ever; "and I'll tell it now for the first time, and if any of you want to try it you may."

The society as a body sat up and manifested all the interest such an organization permits itself to have in the revelation of personal experiences.

"You all know that Jephthah was married twice before I married him and that Jephthah was my third."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Pusley; "and we thought you'd both got enough to last you a lifetime, knowing what we did."

Mrs. Jenkins laughed like a girl.

"And I thought so, too," she went on, "but Jephthah thought different. When he first came to see me and began to talk nonsense I up and told him that certainly he ought to know better, and if he didn't, then I did, and he'd show more signs of common sense if he went along about his business and not be throwing himself in the face of Providence, and me, too. Jephthah minded what I told him and went along, but he came back and kept coming till I kind of begun to expect him and to forget the teachings of experience. I resisted the voice of the tempter and made up my mind solid that twice was an ample sufficiency for me, and I never would try marrying again. Still Jephthah kept on coming, and one lovely moonlight night, when the air was full of the smell of apple-blossoms and the stars seemed to twinkle all over the sky, Jephthah asked me for the forty-'leventh time to marry him.

"'Jephthah Jenkins,' says I to him, 'you've been married twice and I've been married twice, and I'm sure it's no disrespect to the dead to say that both of us ought to know better than to try it again.'"

"'Susan Ann,' he came right back at me as quick as wink, slipping his arm around me and kissing me before I had a chance to do a thing, 'the third time's the charm, you know.'"

"Oh, you superstitious creature!" cried all the listeners before Mrs. Jenkins could put the finishing touch to her confession.

"Maybe so," she laughed; "but anyway, that's the secret, and, as I said, if any of you want to try it I sha'n't object."

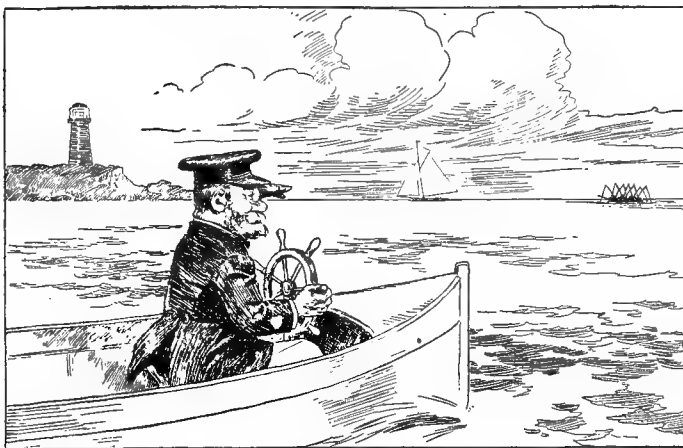
An Exhortation on Divorce.

BRUDRIN, git a deevo'ce—git one ob dem t'ings wot yo' heah so much erbout dese days! Git one, but don't go ter cote fo' ter do it. Set right whar yo' is. Run yo'r han's in yo'r pockets an' shell out de coin. Git a deevo'ce f'um some ob dat money Ah knows yo's totin' roun' in yo'r pants. Han' it ober ter yo'r preachah, wot ain't got a cent. Stop fo'cin' me fo' ter 'propriate mah neighbor's chickens! Come across wid de cash. Frien's,

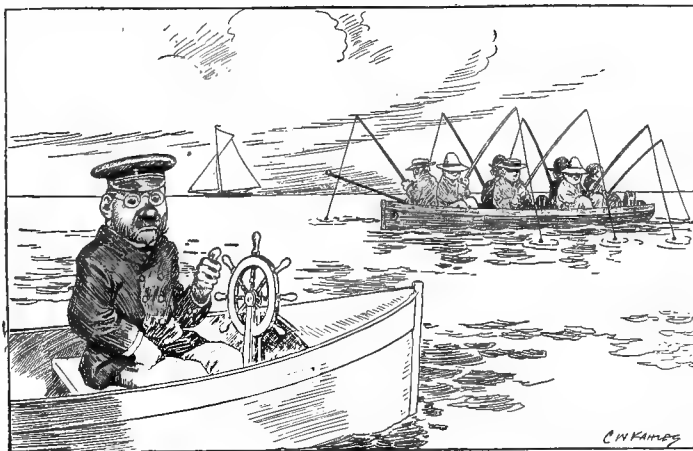
I's sorrerful—I's got a appetite. I's got fo'teen mo' appetites at home. De longer yo' wait de mo' we gwine ter eat w'en we gits started. Now is de receptive time. Oh, frien's, pay up! Gimme five dollahs, ennyhow. Br'er Johnsing, pass dat basket, an' keep yo'r fingers out'n it, too! Br'er Jones, yo' watch Br'er Johnsing, an', Br'er Dunn, yo' watch Br'er Jones. Oh, brudrin, git dat deevo'ce! Git dat deevo'ce, brudrin, an' git a big un w'ile yo's at it! De choir will now lam loose.

HENRY BANKS.

THE PROFESSOR'S DISCOVERY.



THE PROFESSOR—"Ah! there is a magnificent specimen of the great aqua spiderinus, or water-spider, and he's a perfect monster. I must capture him for the Museum of Natural History."



The great aqua spiderinus.

On One Point.

"**D**O YOU and your wife agree on anything?"

"Yes. Each of us believes that one of us is very poorly mated."

THE prodigal son of today wants to satisfy himself that the fatted calf isn't a wolf in sheep's clothing.



NOT DANGEROUS.

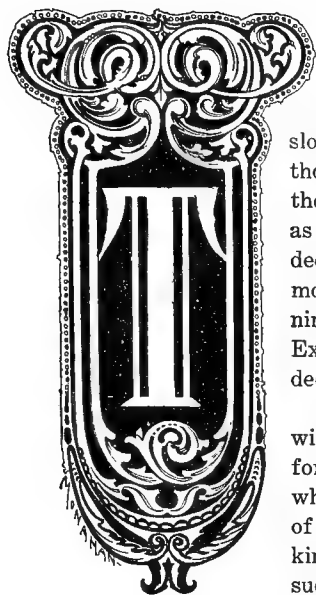
"Jack runs his motor eighty miles an hour when he has a girl with him."

"Isn't that dangerous?"

"Not so dangerous as running it eight."

The Ambassador's Wishing-box

By A. M. Davies Ogden



HE ambassador, turning into the little Bar Harbor street which led to the embassy, moved slowly as one absorbed in thought. There was a hint of the coming autumn in the air, as in the reddening leaves that decked the mountains; tomorrow would see the beginning of a general exodus. His Excellency's introspective look deepened.

He was a tall, thin old man, with a keen, satirical mouth, forever twitching under its white mustache at the follies of life. His eyes, blue and kindly, could still sharpen to sudden steel, as his underlings well knew. But his sense of

humor was the trait he most carefully cultivated. "Many an obstacle can be leveled by a laugh," he was fond of observing.

Unmarried and most hospitable in his tastes, the power of his personality had made the embassy a distinct feature in the life of the past summer. A vast fund of knowledge, acquired in many years of travel, rendered him rarely interesting, and his collection of charms, amulets, and curios was unique. Now, as he walked, the ambassador was absently twisting between his fingers a quaintly-carved chain, from which depended a tiny golden box. Before his mental vision was the picture of the look in a girl's eyes as she watched a young man cross a ball-room floor. His Excellency, trained to read the meaning of an eyelash's quiver, found no difficulty in the interpretation of that eloquent glance.

But the problem presented by it was a delicate one. Should he interfere? His Excellency, balancing pros and cons with the nicety of long practice, pondered this well. The boy's position was quite comprehensible. The ambassador could but respect the scruples which held him, a penniless young diplomat, silent. But the boy was clever, reflected his Excellency; he was bound to make his mark. And if she wanted him— Still—

There was a quick, springy tread behind. The ambassador turned, the chain slipping from his fingers. His third secretary was hurrying down the street—a straight, clean-built young fellow, whose clear blue eyes were just now clouded, the usual frank smile replaced by a troubled frown. The prospect of departure was evidently disquieting. As he caught sight of the fallen chain he stooped and picked it from the ground.

"Have you lost this, Sir Richard?" he called in his pleasant voice.

The ambassador slackened pace to let him come up.

"Why, yes. I must have just dropped the thing," he nodded. "Miss Hastings returned it to me as I was leaving the swimming-pool, and I neglected to put it in my pocket. Thanks, very much. It is a wishing-box, you know," he went on, his fine old smile deepening imperceptibly. "Write a wish, place it in the box, then sleep with the chain around your neck—and the dreams which ensue should reveal whether or no the Fates be propitious. I loaned the box yesterday to Miss Hastings."

The third secretary, who at sound of the girl's name had stiffened, glanced at the box as it lay in Sir Richard's hand.

"Did you, indeed?" he said. "Fancy, now. Might—might I see it?"

He touched it shyly, almost reverently, an absurd



"'WELL, MY CHILDREN,' HE SAID, QUAINLY, 'AND AM I FORGIVEN?'"

longing to kiss it clamoring in his breast. To think that this trinket had lain on her neck, risen and fallen to her soft breathing. The ambassador pressed his finger for a minute on the knob.

"This is how it opens," he explained. "Why——" for the cover in flying back had revealed a scrap of paper carefully tucked within.

Sir Richard broke into an amused laugh.

"But—she has forgotten to destroy her wish," he exclaimed, delightedly. "How diverting. No, no, Carruthers," in gay protest, "do not look so disapproving. It is the privilege of age to yield to its temptations." While he spoke, he was searching through one pocket after another, but what he sought was not forthcoming. Sir Richard paused. "I have forgotten my glasses," he declared, rather annoyed. "No matter. I can trust you, Carruthers."

But the young man, the dusky red flushing to the very roots of his fair hair, drew back.

"I——," he stammered, horrified. "Oh, Sir Richard, I—I'm afraid—isn't it a secret?"

"If it were so very secret Miss Hastings would never have overlooked destroying it," laughed his Excellency. "In any case, I will take the responsibility; you are absolved of any complicity. Read it, please."

There was no escape. Young Carruthers, still with obvious reluctance, slowly unfolded the paper. The writing, so small as to be almost illegible, forced a moment of study to decipher its meaning. Sir Richard, the amused smile lingering, waited with polite impatience.

"Well?" he queried, lightly.

Carruthers was staring at the paper, his eyes ablaze with suppressed excitement and a certain incredulous wonder. What could it mean? As Sir Richard spoke he started, and with an instinctive movement thrust the slip into his waistcoat pocket.

"I am not at liberty to tell you, sir," he said, an unconscious curtness in his tone. "It—it is a secret." Then, with a sudden realization of what he had said and done, the boy took an impulsive step forward. "Forgive me," he begged. "But—but I really couldn't help it. Don't ask for it, please. And—and Sir Richard," his honest eyes fixed in wistful entreaty upon the older man's, "may I be excused from luncheon, please?"

Sir Richard nodded.

"Of course," he answered, kindly. But his gaze followed the slim young figure as it raced down the street.

"A secret, was it," he muttered. "Hem! I trust it may prove one of sufficient potency to expedite matters, then. Now, I wonder—I wonder what a girl like that would have wished?" Then he sighed a little. "How strenuous these young people are," he murmured. "Ah, well!" and with a shake of his head the ambassador resumed his way.

Young Carruthers, hurrying on through the crisp, clear air, felt only an overmastering desire to be alone. He struck off at once toward the woods. There the sunshine drifted down through the greenness of the leaves, dappling the deep, luxuriant moss with golden lights; a brook babbled and chattered as it danced down its rocky

bed. There was a wide sense of peace, of tranquillity in the stillness. Carruthers, flinging away his hat, threw himself down under a great tree and drew a long breath. Now he could think.

The wish had been that he might gain his promotion. Carruthers, studying this marvelous, this priceless bit of information from every view-point, felt his pulses thrill to a sudden rush of exultation. Did she realize what all that her wish signified? His promotion won, he might indeed dare ask her to marry him. She must know that. And yet such was the wish. Alone there in the green rustling forest, Carruthers flushed like a girl. His blood was racing deliciously through his veins, a tremulous hope held him spell-bound. Could she care? Before the glory of this thought all other considerations melted as utterly as the curling mists of the morn had vanished before the blaze of the noonday sun. What was money, position, what was anything in the light of this splendid revelation?

How he had learned of it troubled him somewhat. But, after all, in courtesy he could hardly have refused Sir Richard's request. A faint smile curved his lips at the thought of his subsequent conduct. Sir Richard must have considered his action most extraordinary. It was extraordinary, Carruthers admitted; but the shock had been so sudden, so overwhelming, was it any wonder that for a moment etiquette had gone by the board? Sir Richard would understand. Carruthers felt a comfortable conviction that Sir Richard would understand. Although, of course, it was not to be expected that his Excellency should guess how personal was the nature of the discovery. That the reading of the wish might have been forced intentionally upon him never for a moment occurred to the young fellow. In the way of considering their emotions hidden, ostriches, as compared with lovers, are blatantly fatuous. Then he dismissed Sir Richard and his conjectures from his mind. And folding his arms under his head, Carruthers drifted off into reverie.

Miss Hastings was dining that night at the embassy. She came shyly into the reception-room, her eyes wide and a trifle expectant. Sir Richard had been very mysterious about the wonderful powers of his wishing-box. Her cheeks were slightly flushed; she looked very young and very sweet. Carruthers, watching her, felt his heart leap. How utterly perfect she was!

It was not until dinner was over, however, that he was able to get a word with her. Then, on the broad, cool piazza, where the moon flooded in between the pillars, and the fragrant honeysuckle filled the air with a subtle penetrating sweetness, he found her. She looked up as he came to her across the checkered lights and shadows, and there was that in his bearing at which she began to tremble.

"Sir Richard told me to come out here," she murmured, confusedly; "he said—the ocean to-night——"

But Carruthers caught her two hands in his own.

"Muriel," he cried, "oh, Muriel, I love you!" It was not what he had meant to say. It was not at all what he had planned. But somehow it seemed sufficient.

"I love you," he repeated, triumphantly, all the meaning of life compressed into these three words. The girl,

in her shy sweetness, exquisitely tender, lifted clear, loyal eyes.

"I am glad," she whispered.

And for a space there was silence on the moonlit veranda. Carruthers, hardly daring to breathe, let the first rapture sink deep into his being. He could still hardly believe it true.

"And to think that you are willing to wait for me—for me," he murmured presently. "Ah, sweetheart mine, that blessed little wish of yours. Can you ever guess the cheer, the hopes it brought?"

"My—wish," repeated the girl, coloring faintly. She drew back a little, amazement in her tone. "What do you know of my wish," she said. Carruthers colored too.

"I saw it," he confessed. "Do you mind very much? You left it in Sir Richard's wishing-box, you know, and he, finding it there and having no glasses with him, asked me to read it to him. Needless to say that I declined," with a short laugh. "Do you really mind?" he begged. But the girl, who had caught at the scrap of paper which he produced was giving it a puzzled scrutiny.

"Sir Richard," she echoed. "Sir Richard. Ah, the dear old man"—a sweet moved note in her voice, as her woman's intuition suddenly pierced to the true significance of this fragment. "Don't you see?" she pursued, as Carruthers only stared blankly. "Oh, surely you must. Why, I never wrote that wish—that is not my hand"—urgently.

"You—never wrote it," said he, stupidly. He did not see at all; his slower wits failed to follow her thought. To him it only seemed that something very beautiful had been spoiled; that in some way he had been tricked, fooled. He was bewildered and rather wounded. Miss Hastings, a quiver at the corner of her mouth, laid a hand on his arm.

"It was Sir Richard," she explained, softly. "He—he must have seen—must have guessed"—it was hard for her to speak, but she went on bravely—"and so—he must have written this for you to read"—

But Carruthers, his chin set hard, still stood unyielding.

"I—I am afraid that I must be very dense," he said, stiffly. "But I really do not understand. To me, I must confess, the whole thing seems a piece of unwarrantable interference."

"Yet—without that interference, you say yourself that I might never have known," uttered Miss Hastings,

wistfully. Carruthers, a sudden compunction tugging at his heart, caught the girl in his arms.

"That is so," he admitted. "And after all, your knowing is the important point."

Sir Richard, halting for a moment in the long window, looked out, then rubbing his gold-bowed glasses, stepped over the threshold.

"Well, my children," he said, quaintly, "and am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven," cried Miss Hastings. She had moved quickly to meet him, and now stood with eager, outstretched hands. "Forgiven! Ah, Sir Richard," she whispered, "how did you know?"

The stately old diplomat raised one of the little hands to his lips.

"I know," he said, softly. "I was young myself—once." And for a moment the pause which ensued was perilously fraught with tears. Then Sir Richard's delicate smile loosed the tension.

"And the wishing-box," he asked. "It has justified itself to-night as I predicted?" His smile deepened. "I was forced to guess at my version," he added, whimsically. "Yet—was I so very far wrong?"

Unwittingly Sir Richard had moved into a patch of moonlight. The white rays now rested full upon him, revealing the fine little high-bred air of distinction, the old-fashioned courtliness, which seemed so peculiarly his own, and betraying the expression on the sensitive features. The girl's eyes, misty with new-sprung drops, looked past him to her lover. Carruthers, still conscious of a faint resentment, a vague sense that the dignity of Miss Hastings had been in some way jeopardized by this unwarrantable use of her name, was staring hard at Sir Richard. All at once a flood of comprehension swept across his soul, followed by a swift rush of sympathy. In that moment he had divined the other's secret, read the yearning, the wistful tenderness in those eyes fixed upon the girl's uplifted face. It was for her sake that Sir Richard had contrived this dainty bit of comedy; it was for her that he had sought to bring about this climax. Carruthers sprang forward.

"Sir Richard," he began in impulsive penitence. But the ambassador, who had turned away, was moving toward the window.

"Yes; I was young once," murmured his Excellency. "But now—now I am an old man. I am old and only of use now—to help."

And he went into the house.

Foolish Rules in Cases of Emergency.

IN going down a fire-escape never precede a lady.

In case of fire leap from the nearest window and turn to the left.

In drowning do not speak. Talking to one's self is always bad form; but in this emergency it would also be extremely silly.

In falling from the back of a runaway horse always aim to let the left shoulder hit the ground first, as it is far better to break one's arm than to fracture one's skull.

If a heavy plate-glass window falls upon you some cold winter morning do not scream, as you might, in opening your mouth, catch tonsillitis—to say nothing of several large pieces of glass.

If you happen to be in a theatre when the cry of "Fire!" is raised, sit perfectly still. Of course no one ever does this, but it is just as well to bear the rule in mind. Authorities differ as to whether it is better to be trampled to death or burned alive.

RANDOLPH FORBES.

An Odyssey of K's.

I'VE traveled up and down this land,
And crossed it in a dozen ways,
But I can never understand
These towns with names chock full of K's.
For instance, word once came to me
That I should pack my grips and go
I thought at first to Kankakee,
And then remembered Kokomo.
"Oh, Kokomo or Kankakee,"
I mused; "now, which one can it be?"

So to the ticket man I went—
He was a snappy man, and bald—
Behind an iron railing pent,
And I confessed that I was stalled.
"Some much-K'd town is booked for me,"
I said. "I'm due to-morrow, so
I wonder if it's Kankakee
Or if it can be Kokomo."
"There's quite a difference," growled he,
"Twixt Kokomo and Kankakee."

He spun a yard of tickets out—
This folded kind that makes a strip
And leaves the passenger in doubt
When the conductor takes a clip.
He flung the tickets out I say,
Then asked, "Well, which one will it be?
I'll sell you tickets either way—
To Kokomo or Kankakee."
And still I really didn't know—
I thought it might be Kokomo.

At any rate, I took a chance.
He whacked that stamping thing a blow,
And I, a toy of circumstance,
Was ticketed for Kokomo.
Upon the train I wondered still
If all was right as right should be.
Some mystic warning seemed to fill
My mind with thoughts of Kankakee.
The car-wheels clicked it out: "Now he
Had better be for Kankakee!"

Until at last it grew so loud,
At some big town I clambered out
And elbowed madly through the crowd,
Determined on the other route.
The ticket-agent saw my haste.
"Where do you wish to go?" cried he
I yelled, "I've got no time to waste.
Please fix me up for Kankakee!"
And then the wheels clicked, "Don't you know,
You ought to go to Kokomo?"

Well, anyhow, I did not heed
The message that they clicked to me;
I went, and landed wrong, indeed—
Went all the way to Kankakee.
Then, in a rush, I doubled back—
Went wrong again, I'd have you know!
There was no call for me, alack!
Within the town of Kokomo.
And then I learned, confound the luck!
I should have gone to *K'ekuk*!

W. D. NESBIT.

Ins and Outs; or the Maid's Perplexity.

THE two young men reached the door at the same time.

"Is Miss Swellington in?" they asked.

The maid, Norah, looked at them and shook her head disconsolately.
"She's in to wan av ye an' out to th' other," she said at last; "but th' two av ye comin' together has got me so tangled Oi'm blest if Oi know which is which. But come roight in, both av ye, an' Oi'll ax her to com-down and pick ye out."

Strike Measures.

"JAMES," says the coal baron to his general superintendent, "you may issue a circular to the trade telling it to be prepared for a sharp advance in the price of coal."

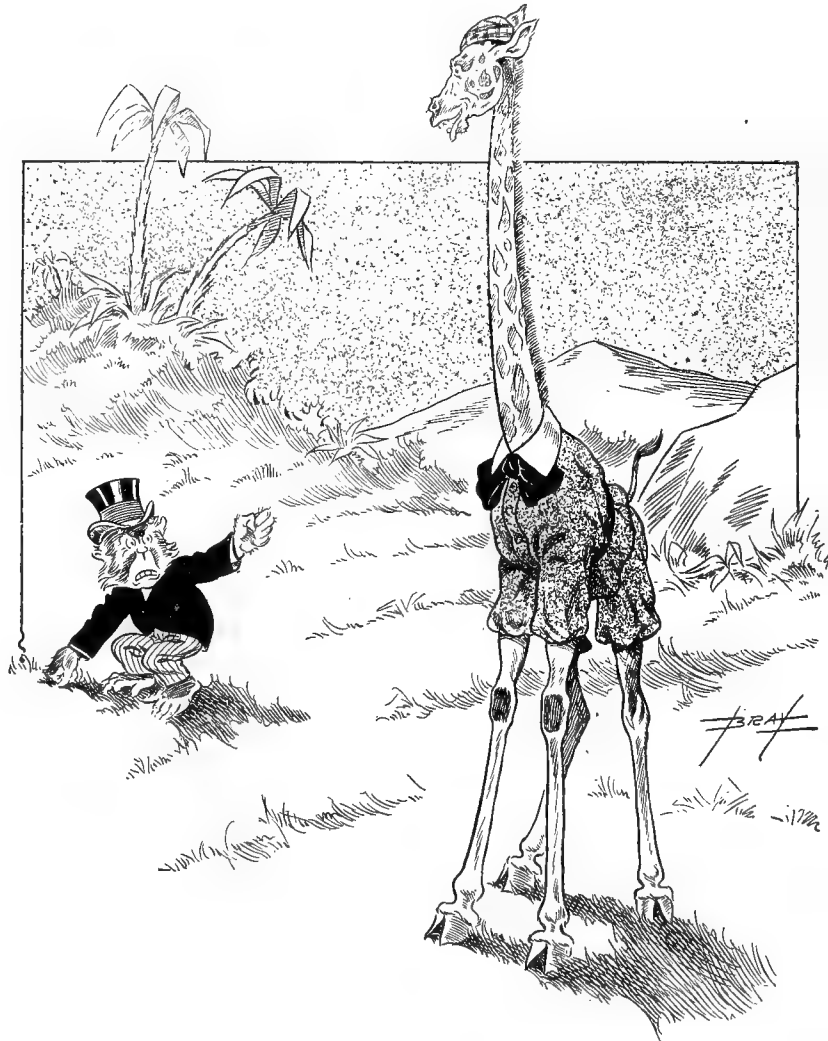
"Very well, sir."

"And then prepare two circulars, one announcing an advance because of the strike, the other announcing an advance because of the unsettled condition which existed until it was decided that there should be no strike."

A Waste of Time.

Grace—"No; I never tan, no matter how much I'm out in the sun."

Myrtle—"Goodness! what's the use of having a vacation, then?"



A LONG REACH.

MR. MONK (*angrily*)—"See here, Willie Giraffe, if you don't stop calling me names I'll come over there and box your ears."

The Tale of a Tooth

By Max Merryman

YES; it's a tooth I came to see about. I don't really know just which one it is, but I suppose you can find out. It hasn't given me very much trouble of late until last night, when I slept very little because of it—a kind of a throbbing pain and a feeling as if the gum were a little swollen. I always like to take a tooth in time and have it attended to before it is too far gone. I really mean to have my teeth examined twice a year whether they trouble me or not, but I have neglected it this year and now I am suffering the consequence. It never pays to allow one's teeth to get into a bad condition. Sometimes a tooth decays so fast when it begins to decay that you have to lose it if you do not attend to it in time, and I do have such a horror of false teeth. The very best of false teeth are never so good as one's own teeth. Now, my husband has beautiful teeth, but he is not taking anything like the care of them that he should and he has had to have two drawn lately. He says that he would just as soon have false teeth as his own, but I tell him that he will think differently when he has them. Of course a man with a mustache and a beard doesn't show his teeth like a woman and that "—

"If you will just take this chair a few minutes, madam."

"Yes; I suppose I must take off my hat, and I—oh, I'm a dreadful coward, but I am not willing to take gas. I have a perfect horror of gas! I have never had but two teeth drawn, as you will see, and I took gas for one of them,

and do you know I was sick for three days afterward. Of course it couldn't have been good gas, although it was a first-class dentist gave it to me, for I never go to any other kind. And do you know that I knew everything that was going on just the same as if I hadn't taken it? I said then that nothing could ever induce me to take gas again. A friend of mine took gas once and was sick in bed two weeks afterward. She had a weak heart and didn't know it and "—

"If you will just open your mouth and "—

"Yes; in just a moment. I want to get my handkerchief first. I think that it is the next to the last tooth on the left-hand side, and I do hope it will not need filling, but if it does I shall have it filled, much as I dread it, especially if the nerve has to be killed. It is so dreadful to have a nerve killed. I often wonder why people have to have nerves, anyhow. And I do hope you won't have to use that whirring, buzzing machine on my tooth. That just sets every nerve in my body to tingling. That is really the very worst part of having a tooth filled. I can stand everything else, but the minute that machine begins to work I could scream. Still, I endure it rather than lose my teeth, for "—

"Now, if you will just put back your head and open your mouth wide."

"Yes, certainly; only, as I say, I don't want to take gas, or ether, or anything, even if you find that the tooth is more decayed than I think that it is and must come out. I prefer to have it filled, even if it is a back tooth—ouch! My! but that—Oh, doctor! The nerve must be—my soul, how that hurts! I—O-o-o-o-h! Well, is it a large cavity?"

"Not very, but it needs attention, and "—

"I was confident that there was a good deal of a cavity there and that is why I was determined to come at once and have it attended to. A cavity in a tooth is something that should not be neglected. To have it attended to is something like a stitch in time saving nine. I often tell my husband that the time will come when his teeth will "—

"Just let me "—

"But he thinks he won't. I guess he'll find out some day that artificial teeth are very different from teeth of one's own, especially when it comes to eating berries with small seeds in them that get under the plate. But he says that it will be such a satisfaction to put them in a mug or glass of water at night and feel that they can't torment him as real teeth do. Still, I guess



A VERY RAPID YOUNG MAN.

DORIS—"Father said you were a very fast young man."

JACK—"I trust you reassured him?"

DORIS—"Indeed I did. I told him not to worry—you were too speedy for me to catch."

he'll find out that—you can't fill the tooth this morning because of other appointments? I'll have to make an appointment with you? Well, let me see—to-morrow I have a dressmaker and I can't get away for I don't know just what minute she'll need me to fit the dress, and, anyhow, I can help a good deal if I just sit and sew with her. I find that a dressmaker at the house accomplishes a good deal more when—Wednesday? Let me think a moment. I might come in the morning if—no, a club I belong to meets then and I have promised to read a little paper on 'The Ethical Side of American Home Life,' and I haven't a word of it written yet and this is Monday, and I don't know just what ethics mean anyhow, only that it's something kind o' vague that you can't just put your finger on. But then I have a cousin who is a school-teacher and I plan to have her help me out. She knows all about germs, and ethics, and psychology, and things of that sort that the ordinary woman doesn't need to know anything about. I could come in the afternoon if you can let me off in time to go to an afternoon tea at which I have promised to pour and—but, mercy! I can't have a tooth filled in an afternoon tea dress, especially when I am going to pour. Thursday—Thursday—let me see, what have I Thursday? Have you a telephone?"

"Yes, I have."

"So have I; and I think I'll have to look over my engagements and then call you up and make an appointment, for I do want the tooth filled as soon as possible. I do think delays are dangerous in the case of one's teeth, and—you have a patient waiting? Oh, I beg your pardon. As I say, I'll ring you up, and—dear me! there is that horrid machine that it makes me sick to look at! Ugh! Work it with your foot, don't you? How true it is, as Emerson, or Thoreau, or some other philosopher said, that our teeth 'come with a yell and go with a howl.' Well, I suppose that—where did I put my hat-pin? Oh, thanks! And my veil? Here it is in my jacket pocket. As I say, I'll ring you up when—good-day. I am so glad I came in time to save the tooth, for, as I say to my husband—good-day."

It Might Have Been Worse.

Evelyn—"Weren't you awfully embarrassed when they named you as a correspondent in the Allingham divorce-case?"

Gladys—"Oh, no; I didn't mind it much. The papers managed to print quite a decent-looking picture of me."

Very True.

BEFORE the infant industries merge into trusts they ought to be spanked and put to bed.

A Tale of He and She.

THEY sat together on the beach;
The blue waves danced in glee
To hear the olden story told
Beside the summer sea.

'Twas thus, enwrapped in ecstasy
And glamour of romance,
He engineered a little feat
Of Cupid's high finance.

He wrote their names upon the sands
In bold and fearless way.
And to her order said he would
His life's devotion pay.

Next morning, when she sought the spot,
She noticed in a flash
The waves had all washed out the names—
There was no check to cash.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.



EQUALLY WELCOME.

CHOLLY—"I thought, perhaps, you had a preference for Bobby Jones?"
MILDRED—"Nonsense! You are just as welcome here as he is. Why, he is the most insufferable bore I know."

THE LAY OF A HEN THAT LAID AN OSTRICH EGG.



A Fact.

Catskill - mountain farmer—"Any berries to-day, ma'am?"

Ma'am—"How much are the berries?"

Catskill - mountain farmer—"Well, I ought to git fourteen cents for them. They're hand-picked."

Its Status.

Mrs. Hoon—"What is the size of China's standing army?"

Mr. Hoon—"China has no standing army; it is always on the run."



AN OPENING FOR A NEW MAGAZINE.

Another Bird.

"DON'T you think it's a duck of a bonnet?" said Mrs. Taddellstoherhusband, whom she had dragged to a milliner's shop.

"What's the price?" asked Mr. Taddells; warily.

"Only fifty dollars."

"No, it's not a duck of a bonnet; it's a pelican."

"Why do you say that?"

"A pelican has a big bill."



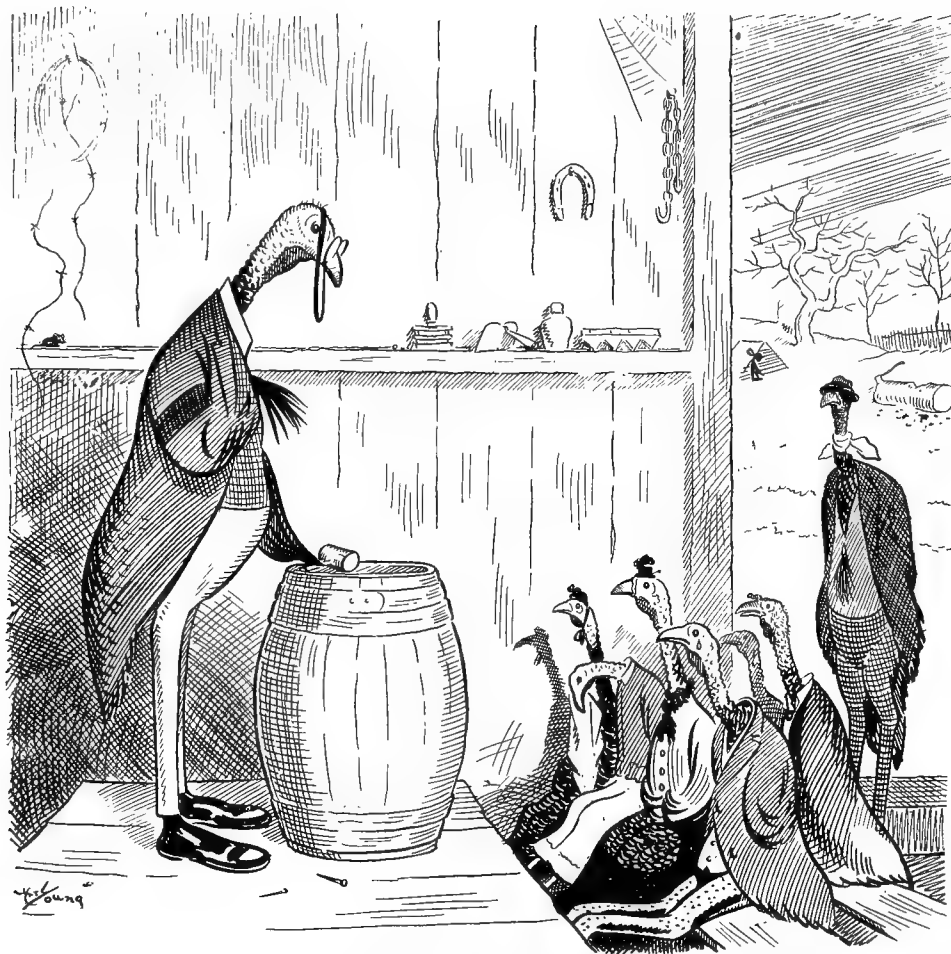
CHASING THEM OUT.

CITYMAN—"Are you going to raise your own vegetables this year?"

SUBURBANITE—"No; I've got heart trouble and can't run."

CITYMAN—"What's running got to do with raising vegetables?"

SUBURBANITE—"Great Scott! I guess you don't know my neighbors' hens."



"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

CHAIRMAN (*day after Thanksgiving*)—"Now that we have passed resolutions of sympathy for our departed brethren, let us also offer our condolence to the comic artists who struggle so hard each year to think of new Thanksgiving jokes."

THE AUDIENCE (*with one voice*)—"Hear! hear! Second the motion!"

Naming a Liner.

THE elegant transatlantic steamer was plowing her way toward Sandy Hook. It was evening, and twenty or thirty men, mostly Americans, yawned in the smoking-saloon, for conversation flagged. Finally the mate wandered in and the talk turned to the subject of twentieth-century navigation, the question of the limit of speed and elegance at last coming up.

"Our company would build more boats," said the mate jocosely, "only it's so hard to find names for new vessels; for all names used by our company must end in the usual 'ic,' like Gothic, Romanic, Coptic, Baltic, Adriatic, Arctic, Olympic, etc., and it's plagued hard to find that kind."

"That's all nonsense, claiming you can't find names," said a furniture man from Grand Rapids. "I'll bet every man here can think of a name ending in 'ic,' and one which the company is not at present using."

"All right," said the mate. "Suppose you try first."

"Happy to accommodate. This being the age of electricity, I should call the next boat the Magnetic."

"I," chimed in a doctor humorously, "should be forced to suggest either Paregoric or Phthisic."

"And I, being a horse doctor," said the next man, "should of course name her the Epizootic."

The philosopher came next. "Suppose you call the next liner the Dialectic, the Cryptic, the Geometric, or the Prismatic."

The next man in line was the pessimist. "I don't care what you call 'em," he growled; "but there's plenty of names. Try calling one, considering some of the people who travel on them, the Lunatic, or the Fanatic, or the Eccentric—you might call it the Panic. Ah, I have it! Name the next one the Cynic."

"Our last speaker should have added the Sarcastic," observed a man with a pleasant face and voice. "Why not try the Music, or the Euphonic, or the Exotic?"

"Or the Epileptic," chimed in the doctor again.

"You might call her the Garlic," said a man who might be an Italian.

"The Sciatic," said the horse-doctor.

"The Dyspeptic," added somebody else.

There was a bilious-looking individual in the corner who had been sick all the way over, and it was his turn next.

"I should call her the Emetic," he said. J. F. ROBINSON.

Mamma Was Married.

LITTLE ELSIE was ten years old and possessed a number of big sisters, one of whom was just passing through the throes of an engagement. The term "engaged" had caught and held the childish ear of Elsie, who knew no other meaning for the word. She pondered deeply and almost constantly over the new word and the mysterious condition it portrayed.

One day a stranger rang the door-bell and it fell to Elsie's lot to open the door.

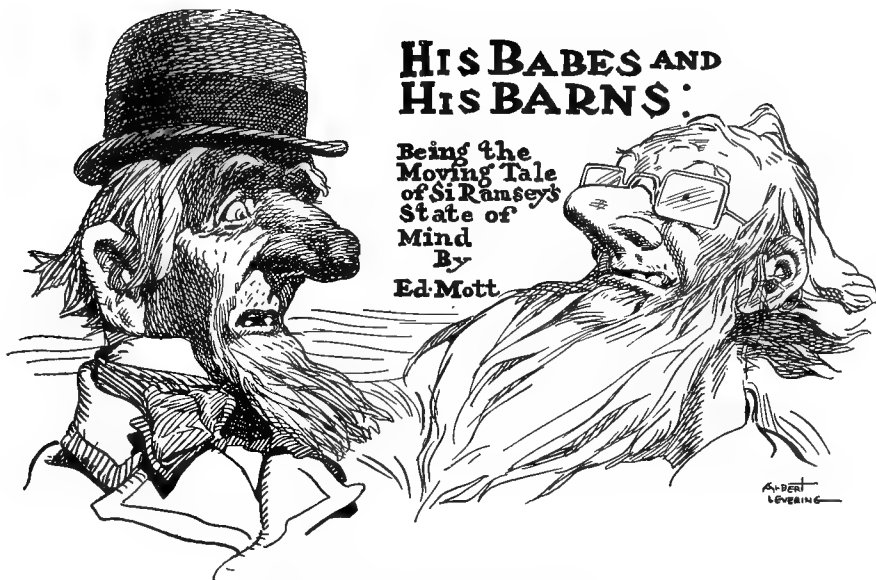
"Good-morning."

"Good-morning, little girl; is your mamma at home? and may I see her?"

"Why, I could take your message to her."

"Oh, your mamma's engaged, is she?"

"No-o-o! Mamma's married."



ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT LEVERING.



M OVER here, but it's painful unneighborly in me! I don't know what Si Ramsey'll think o' me—him in that state o' mind, and me over here, thoughtless and unneighborly, and jest as like as not goin' to say, 'Yes,' if anybody asks me, and maybe take as much as three fingers, not countin' the chaser, instead o' bein' over home holdin' buckets o' water ready to douse 'em, and kind o' ease that state o' mind o' Si's a little. I guess I'll go back."

But Sol Cribber, the willing disseminator of news from the Pochuck district, made no move to rise and go back, although no one then

present at 'Kiar Biff's tavern at the Corners showed any disposition to put to him the query he had intimated that he might feel inclined to answer in the affirmative.

"I wouldn't be in the state o' mind my friend Si Ramsey is in, not for Si's whole farm," he resumed after a while. "Not for his whole farm—and that's sayin' a good deal, for Si's farm jines mine, and there ain't nothin' I'd rather have than that farm. But bad as I want it, if Si should come to me and say,

'Solomon, I'll give you that farm o' mine, free, gratis, for nothin', but you'll have to take my state o' mind along with it,' I'd have to say to him, 'Silas, you're no friend o' mine! Excuse me, Silas,' I'd say, 'but that's right!' Now, what do you folks over here think of a chap that wouldn't take the best farm in the Pochuck country as a gift if he had to take the owner's state o' mind with it? What do you think of him?"

"Is the state o' mind somethin' awful?" asked 'Kiar Biff.

"Awful? Why, it would throw some folks into fits every three minutes!" replied the Pochuck citizen.

"I want to know!" said 'Kiar. "Do you think it mowt be liable to turn a feller to stealin' his neighbor's sheep?"

"Now, 'Kiar, I wouldn't wonder a bit but what it mowt!" was Mr. Cribber's response.

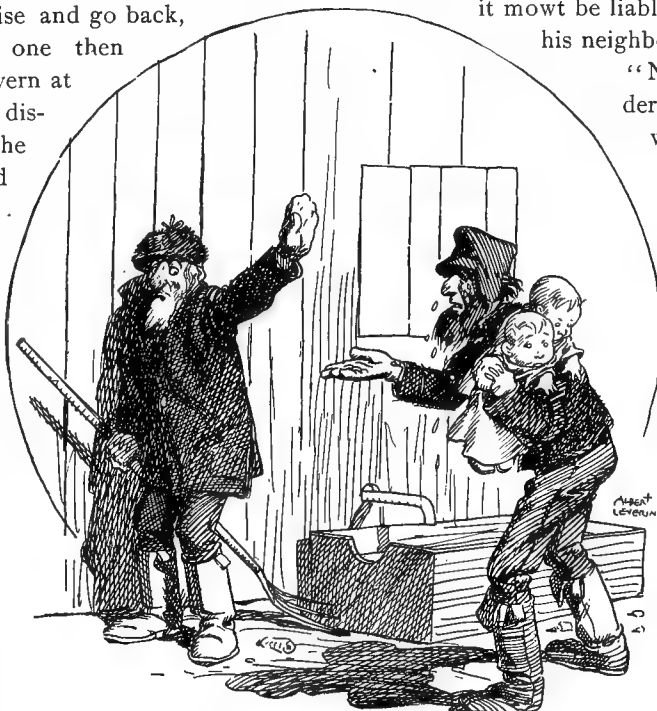
"Humph!" responded the landlord. "And it mowt kill a feller, too, mowt'n't it?"

"'Kiar, if you had that state o' mind I don't believe you'd live two days!" asserted the citizen from the Pochuck district.

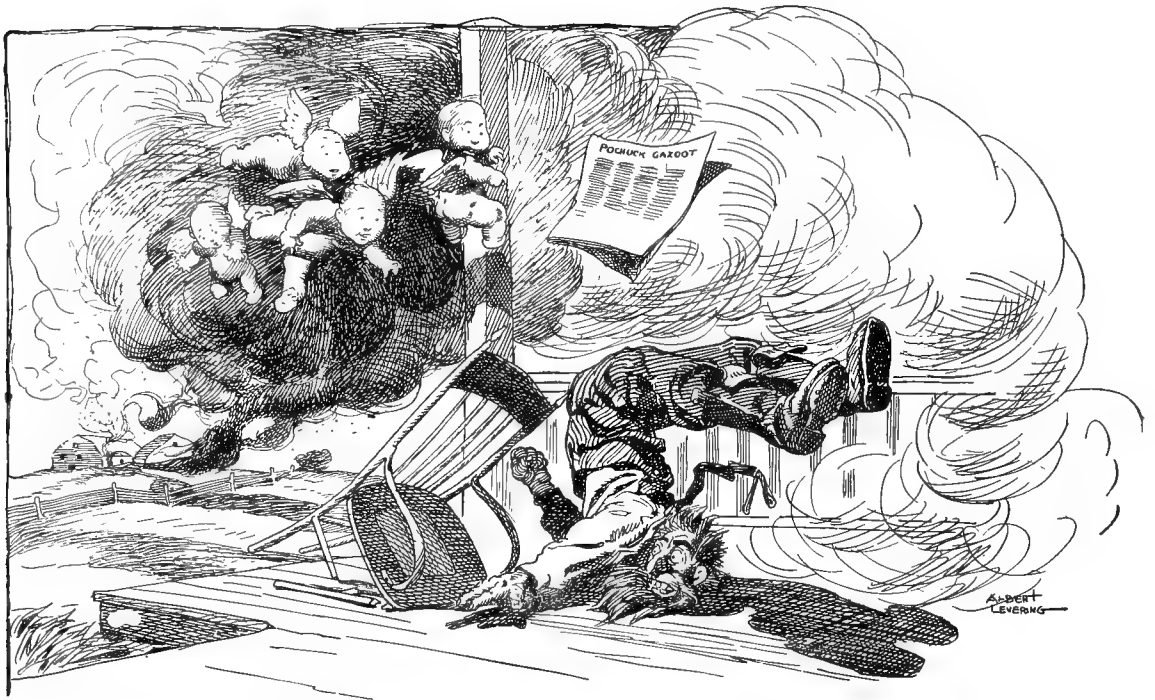
"Is the farm a real, genuine Pochuck farm, Solomon?" asked 'Kiar.

"That's what it is," said Solomon.

"Then," remarked the landlord, emphasizing the remark by a



"I'D HAVE TO SAY TO HIM, 'EXCUSE ME, SILAS.'"



“ ‘WHY, IT WOULD THROW SOME FOLKS EVERY THREE MINUTES.’ ”

sounding whack on the table with his fist, “if a feller in such a terrible wearin’ state o’ mind as that should offer me that farm providin’ I’d take the state o’ mind along with it, I’d say, ‘I don’t mind takin’ your state o’ mind, neighbor, but you kin keep your farm!’ ”

Those citizens of the Corners who were waiting the main chance at the tavern allowed that ‘Kiar was about right, but Mr. Cribber simply cracked two fingers on his right hand and the thumb on his left, and looked pleasant.

“Yes, indeed,” said he. “It’s painful unneighborly in me to be here, for I ought to be over to Si’s this minute with a bucket o’ water in each hand, waitin’ for the worst, but I feel that I won’t be doin’ exactly right by myself or by you folks here at the Corners if I go without tellin’ about that state o’ mind o’ Si’s. Seems to me as if you ought to know it. I think it was seven years ago that Si got married, and bought the farm I’m tellin’ you about, next neighbor to me. Two days after his first baby was born Si’s barn burnt down, with everything in it. Nobody could find out how it happened to ketch fire, but Si soon had a nice new barn, and a bigger one, in its place.

“ ‘New baby, new barn,’ says Si. ‘That seems to be all right,’ he says.

“ ‘Two years after that, Si’s second baby come along, and as it was a boy, Si felt more than a foot

taller. That same week Si was away fightin’ brush fire, and his big barn ketched fire and there wa’n’t nothin’ but cinders left of it when Si got home.

“ ‘Another new baby, another new barn, too,’ says Si. ‘That seems no more than square,’ says he.

“ ‘Si put up another new barn, and had it insured same as t’other two barns had been. About two years later, I think it was—anyhow, I know it was the third o’ July—Mrs. Si added baby No. 3 to the family, and next day bein’ the glorious Fourth, Si made up his mind to celebrate both occasions by shootin’ off some mild fireworks durin’ the evenin’. The Roman candles that Si sent a-sissin’ and a-poppin’ up and down and criss-cross jest tickled the neighbors all but to pieces, and everything was goin’ off in a way that the spirit o’ ’76 couldn’t have asked to had any better, when the hired man come runnin’ from back o’ the house, yellin’,

“ ‘Them roamin’ candles o’ yourn, Silas,’ he yelled, ‘has roamed too ding fur! They’ve roamed, some of ’em, over on to the barn, and she’s jest a-hummin’!’

“ ‘Sure enough, the barn was on fire, and all that we could do wouldn’t save it. It went up in a bonfire to help celebrate the bran’ new baby and the fourth o’ July.

“ ‘Well, see here,’ says Si, ‘babies is all right, but if I’ve got to burn a barn down every time one comes



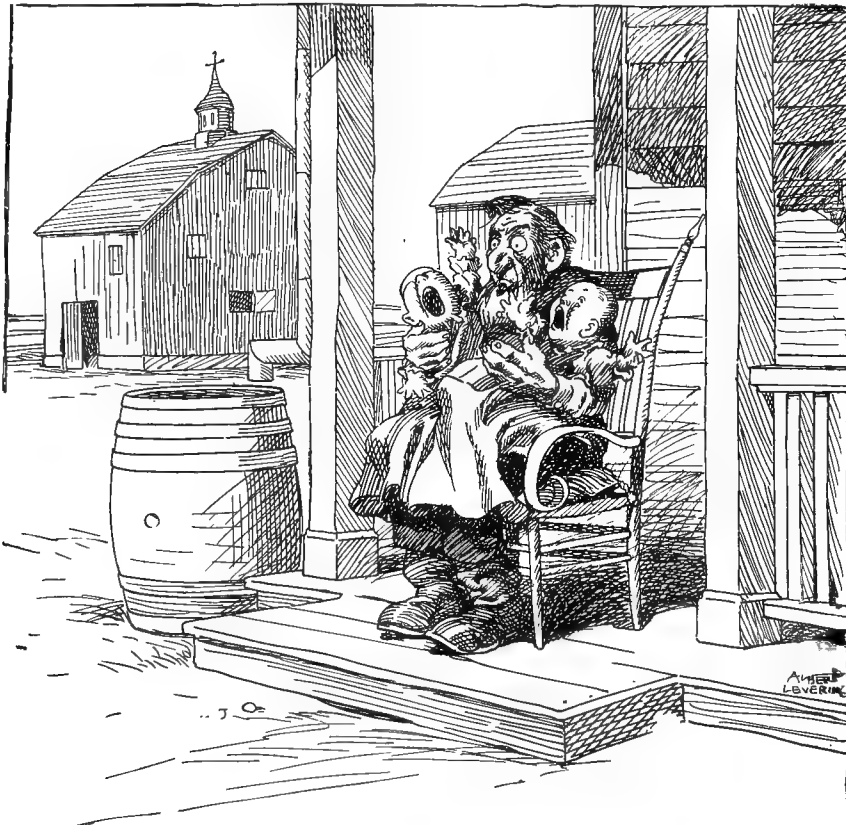
" 'SURE ENOUGH, THE BARN WAS ON FIRE.' "

along, there's liable to be more bright spots in me and 'Lizy Jane's future than it's cheerin' to look forward to. This is gittin' monotonous!' says Si.

"But he had to have a new barn, and he built him a new one to remind him o' the third baby. When he went to have it insured, though, the insurance man told him that this here hand-runnin' markin' of an increase in his family by his barn burnin' down had sot the insurance company to thinkin' and figgerin', and they had come to look at future transactions with Si with an anxious eye.

" 'They've classed you as extra hazardous, Si,' says the insurance man. 'I'll have to raise the rate on you toler'ble high if I take a risk on your new barn,' he says.

"But Si had to have insurance, and he paid the extra rate on the new barn. Last year Si's hay crop was so tremendous big that to store it he had to build another barn in a meadow not fur from the house. He insured it, and paid the extra rate. Two or three weeks ago the insurance man was passin' that way, and he stopped and had dinner with Si and 'Lizy Jane. The



" 'NOT FÉR SI'S WHOLE FARM.' "

next day Si was all knocked out by gittin' a letter from the insurance man cancellin' the policies on them two barns. Si was madder than a wet hen, but he was too busy to go see about it jest then.

"But I'll give 'em fits when I do see 'em!" he says.

"Well, day before yisterday what does 'Lizy Jane do but go and present Si with twins. When Si heerd it he stood dumb for a minute. Then he broke out,

"That's right!" he says. "It's jest the way it ought to be! I've got two barns now!" he says. "Twins is right! A barn to burn for each twin!" he says.

"And now see the state o' mind Si is in! Of course, soon as the news got around, the neighbors rushed to Si's

from all directions, and they've been standin' around the barns with buckets o' water ever sence, ready to douse 'em on as soon as the fire breaks out. They may save the barns, but Si don't have much hope. And the trouble is, everybody's work is rushin' jest now, and neighbors can't be expected to wait much longer at Si's, waitin' fer the barns to ketch fire. So you see what a state o' mind Si is in, and no insurance to sort o' ease it a little. Take his farm and that state o' mind? Me? Not for worlds!"

And with the remark that it was most amazing how far-seeing insurance men were, and that he must hurry home and help surround Si's barns with buckets of water, the chronicler of Pochuck happenings went away smiling.

WHEN CIDER TASTES THE BEST.

WHEN autumn paints her ruddy glow across each hill and dale,
And Jack Frost plays at hide-and-seek through orchard,
wood and vale,

Then comes the cider-making time—the old horse walking round,
The apples crunching in the cogs, a mellow, soothing sound;
The press with rye-straw mingled with the pulp of red and gold,
The luscious cheeses dripping with a cadence yet untold;
And then the foaming tub of juice, with boys and bees about,
And, too, the straw with which we draw the mellow liquid out.

Oh, that is when it tastes the best, a straw poked in the foam,
And we upon our bended knees to draw the cider home!
A golden goblet if you will, or cut-glass and the rest,
But when we draw it through a straw is when it tastes the best.

Then, later, when the cogs are stilled and all the cider 's made,
With twenty barrels in a row behind the old mill's shade,
With twenty bung-holes waiting there to make a youngster
smile,

I'd give a heap to take a straw and linger there a while.
I'd like to straddle every cask and sample every one,
And sozzle in that apple-juice until the day was done;
And then I'd like to go to bed and dream that I were still
A-straddle of a cider-cask down under Martin's mill.

For that is when it tastes the best, a straw poked in the foam,
Humped over on a cider-cask to draw that sweetness home.
A golden goblet if you will, or cut-glass and the rest,
But when we draw it through a straw is when it tastes the best.

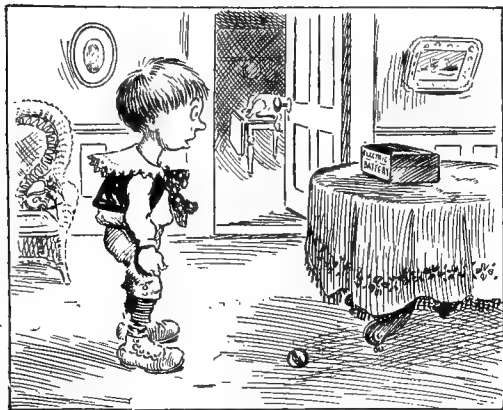


IN OKLAHOMA.

FIRST NATIVE—"Bill Jenkins and his wife hev separated."

SECOND NATIVE—"Divorce?"

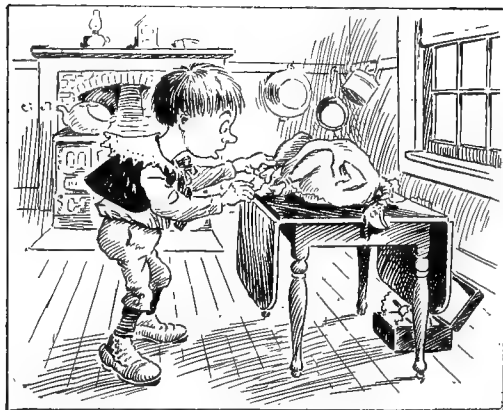
FIRST NATIVE—"Nope; cyclone."



1.

An Impossibility.

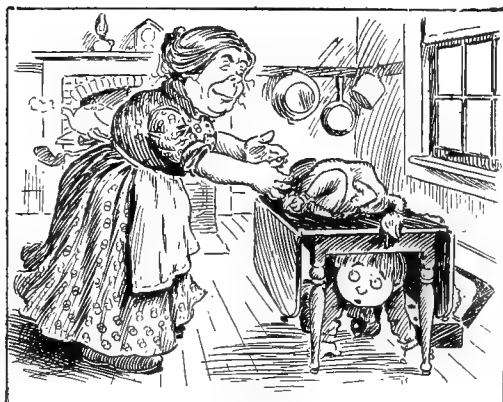
"I KNOW you will be glad to hear that Stedditope isn't drinking any more."
 "He couldn't—to save his life."
 "Couldn't what?"
 "Drink any more than he always drinks."



2.

The Demands of Art.

"WHAT'S the matter with your book, Scribbler? It was to have come out a week ago."
 "Yes, I know; but it didn't fit the pictures that the illustrators drew for it, and so of course I had to re-write a good part of it."



3.



4.

Where His Accomplishment Could Be Used.

"DOCTOR, I walk in my sleep every night. What shall I do for it?"
 "I wouldn't do anything; I'd apply for a position on the police-force."

How He Considered It.

"WELL, I understand that you are as good as married," remarked the first young man.
 "As good? Better—much better! I am not even engaged," replied the other.



5.



6.



INCONSISTENT.

Mr. WAYBARK—"Talk 'bout inconsistency! Why, when I wuz a boy ther wuz jest no end o' condemnin' an' criticizin' the railroads 'cause o' their shippin' cattle long distances an' lettin' the poor beasts go a hull week 'thout enny water; an' now 'bout ev'ry other feller's jawin' 'cause the railroad 'ficials are waterin' stock so much."



A Toast.

IF you were cake I'm sure you'd be
The purest angel-cake to me.
Of it to eat, yet have it, too,
To be discreet, what could I do?
Oh, now I know what I would do.
I'd eat the frosting off of you;
Then save the rest, though still en-
ticing,
And try my best to grow more icing.

wicked! You have plenty to be thankful for, and the good Lord will make you thankful. You see if he doesn't."

Hiram snorted defiance and went out to hitch up the team. It was early in November, and he had a wagon-load of turkeys to take to town. Hiram's turkeys were fine and fat always, and he got the top of the market for them.

Some time next day Hiram complained to his wife of a sore bump on his neck. She took a look and reported that it looked to her like a "bealin'." By the second day it was a fully-developed boil, and it was very busy. Hiram went around with his head twisted to one side. At night there was a flax-seed poultice on it as big as a plate. Mrs. Hopkinson had put it there.

On the morning of Thanksgiving day Hiram's boil was bigger than a turkey-egg, and he was laid up in bed.

"Poor Hiram!" soothed his kindly wife as she smoothed down his pillow, "you haven't got anything to be thankful for to-day, have you?"

"Yes, I have, Susan," he replied; "yes, I have. I'm darned thankful that I've got only one boil. I might have had a dozen, you know."

"And I'm thankful, too, Hiram," she said, sweet and low, and took his hand in hers. Thus there was Thanksgiving in the house of Hopkinson.

The Thankfulness of Hiram.

OLD Hiram Hopkinson was the meanest man on Pusley Creek. He wouldn't even give thanks. He said he ought to be paid for them.

"What's the good of giving something for nothing?" he growled. "Nobody gives me anything. What I get I have to pay cash for. Huh? No, I won't. If anybody gets anything out of Hiram Hopkinson he pays cash for it. That's me, and that's business."

This speech had come to the ears of Mrs. Hopkinson, a kindly soul, and Hiram's only claim to a happy hereafter, and she told him she hoped that what she had heard was not true.

"But it is," he persisted. "I said just that, and I meant it. I mean it now."

"Oh, Hiram!" she cried, "it's wicked—it's

wicked! You have plenty to be thankful for, and the good Lord will make you thankful. You see if he doesn't."

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The "Literary Page."

Why have we no American literature?—*Old song.*

"HERE'S a yarn about an author who was caught in manner neat

In articulo scribendi with a duck between his feet;
And another on the salads certain writers will not eat."
Sunday editor loquitur—"Just run it on the literary page."

"Here's a note on how to hemstitch and one on 'Baling Hay';
An essay on the Beef Trust, a modern 'problem play.'
Here's an 'Edith' poem, written by an Edith; subject 'May.'"
Sunday editor loquitur—"Just run 'em on the literary page."

"'Tuberculosis Cure,' 'The Senate's Crime,' and 'Soups:
Three Hundred Ways To Cook Them,' 'Is Dame Fashion
Wearing Hoops?'"

A novel by Fitzsimmons; some big reporter's scoops"—
Sunday editor loquitur—"Just run that on the literary page."

"Here's some stuff about the unions, and 'Autos Old and New';
'The Care of Hens,' 'Success' tales, and advice on what to
do"—

Sunday editor loquitur—"I'd put them in the waste-basket, I
think, if I were you,

Or else run 'em on the literary page."

H. M. LYON.

Extravagant.

"SIR," said the beggar to the man whose nose and chin were almost meeting, and who walked on his heels so that the soles of his shoes might be saved, "would you kindly give a poor devil twenty dollars to buy something to eat?"

"Twenty dollars!" growled the man, gasping. "Why, I never heard of such insolence! No! Be on your way! I would not give you a cent. Twenty dollars! The idea! Preposterous! Not a cent, do you hear?"

"That's all right, boss," answered the beggar, edging away. "I knew by your looks you wouldn't loosen up even for a pleasant smile; and feelin' sort of sporty to-day, I thought I might as well blow in a twenty on you as a dime."

Amenities.

Fireman—"I'm policed to meet you."

Policeman—"Oh, you go to blazes!"

A Troubled Life.

SO MANY cruel schemes unfurled
In man's long journey through the world—
We suffer from a thousand ills—
Wars, earthquakes, scandal, corns and chills;
And what oft bothers me, in sooth,
Is a sore little tooth.

So many evil things designed
To rob us of our peace of mind,
So many things the spirit roil
The while we're at our daily toil;
But what concerns me most to-day
Are debts I cannot pay.

The world is full of traps and snares,
And very ill a mortal fares.
Oh, you'd be just as sad as I,
You'd feel as much inclined to sigh,
If, though your hopes of winning grew,
Your best girl jilted you!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

THE NEAR GHOST OF LADY ISEULT

FROM THE TRADITIONS OF WAYEBACK TOWERS.

BY WOOD LEVETTE WILSON. ILLUSTRATED BY ART YOUNG.

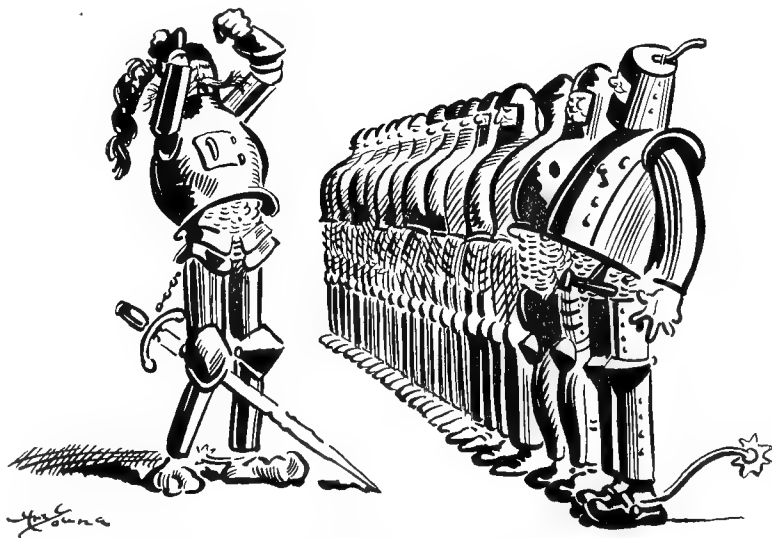


BACK in the days when the centuries were just about to enter their teens the reigning Lord Wayeback had a daughter who was so passing fair that all the young fellows in the adjacent shires sat up nights trying to think up new stunts to do at the fortnightly jousts, where they felt that they appeared to the very best advantage in their suits of the best Bessemer weave, cut and forged in thoroughly up-to-date style ; for in this manner it was customary in those days for a young man to make himself all right with the girl that looked best to him. But as these young men had all been introduced in the regular way by a proper and approved third party, and she knew all of their eminently respectable pasts, their suits lacked that touch of romance so necessary to satisfy the yearnings of Lady Iseult's heart, as yet so fancy free, but so willing to be captivated by the fascinating hero who could measure up to her dreams. What she wanted was a real three-volume love affair with some good brisk parental opposition to give it a zest. But the prince was so long in arriving, owing to her limited opportunities to make the acquaintance of strange young men, that she finally made the best of a bad situation by falling in love with one Redvers, captain of her father's guard, a strapping big fellow not unskilled in the ways of war and with a capacity for sack unequaled by any man in the guard-room. He was rather handsome, well-spoken, and of gentle blood ; but as he was the younger son of a younger son he had about as promising a future as

the prohibition party. However, the certain knowledge that her father would oppose her choice and the readiness with which her imagination supplied all the captain's romantic deficiencies made the whole outlook so promising that she was soon hugging herself in the thought that she was no longer fancy free.

Clandestine meetings in the park and on lonely towers by moonlight, and goo-goo eyes that so distracted the captain's attention that he permitted his company to put up a shockingly bad front on dress-parade in the court, caused so much gossip in the guard-room and below stairs that it finally reached his lordship, who flamed up like a can of Greek fire and sent word to Sharpedge, the headsman, to get the tools of his trade in order for quick action. But Redvers was away on a boar-sticking expedition when the old man began to take notice, and the block had to wait for its meat.

Meanwhile Lord Wayeback sought his daughter to administer the proper parental reprimand. But his lordship was so fat and his cast-steel lounging suit was so heavy that by the time he had mounted the steps to Lady Iseult's tower he was more out of breath



"A SHOCKINGLY BAD FRONT ON DRESS-PARADE."

THE NEAR-GHOST OF LADY ISEULT.

than out of temper, and he wasn't in a pleasant frame of mind, either.

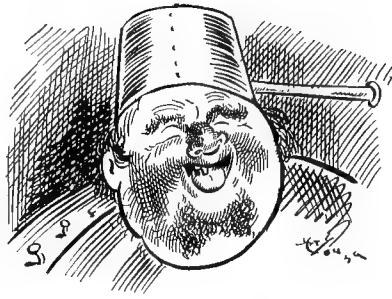
"Well!" he puffed, after he had seated himself on the stone divan in the cozy corner and his heart had made some progress toward a return to its normal action. "What's all this I hear about you and that swashbuckling captain of the guard, who by all the rules of the drama should have died in the second act in faithful defense of his master?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Lady Iseult, rising to her full height, queenly even without the adscititious advantage of French heels, which had not yet been invented. It was the same old indignant "sir" which offended females have been using for a bluff since the beginning of time, and are still handing out as opportunity offers.

"You heard what I said!" declared his lordship. "And I want to tell you that this thing stops right now, or—well the captain's pretty tall, but I guess Sharpedge will be able to trim him down to fit such a coffin as we have in stock." Feeling that he was absolutely master of the situation his lordship was inclined to jest in his rather grim, mediæval way. "Twill be as neat a finish as any man could ask."

"But you would not murder him!" screamed Lady Iseult.

"Tush! Tush!" exclaimed his lordship, testily. "Nothing of the sort. Why, he's nothing but a mere captain of the guard, and a younger son of the



"UNFEELING ENOUGH TO LAUGH."

wrong branch of his family at that. Murder, forsooth! Don't be silly, Isy! There are plenty"—

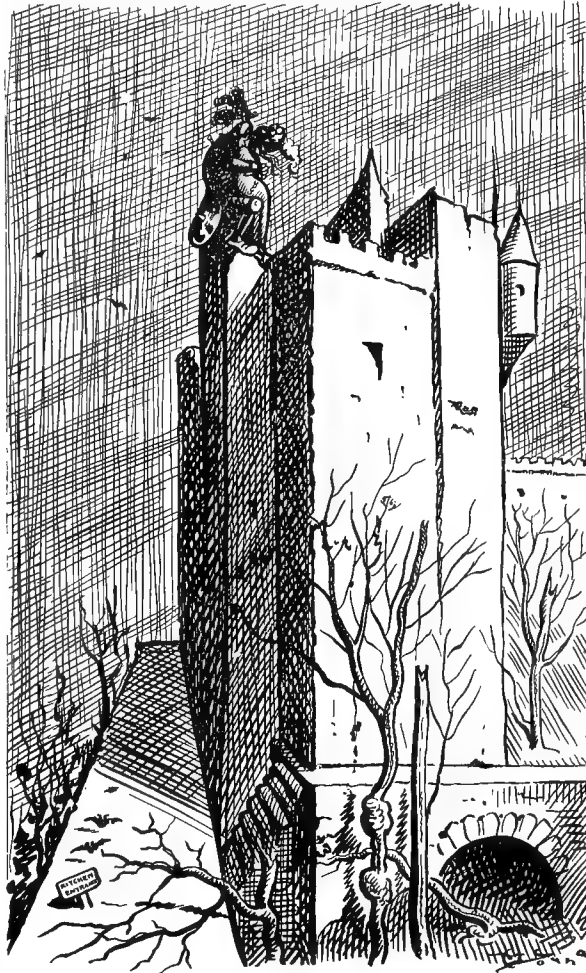
"Promise me that you will not harm a hair of his head," shrieked the agonized girl, "or I will throw myself through this window to the rocks below. Then, when you find my mangled corpse"—

"Nonsense!" snorted her hard-hearted father. "You know very well that's a bowman's window, not over three inches wide on the outside. You couldn't throw yourself through it with a shoe-horn. This is no summer hotel; this is a fortified castle with windows to match. Throw yourself through! Odsfish, that's good!" and his lordship was unfeeling enough to laugh.

Lady Iseult saw at once how untenable her position was. Quick action was necessary to give her the advantage which she felt ought easily to be hers in a set-to with the old man. So while her father was laughing at his coarse joke, and beating his gauntleted fist against his cuishes until the room sounded like a boiler factory on a busy day, she sprang by him and through the half-open door.

"Hi! where you going?" he shouted, as he laboriously got up to follow her.

Heeding him not, she lightly ran up the cracked and uneven stone stairway that led to the top of the tower. Clanking noisily after her, his sollerets hammering an anvil chorus to a fugue of profanity, his



"LONELY TOWERS BY MOONLIGHT."

THE NEAR-GHOST OF LADY ISEULT.

lordship toiled upward. When he reached the top he was appalled to see his daughter standing on one of the battlements.

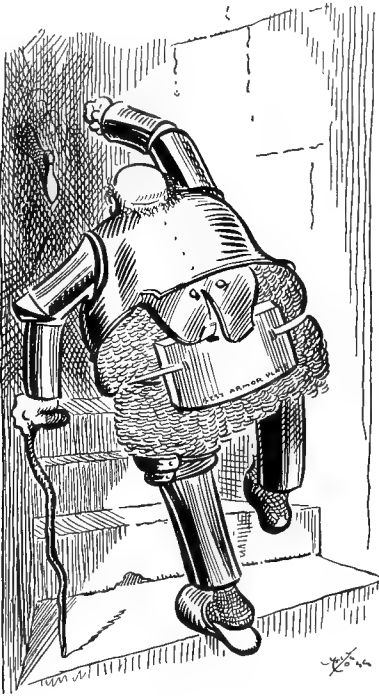
"Hi!" he shouted. "Get down off o' there! You'll fall and break your silly neck!"

"What do I care for my poor neck!" declaimed the girl tragically. "Promise me you will not harm my noble Redvers, or I will cast myself from these battlements into the moat below!" And she made a motion as if to make good, but at the same time kept a firm hold on the stonework.

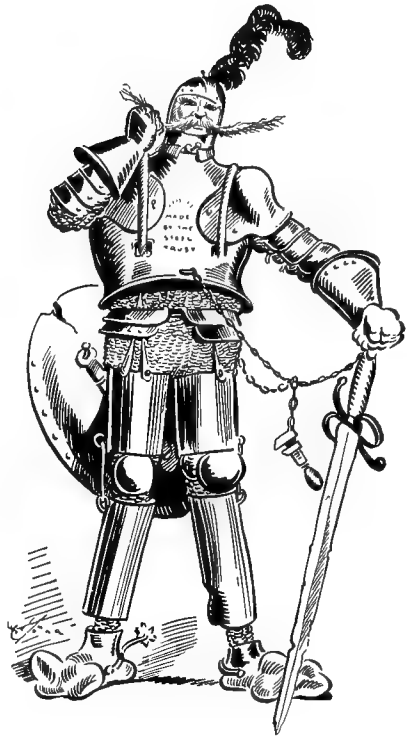
His lordship looked over the wall.

"Dry as a bone!" he muttered. "I wish there was some water in it; maybe a jolly good ducking would take some of the foolishness out of her."

"Promise!" repeated the intrepid maid, with a true school-of-elocution accent and gesture, "or I leap!"



"HI! WHERE YOU GOING?"



"A STRAPPING BIG FELLOW."

"And kill yourself, like a bloomin' chump, and have your ghost jumpin' off this tower once a year for the balance of time? Odsboddikins, no!" yelled his lordship. "I won't allow the rental value of my property to be depreciated in any such way! Take your long-legged, thick-headed captain, and may you be happy with him—if you can, on his salary. Ghost, forsooth! A near-ghost is good enough for you and quite a plenty for these premises!" And with that he rattled noisily down stairs and countermanded the order to Sharpedge for a chop.

And so it happens that no ghost of Lady Iseult haunts the towers of Wayeback, as according to all the rules it should, and this legend, instead of a ghostly one, is told in the guard-room when there is nothing else doing.



The Revolt of Boston.

FIRST came the pork trust. Higher and higher went prices, and the insolent monopolists heeded not the grim looks of the modern Athenians.

Then came the bean trust. Beans went up even as in the fabled days of Jack and the bean-stalk. And the brows of the modern Athenians grew darker, but the monopolists merely smiled scornfully.

Then came the brown-bread trust. More gloom in Boston—more monopolistic scorn.

Then the pork trust combined with the bean trust, and finally the pork-and-beans trust combined with the brown-bread trust. That was the last straw. Grave, conservative citizens, when they met on the streets, said one to another, "Salus populi suprema est lex." The other would say "Sure!" or "Bet your life!" or "Those are my sentiments," or words to that effect. In New York, if one citizen observed



"FOR THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN."—*Hamlet*.

to another "Salus populi," etc., the other man would probably say "Hay?" or "What are you giving us?" It is so different in Boston.

And then Boston rose in her might and confiscated the whole outfit for the benefit of suffering humanity.

A Safe Position.

Newspaper proprietor—"We are for the corporations against the people every time. It pays to be."

Friend—"But when it's a question of corporation against corporation, what do you do?"

Newspaper proprietor—"Deprecate the washing of dirty linen in public."



NOISY.

FRITZ—"Mike, wake up right away! Vat's dat noise?"

MIKE—"Aw! lay down an' go t' shlap. It's the bed ticking."



POOR PAPA!

"Does Newlywed's baby keep him up nights?"

"Lord, yes! He stays out with the boys till two a. m. telling them what the baby says."

Society Events.

CONSPICUOUS among the automobilists noticed yesterday afternoon on the avenue were Mrs. We've Gotthere and her famous Japanese monkey, the latter of whom was such a social favorite at Newport last summer. Mrs. Gotthere was wearing a racing-cloak of ermine, set solidly down the front with diamonds as big as hens' eggs—the latest imported device for protection against wind and dust. A picture-hat composed of diamonds and pearls, with a veil of silk gauze dotted heavily with smaller diamonds, com-

automobiles of old ivory, decorated with pigeon-blood rubies for the ladies and with emeralds for the men. Across the back of each machine was the Would-Bee crest in diamonds. With each motor-carriage was provided a Parisian chauffeur specially imported by the Would-Bees and warranted to exclaim nothing but "Parbleu!" "Sapristi!" and "Sacre bleu!"

Mr. and Mrs. Rapydd Clymber's motor entertainment and dinner last evening was a unique and decided success. Fifty new and expensive automobile hansoms conveyed the guests to the hotel built by the Clymbers specially for the



A TERRIBLE JOLT.

MR. POEIT—"Genevieve, if the house should ever get on fire while I am away, I hope you will remember to save my poetry before everything else."

MRS. POEIT—"Yes; I suppose I will. During a fire they say one always does the most foolish things."

pleted a costly and effective costume. The monkey was attired à la chauffeur, with a diamond collar about his neck.

Miss Pansy Billions's charming little runabout of solid gold, studded with rubies, turquoises and pearls, also attracted much interest and attention. These dainty motor toys seem greatly the vogue among the season's debutantes.

The automobile cotillon is society's latest caprice. At Mr. and Mrs. J Would-Bee's dinner-dance last Tuesday evening the souvenirs consisted of French and American

occasion. After dinner the huge ball-room was converted into an amateur race-track, and the guests engaged in a contest to see who could run over the most people in a given space of time. A large number of men, women and children, richly dressed and hired at a fabulous price for the evening's sport, acted as pedestrians. To the gentleman killing and maiming the most people a steam-yacht costing a king's ransom was given, while the lady who scored highest was awarded a complete racing-stud of turf-winners.



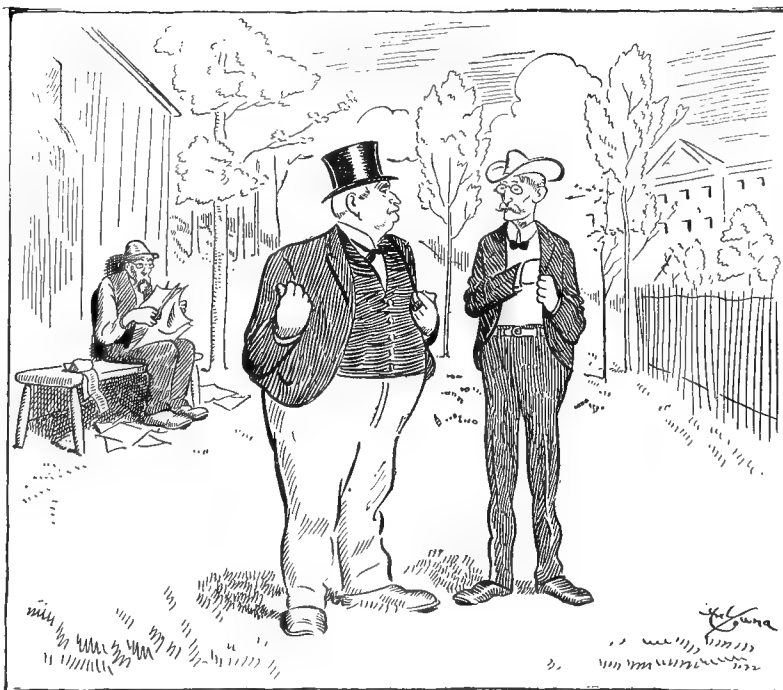
GREEK MEETS GREEK.

PROFESSOR JONES—"Dear me! I wish I had brought my magnifying glass with me. I'd like to examine this funny-looking bug."

PROFESSOR BUGS—"Dear me! I wish I had brought my diminishing glass with me. I'd like to examine this funny-looking man."

Reality Versus Art.

THE "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company was plodding along the pike between Saunders Cross Roads and Hazel Hollow, where the next performance was to be given. They came to a small stream, which in summer had to be forded, but which was now frozen over. The bloodhounds, the donkey, Uncle Tom, and Marks the lawyer crossed without hesitation. Among the remainder of the company an altercation arose. One of the cast seemed object to at-



NOW IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

VISITOR—"You don't mean to tell me that that fellow back there is John Bascomb's son? Why, I can remember when he was considered the brightest, most promising fellow in town."

SUPERINTENDENT—"Yes, so he was; but, you see, he got to spending his time reading those magazine articles on 'how to succeed.'"

tempting the trip across the ice on foot. At last, after considerable wrangling, Simon Legree strode down to the bank of the stream and called,

"Oh, Marks! Marks! Send them bloodhounds back here, will you? Eliza says she is afraid to walk across on this ice, an' I'm goin' to sic the dogs on her an' run her to the other bank."

THE pitcher that goes too often to the well may be broken, but the one that never goes will never be filled.



CONDITIONAL.

COLORED STEVEDORE—"Ah wants a day off, cap'n, ter look up a job fo' mah wife."

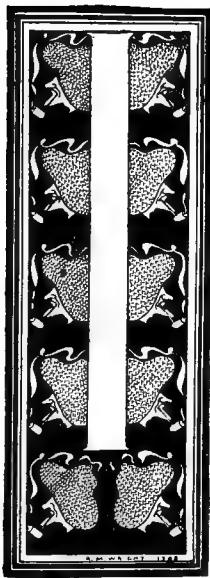
MATE—"Will you be back to-morrow?"

COLORED STEVEDORE—"Yes, ef she don't git it."



ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. FLAGG.

How the Brigadier Invaded St. Helena.



IF the petit corporal could only have postponed Waterloo about three generations, my children, how different it would all have been. He would have had plenty of American newspaper correspondents on the field to point out his mistakes. In case of defeat he could have been rescued by a member of the Paris automobile club, or by Santos-Dumont in one of his air-ships. As for the English, they would have had Mr. Kipling there to write something like this :

I've gone against old Fuzzy-Wuzz,

And I've been shot up by Piet,

But Frenchy, when 'e's fightin' mad,
'S a dam sight worse to beat.

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But, mon Dieu ! it was not to be. Waterloo was fought before Richard Harding Davis ever thought of being a war correspondent, and before there were any embalmed-beef scandals or other things to talk about besides the actual business of fighting.

And Napoleon ! ah, I see him now as he appeared when I crossed over to St. Helena in a steam-launch and tried to get him to escape with me.

"Why should I leave this place, my good Spurhard ?" he said to me. "My board is paid in advance, and I have nothing to worry about."

"But come with me and we will make you emperor of France," I pleaded.



"YOU MIGHT SEND ME A COUPLE OF PAPERS WITH THE BASEBALL SCORES."

"Nay, nay. I will no sooner get my face on a new issue of postage-stamps than somebody will be plotting to slip a toadstool among my truffles at dinner."

"Well, come to America with me and we will force them to make you president."

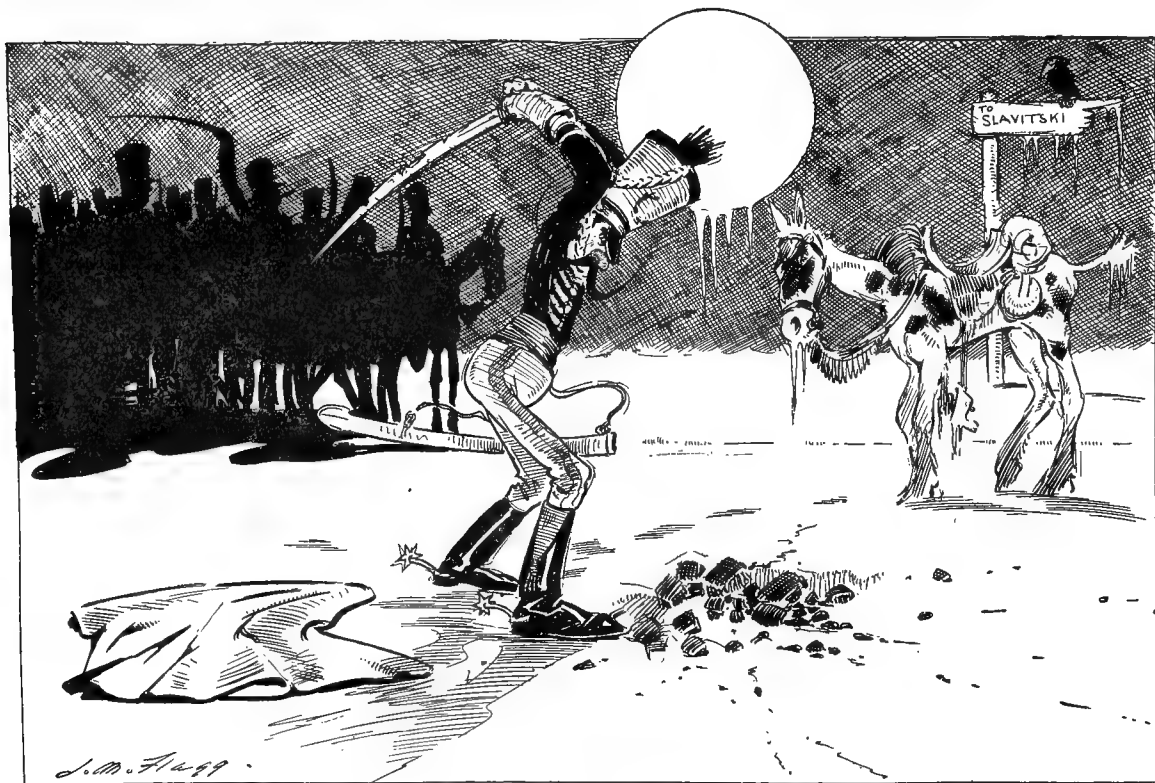
"And have the opposition papers walking all over my frame, no matter what course I take! Non, non, good Spurhard; think of the horror of it if I were ever compelled to spend a summer in Washington!"

I wept and pleaded, but in vain. I offered to

make him the regent of Timbuctoo or the boss of South American revolutionists, but to each proposition he turned a deaf ear. Then the whistle of the steam-launch told me that the guard was coming and I bade my emperor farewell.

"Good-bye, my dear Spurhard," he said as he wrung my hand at parting. "You might send me a few papers with the baseball scores, but I care for nothing else. Try to keep the historical novelists from getting at me until I am dead."

And thus it was that I concluded my adventure.



"I BEGAN DIGGING IN THE ROAD WITH MY SABRE."

How the Brigadier Saved the Little Corporal's Army on the March from Moscow.



YOU have read in Guffey's first reader, my children, about the march from Moscow. Well, it was all true, that march, and more, too. *Sacre bleu!* but the cold-weather stories of that year are no josh. If the ice trust could have got in on the ground floor that winter in Russia, *mes enfants*, it could have stored enough to have lasted a century. But we poor soldiers of the legion were not thinking of the ice trust on that weary march. Not only were we suffering from

the intense cold, but the Cossack detachment of Buffalo Bill's rough riders of the world hung like a cloud on our rear column and cut up all the stragglers who were not frozen too hard to stick a spear into.

Well, one day, when Napoleon was in sore straits, he sent for me. Whenever the little corporal was up against it he knew where to turn as a last resort.

"Spurhard," he said, "*mon cher* Spurhard, my material for the historians will end right here unless you can get us out of this cursed Russian ice-box. I understand that these bewhiskered followers of Tolstoi have a large stock of coal stored about sixty leagues

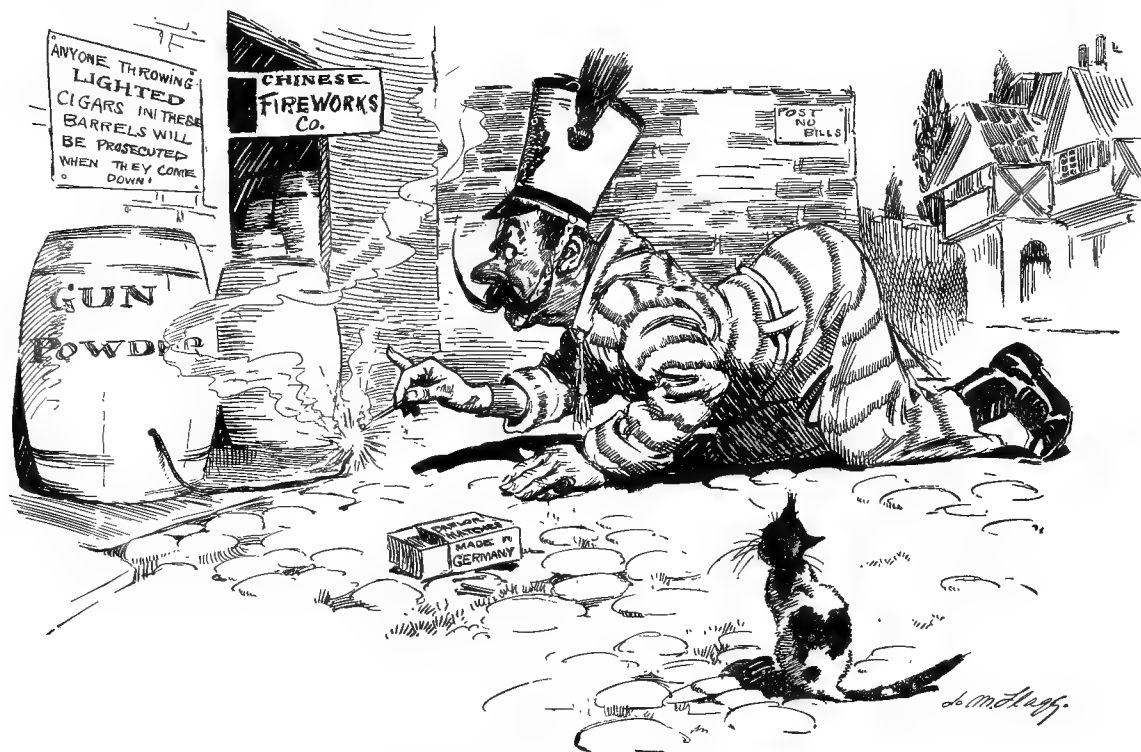
ahead of us. I want you to ride on with your crack hussars and capture that coal. Comprene, my dear Alphonse?"

I saluted and, without a word, turned and summoned my men. It was night, and we rode ahead of our beloved army without awakening the suspicions of the Russians on every side of us. After we had ridden a few leagues, however, I began to figure out the situation. I knew that the coal at Slavitski would be closely guarded, and it meant the death of many of my brave men if I attempted to seize it by force. I knew that the presence of a supply of coal would indicate that the Russians had mines near at hand. This gave me an inspiration, and, leaping from my horse, I began digging in the road with my sabre, commanding my fellow-officers to do likewise. Hardly

had we dug six inches in the frozen ground before we uncovered a vein of anthracite that would make a Pennsylvania coal baron's mouth water. My brave fellows fell to, and soon chipped off several tons with their sabres. When Napoleon's army came up with us the next day we had enough coal to warm everybody, and I had discovered further that the vein extended along the very road over which we were marching; so all we had to do after that was to carry on a little coal-mining every time we made camp.

Thus it was that I saved Napoleon from the worst frost in his history, and every night when our anthracite campfires were burning we could hear the baffled Cossacks shouting,

"Curseovitch Brigadier Spurhard, who discovered our secretski!"



"TO SET A FUSE AND TOUCH A MATCH TO IT."

How the Brigadier Breached a City Wall and Shamed an Artillery Company.

YOU remember about the siege of Saragossa, my children? Well, the historians have done scant justice to that siege. They have not said a word about how I lifted it, or, incidentally, how I shamed a whole company of artillery.

The siege was in its tenth month, with nothing doing, when one morning, as I was riding at the head of my hussars, a number of artillery officers gave us what is known as the hoarse hoot of derision.

"Look at the dinky tin soldier in front!" called out a burly artilleryman. "Ain't he a regular matinée idol?"

This made me furious, and I was about to draw and attack the whole company of officers when a courier rushed up and handed me a secret message summoning me to headquarters. I found that the siege was to be called off unless they could find some way of blowing a hole in the city wall, which the artillery had so far been unable to do. Some great explosion from the inside was needed, and I was selected to see if some means could not be found to blow the wall outward.

Well, children, I donned a bath-robe and took off my spurs, making my disguise complete. I figured that I would be taken for a bicycle-rider just going back to training-quarters after a spin on the city wall. Once inside the

city I found just the place for which I had been searching. It was a fireworks manufactory in the Chinese quarter of the town. Here the Chinese residents were accustomed to make fire-crackers to be sent to America every year for Fourth-of-July celebrations. Of late all work had been stopped, and there was a vast quantity of powder in the building unguarded. It was the work of but a few minutes to set a fuse and touch a match to it. The wall was blown outward, just as I had figured, and our triumphant army marched through the breach.

After the city had fallen I started out to find the artillery officers who had laughed at me. I found them lined up on the city square, behind their great cannon. Marching out in front of the heavy pieces of ordnance I drew my

sabre and saluted. Then I threw the weapon on the ground and said deliberately, hissing each word through my fierce mustaches,

"Gentlemen, I beg of you to fire at me one at a time, and I will catch the little cannon-balls like so many peas and hurl them back at your heads."

But to my surprise the artillery officers, of one accord, leaped upon me with every demonstration of affection.

"Ah, brave Spurhard," they cried, "you have shamed us. Accept our apologies, and believe us, we can show you where they always have some delicious absinthe on draught."

And thus it was, mes enfants, that I overthrew a city and kept my pride from being overthrown.



AN EASY THING.

CHOLLY—"Your father asked me if I could support you in the style to which you are accustomed."

ETHEL—"And what did you tell him?"

CHOLLY—"Why, I told him I certainly could as long as you kept your present weight."



HIS PRICE.

BOY—"Want ter buy a good dog ter go huntin' wid?"

CHOLLY—"In what respect is he a good dog to go hunting with?"

BOY—"Well, if yer shoot him you're only ten cents out. Dat's his price."

COULDN'T GET AT IT.

AN IRISHMAN who had just united with the Catholic church in a small town was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said,

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whiskey, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder Moike, sor."

"Well, say, Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't, sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.

MARY'S QUESTION.

SOME little while ago a popular writer visited a jail in order to take notes for a magazine article on prison life. On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter Mary. The writer and his offspring, a week later, were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked,

"What place is that?"

"The county jail," another answered promptly.

Whereupon Mary embarrassed her father and aroused the suspicions of the other occupants of the carriage by asking, in a loud, shrill voice;

"Is that the jail you were in, father?"

THE OLD MAID'S PARROT.

AN old maid had a parrot whose favorite expression was, "I wish the old woman was dead."

This worried her a great deal, and one day when the minister called, she spoke to him about it. He said he had a parrot which only said religious things, and that he would bring it over some time and see if it would not break her bird from saying its favorite expression. So one night they were going to have a meeting at her house, and he gathered up his parrot and took it with him. When he went in he hung his cage up near where the old-maid's was hanging. The meeting was being opened with prayer, and all of a sudden her parrot said,

"I wish the old woman was dead."

The minister's parrot cocked his head, and, looking at the other parrot, in a solemn voice said,

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

NO GREAT HURRY.

"ALL the little boys and girls who want to go to heaven," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "will please rise."

All rose but Simeon Snorter.

"And doesn't this little boy want to go to heaven?"

"N-not yit."

Intermittent.

Mrs. Slummer—"Does your husband drink regularly?"

Mrs. Hogan—"No, mum; my wages isn't steady."



A LARGE PAIN.

THE WALRUS—"Gee! I hope I'll never get a toothache."

Cushing's Manual, Revised.

"THE first thing to be done," said the first committeeman in an important tone, "is to organize. Therefore"—

"I beg your pardon," said an older member. "We have not been photographed yet."

A Revised Version.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride
Let the historic novelist decide.

He works the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral and to sell his tale.

Its Identity.

Little Elmer—"Pa, what is dyspepsia?"

Professor Broadhead—"Egotism of the indigestion, my son."

No Reform Wanted.

"I THINK they ought to enforce the law which requires that oleomargarine shall be distinctly labeled as such."

"Heavens, no! Let us keep up some of our illusions."

Not Complaining.

First crocodile—"Do the natives trouble you much?"

Second crocodile—"Oh, no. My digestion is excellent."



HER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Did you hear about the lady who planted an egg-plant and thought she was going to get a lot of little chickens?"

"Naw!"

"Well, just imagine her surprise when she got nothing but a crop!"

Modern Business.

Miss Meadows—"I suppose I can match this silk at the big dry-goods store?"

Miss Street—"Mercy, no! All they sell there is groceries and liquors."



A POOR EXAMPLE.

CAPTAIN—"Cheer up, Mr. Lizzie! There is no great danger. Act like a man!"
MR. LIZZIE—"But, don't you know, me man is scared, too."

"Fifine."

I KNEW you, Fifine—
When I saw you to-day,
And the smile in your eyes
Drove my dreamings away.
Though you frowned in sur-
prise
When I ventured to say
I knew you, Fifine!

I knew you, Fifine—
In the days of the past,
When your smiles were for
me.
Ah, the glances you cast!
'Tis no wonder, you see,
That remembrance must last—
I knew you, Fifine!

I knew you, Fifine!
Though a veil has been drawn
O'er the sun and the shade
Of the days that are gone.
Yes, my "French lady's-
maid,"
'Twas as plain Bridget Bawn
I knew you, "Fifine!"



IN SULU LAND.

PRIME MINISTER—"What do you think of that new missionary?"

SULTAN CHOPPUMMUPPA—"Oh, he looks like as nice a chap as I'd care to meat."

The New Baby.

"THAT new baby of mine," said Mr. Tigg, "is the smartest that ever happened."

"Oh, they are all smart," growls Mr. Clarke, who has heard these things before.

"But this child," went on Tigg, "actually shows signs of intellect that are remarkable. Why, the youngster is manifesting the fact that it inherits some of my college training."

"What are you giving me?"

"Fact. You ought to hear it repeat my old college yell."

A Coon's Definition.

A YOUNG darky was asked by his school-teacher to give her a sentence with the word "delight" in it, to show that he understood the use of the word. The youngster quickly replied, "I opened de do' an' de light went out."



WHY SHE SOURED ON HIM.

ETHEL—"This is my photograph when a child. My father is holding me in his arms. He has on his colonel's uniform."

CHOLLY—"Aw, home from the civil war on a furlough at the time it was taken, I suppose?"

A Fiasco in French.

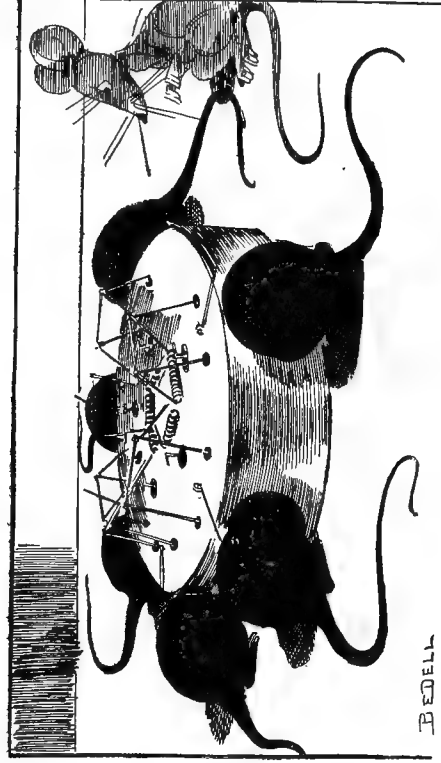
H E read a thousand poems or so,
And rejected the blessed lot,
Beginning with one, where the phrase, "bon-mot,"
Was rhymed with the words "have got" !

Why the Cook Stayed.

Mrs. Newbride—"How does Mrs. Henry Peck manage to keep that cook of hers?"
Mrs. Oldhand—"She threatened to leave, but Mrs. Peck would not give her a recommendation, and she wouldn't go without one—and they are both stubborn."

After the Opera.

Aunt Maria—"And did you see the ballet-dancers, Sammy?"
Sammy—"I saw some women dancing with lamp-shades on."



BEDELL

ENVY.

MOUSE—"My, what hogs! There they have been eating for an hour and not one will come out and give me a chance."

The Point of View.

L ITTLE maid Marian's home was near
The edge of a precipice wild and sheer;
"But I don't like it," she said, "would you?
I'm so afraid I'll fall into the view!"

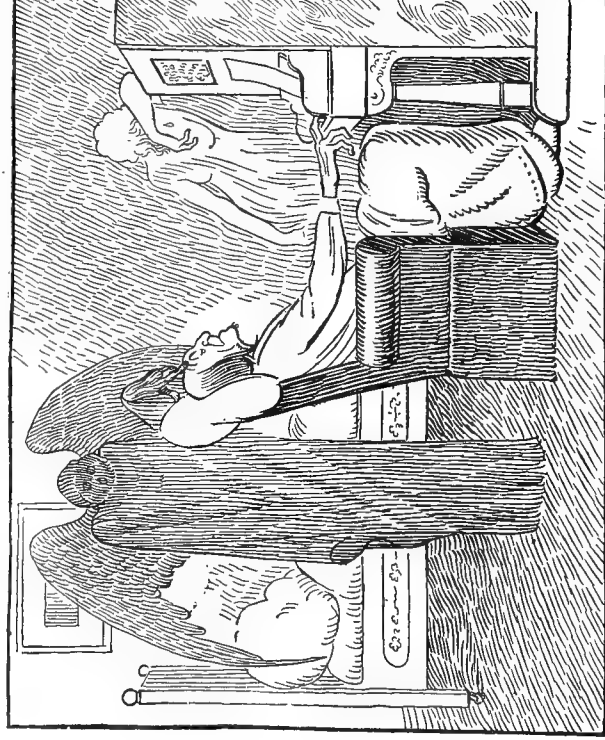
An Esquimau Episode.

"**Y**OU are the light of my life," sighed the lover, edging a trifle closer on the hand-carved ice settee.

"You only say that because you know I drink so much train-oil," she blubbered. However, it resulted in a match.

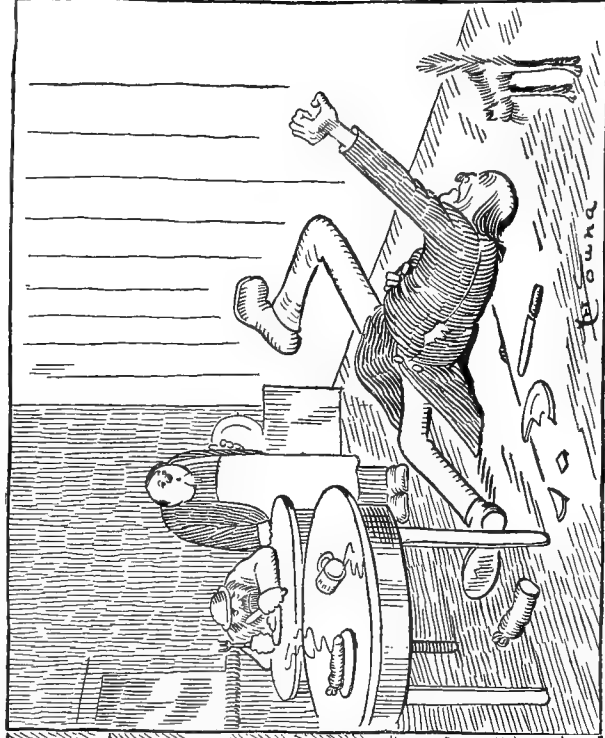
Alas!

KIND words there be in plenty,
With them the welkin rings;
But many be, we're pained to see,
Kind words for unkind things.

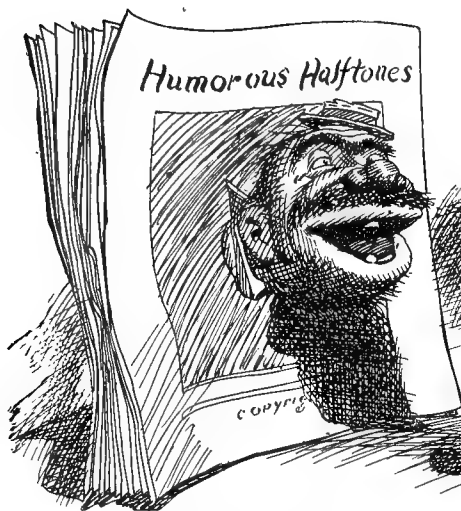


SENTIMENT AND FACT.

The historical painter of the future will probably picture the death of Herr von Wurstspieler, the great musician, in some such fashion as above.



Then some one who knows the facts will have the cruelty to recall how Wurstspieler died with stomach cramps, in a cheap beer saloon, after he had gorged himself with sauerkraut, raw meat, and big purple sausages.



The Turning of The JOKE

Written & Illustrated
By Albert Levering :



SS-S-S-T!" The editor of *Humorous Halftones* slanted his head, turned it half way round, then froze. Grimly he gripped the arms of the great plush chair, and gazed ominously at the frayed figure that stood, swaying impudently, barely within the marble portal and from whom, apparently, had

youse office up Catfish alley next to de tombstone woiks, and den when I showed up wit' me cheerful an' happy an' doity mug, me tin can an' me purp, youse wuz glad" (here the semblance of a sob shuddered over the ancient frame), "fer I wuz always good fer a sandwidge an' a nice sprinklin' can full o' de nut-brown"——

The editor shivered. "Oh, side-track that!" he cried impatiently. "Can't you see that you are out of it? Can't you see that the camera has made you impossible? Can't you see that the automobile has thundered over you and left you an inert mass at the switch? That the air-ship floats miles over your lonely grave? Now you get out of here or I'll turn the live wire loose on you." The tramp joke with an effort then began again :

"Mister Bumcheck, dem woids is not new ; I've heerd 'em month in an' month out, an' dey has been gittin' fainter an' fainter in dese years, but I'm here ter-day ter make one final appeal. I knows I'm an

issued the hissing sound.

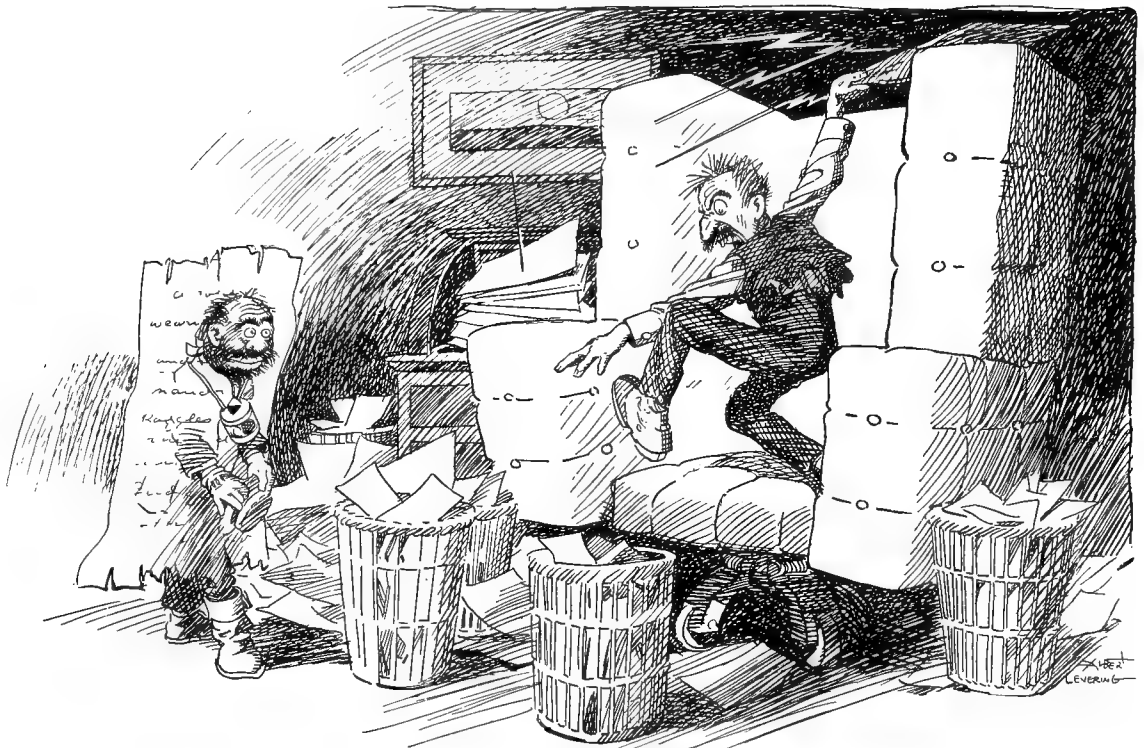
"Slather me!" he of the great plush chair rumbled ; "so it is you, is it? I heard you were dead, or gone to England, along with a number of other formerly edifying but now obsolete Americans, and I'll add, I hoped it was true." The other swayed to and fro for a second and then edged an inch forward.

"Yes, dat's me, boss ; an' I knows jest how youse feels about it," he said in a gently gay way. "I don't t'ink dat I am de swellest mug wot flits acrost dat lovely dial o' yours dese days—but, wot wit' de ads fer baked beanses an' pickled wheaterine, wot yer eye meets in de daily rides o' life, dey've got me 'way back on de quarry switch, an'"——flicking a remnant of free lunch from his lapel——"an' hence, I don't s'pose I does look de gay an' dapper soldier o' fortin I wunst does. Yit," he continued, "I remembers de days when youse had



"AND TRUNDLED THE HEAVY FILE TO THE COMPOSING-ROOM."

THE TURNING OF THE JOKE.



"BUT THE APPEAL WAS NEVER FINISHED."

old one, but I'm a wise one, too. I've copped de immigration an' de birth lists, an' I knows deyse rafts an' rafts o' people dat never even heerd o' me, an' tink o' de"—but the appeal was never finished, for the massive bronze door slammed with a mighty bang as the frayed one, terrified beyond hope by the glare of the gathering storm in the editor's eye, skipped nimbly through it, followed by the crash of a liquid-air experiment thrown by the irate editor.

Late in the afternoon of that same day, to be precise, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, the editor of *Humorous Halfpence* loosed the lever of his giant red devil and sped hastily, though somewhat recklessly, in the direction of the exclusive stockbloaters' club.

Simultaneously a shadowy figure furtively crawled from beneath the door-mat marked "Welcome," which lay just without the entrance of the editorial parlors. It was our ragged and unfortunate acquaintance of the morning.

He turned the diamond-incrusted door-knob and glided within, unheeded by the scrub-lady busily engaged in polishing the twenty-dollar gold pieces incased in the floor tilings. On into the sacred private office of the editor he went, and paused only when he stood beside the great plush

chair. There he stood for a brief instant, and then with trembling hands and an inward chuckle, he took up the



"AN OVERTURNED 'CUP OF COFFEE' COMIC"

THE TURNING OF THE JOKE.

crowded joke-file which lay on the still open desk. Hastily removing a foot and a half of closely packed Easter bonnet merriment and two corpulent automobile jests, he came upon what was to an immune a delicious repast of cold-boiled-lobster-dream series, temptingly humorous, and which his hungry eyes had ferreted out during his unhappy forenoon visit. This he spread carefully on an arm of the great plush chair. Turning once again to the promising file, he secured a large cold-bottle joke tipsily suggestive of gayety and warmth, which he located at his right hand within easy reach, and without grace he fell to.

Fifteen minutes later he lighted "The possibilities of a Cuban perfecto" joke-let, and by the aid of it finished an overturned-cup-of-coffee comic series in two pictures. Altogether at peace with the world now, he sat and gazed dreamily around him, and the benign glow which overspread his aged and limned features made of him an almost pleasing picture.

A reasonable space of time he thus spent in genial enjoyment of his present happy

state of mind, while his gaze wandered carelessly over the room; then it rested again upon the joke-file, and suddenly a light, lit by the faint spark of remaining humor, appeared in the eyes dulled by countless and turbulent years, and he giggled.

"Yes, I'll do it," he mutters. "I'll jest carve me old initials on dis joint good an' deep, an' fer de las' time."

Climbing up on the hugh desk, he gently impaled himself in the old familiar way on the joke-file, drew down the ponderous automobiles over him, and later the lighter Easter bonnets, and with a gentle sigh of contentment drifted into happy dreamland.

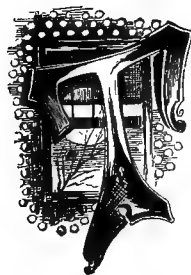
An hour later a snub-nosed lad, with a truck, bunted noisily in and trundled the heavy joke-file to the composing-room.

Two weeks later the old tramp joke, with a new humor, produced doubtless by the sense of peculiar yet awkward position, diffused a feeling of boisterous joy to old and young, to all men alike, save to that one who sits in the great plush chair, that he never in his youthful days had equaled.



"FURTIVELY CRAWLED FROM BENEATH THE DOOR-MAT."

A Moonlight Pastel.



HE moonlight fell full upon the greensward of the park at Palm beach. The greensward was soft, however, and the moonlight sustained no serious injuries. Two figures might have been seen sitting in a secluded nook. They were economizing space in a painfully evident manner. The voice of the youth rose and fell to the music

of the sea, and finally staggered to its feet and remarked,

"Winsome damsel, I am in love. I have arrived at this conclusion not hastily, but after careful introspection and experimentation. Since first I met you I have been troubled, my most alarming symptom being an aching void. To-night the throbbing of that vacuum has been so strong that I have been able to locate it in my heart."

The voice of the youth choked with mingled emotion and tobacco, both of which he had been swallowing right along. Spreading a handkerchief upon the ground, he fell upon his knees, severing in his impetuosity the last bond of connection between his suspenders and his sky-blue trousers.

"Oh, fairest of maids!" he pleaded, "enter now into that emptiness and fill it with thy light and lavender perfume."

The fairest of maids smiled sadly and abruptly. Her face wore that far-away expression so characteristic of Pike's peak. Her mind was wandering down the dim corridors of memory and had far to go. Her silence had the delicate odor of pepsin gum. The youth pressed her for an answer until his arm ached with exertion.

Finally, after consulting her note-book, she made reply, "At present I am heart-free. However, Jimmie Brown is scheduled for two weeks from next Monday; until then I am thine."

As the fateful words fell from her lips the youth caught them before they hit the ground and pressed them to his bosom. The maid leaned over and planted a kiss on his youthful brow, coyly removing her teeth as she did so.

After regulating their hearts so as to run neck and neck, and combining their thoughts into one idea, they wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, and naught could be heard in the palm-punctured atmosphere save the strident bazoo of the dyspeptic toy alligator.



A SPORTSMAN'S CALCULATION.

LOCAL GAME-WARDEN—"Them birds ain't in season yet, an' they'll just cost yeh ten dollars apiece."

SPORTSMAN—"Well, there's a hundred and ten dollars coming to me, then."

LOCAL GAME-WARDEN—"Haow's that?"

SPORTSMAN—"I missed thirteen of them."

John Barney's Patriotism

By J. L. Harbour



HE old wagon moving along slowly over the dusty road of the Western plains creaked dismally. Its limp and faded and ragged cover sank limply between the bows. The two bony old horses hitched to the wagon walked feebly and with panting breath. It was a burning day in July. The skies were brassy, and the heat shimmered over the brown plains. There was not wind enough to stir the leaves on the few cottonwood-trees there were on the flat banks of the sluggish and muddy little river the movers forded just before noon. They stopped to rest for an hour or two in the scant shade afforded by a little clump of partly leafless trees on the opposite bank.

"Seems to me this is the hottest day yit," said John Barney, as he climbed down from the high seat of the wagon and held out his arms to a little girl of about twelve years. He lifted her to the ground, and as her bare brown feet touched the brown grass she said,

"It's nice to step on the ground again, daddy. I get so awfully tired there in the wagon. We 'most to where we are going?"

"Well, it's quite a far piece, yit, honey, but we'll rest a good deal by the way. You go wade a little in the river an' kind o' cool off your feet, while daddy onhitches the critters an' sets out a bite o' something to eat."

"I ought to set out something to eat while you onhitches," replied the little girl. "You know that ma said that I was to take her place far as I could in doing for you, daddy."

A little tremor came into her voice as she spoke, and the man's voice was unsteady, and he faltered a little when he said,

"I—I—know, honey. I know jist what your ma said, but she didn't mean you was to try to do much while you are so little. Daddy will do for both of us for a little while yit. You go play, honey."

He turned his face away and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his faded hickory shirt. It had been but three days since he had buried his wife under a tree on the bare plains. He and the little girl were alone now. The journey had been undertaken in the hope that the invigorating air of Colorado would cure the consumption that had long held the mother in its grip. But it had been a vain hope.

"We might as well go on as to go backward," he had said to the little girl. "We've no folks to go back to. And we've at least got friends out there in Colorado." He was a man of a restless spirit, and the fact that he had always been "on the move" had much to do with his impoverished condition. He did not tell his little

girl that his last dollar had been spent in burying his wife, and that the small supply of bacon and flour and coffee in the wagon was all they had.

"I'll have to sell the organ, bad as I hate to," he said to himself, as he tethered the bony horses out on the brown grass. "I did want to keep it for Maida the worst way, and her ma was always opposed to her selling it, for she wanted Maida to have it help cultivate her purty singin' voice."

A small cabinet organ and his violin were two things John Barney had clung to tenaciously through many a season of bitter poverty. The love of music was strong in him and his little girl, who had a voice of great sweetness and purity.

They tarried on the bank of the muddy little stream for a couple of hours, and when they hitched the horses to the wagon to go on their way they discovered that one horse was lame. It limped along slowly, and when they had gone a few miles John Barney said,

"Old Charley seems to be getting worse, so I guess we'd better stop until morning where we are, or he may get so he can't go at all."

The old horses were unhitched, and the man and the child sat listlessly until evening in the shade cast by the wagon and its cover, suffering greatly from the heat. Her father had breakfast ready when Maida awoke the next morning. It was cooler, but still too warm for real comfort. When the little girl appeared at the open end of the wagon, her father pointed toward where the horses were standing, and said,

"Look there, honey."

The little girl looked, and said, "What a pretty horse, daddy! Where did it come from?"

"I give it up," replied her father. "It was there with our two old nags when I got up this morning. Mighty handsome critter. I've an idee it has broken away from its owner. Like enough he'll be along for it before we start."

But the owner of the young horse had not appeared when the meagre breakfast was finished and they were ready to start. The stray horse followed behind the old wagon. The lame horse was but little better, and it was evident that its lameness was increasing. When they had gone two or three miles, John Barney said, "Long as the horse is goin' to foller right on behind us, I don't see but what I might as well hitch him up if he has been broken to harness and let him spell old Charley a little while."

The harness was transferred to the back of the other horse, and it and old Ned walked along together in great harmony while the lame horse came on behind the wagon. They met two or three persons during the day, and one man called out, "Your horses aren't very well matched, are they? That off horse is a fine beast. Don't often see as fine a horse as that out here on the plains."

When sunset came they camped near the bed of a

stream that had run dry, and while John Barney was frying the bacon for supper the little girl arranged their few dishes on the box they used for a table. Presently she said, "Why, daddy, I've just thought of something. Funny neither of us thought of it before. You know what day to-morrow is, daddy?"

"A body loses track of time out here, but the way I figger it out it's Friday."

"But what day of the month is it, daddy?"

"Lemme see—second, third—why, it's the fourth."

"The Fourth of July, daddy!"

"Well, so it is, little one!"

"Aren't we going to celebrate any, daddy?"

"Well, I hadn't thought anything about it, honey. But we will do something to mark the day. Every man that thinks anything of his country ought to pay it respect on the birthday of its independence. A man that's fit and bled for his country the way I did in the Civil War has a feelin' toward her that a man ain't apt to have that never tried to defend her from harm. Yes, little one, we'll celebrate, even if there ain't but just the two of us. We'll take a day off to-morrow, that's what we will! It will give old Charley a chance to get over his lameness, an' the owner of the

horse that helped us out all day yesterday will surely be along after him. We'll lay by and celebrate."

"How, daddy?"

"Well, for one thing, we'll run Old Glory up to the breeze. I ain't a thing on this earth I'm prouder of than the old flag I carried for our rigimint a part o' the time in the war. We've got it with us, and I'll make as good a flagstaff as I can from one o' these little cottonwoods. Then we'll take the organ out and sing some good old patriotic songs, and you can read the fine old Declaration, and I'll make a speech."

"That will be good fun, daddy," said the little girl, gleefully.

"It will be paying respect to the day, anyhow."

As they ate their supper, they planned quite a unique celebration. "I have a good deal of powder and some fuse in the wagon," said Barney, "and we'll make some noise, anyhow."

They had not been so cheerful in many a day. The sun went down a great red ball in the yellow west, and the golden crescent of a new moon soon came out among the countless shining stars. The old wagon looked forlorn enough in all that great expanse of almost treeless prairie, and while the little girl slept soundly after a few minutes on her pillow, her father lay on his back on the dewless grass, looking up to the stars, where, as he had full and serene faith to believe, "ma was." It was

long before he fell asleep, and when he did so there were tears on his sunburned cheeks. Next morning the sun came up in a cloudless sky, and a soft breeze moved the wagon-cover lightly. But before they finished breakfast, the sky became overcast and there was a rumble of thunder.

"Looks as if we'd have to have our celebration in the wagon," said Barney. "But we'll run the stars and stripes up, even if they get wet."

He had secured the best flagstaff he could the evening before, and had set it in the ground a short distance and fastened it to a wheel of

the wagon. Old Glory was floating above the wagon when the little girl got up, and she clapped her hands and said, "It looks lovely, daddy!"

"The stars and stripes ought always to look lovely to an American," replied her father.

They had planned to have their "exercises" at ten o'clock, and a gentle rain had begun to fall at that time. The little girl showed her disappointment, but her father said, cheerily, "Never you mind, dearie. We'll have 'em in the wagon, and we'll be real snug there. Of course we can't bring the organ out in the rain. And only think of how much pleasanter it will be to travel to-morrow with this rain laying all this turrrible dust."



"HELLO, THERE, JOHN BARNEY, OLD COMRADE! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

The old organ was uncovered and the fiddle brought out of its bag, and the "exercises" began in the wagon.

A little company of horsemen riding fast appeared on the eastern horizon. They rode as only cowboys can ride, and they had the lithe and spirited, slim-limbed horses that cowboys like to ride and master. When the dozen or more men were still a long distance from the forlorn old wagon one of them said,

"There the sneak is, boys, or I miss my guess—away over there to the left, near that little bunch of cottonwoods. If that isn't a wagon, I'm a liar."

"For once you have told the truth, Cap," replied another of the riders. "It is a wagon, and there's three horses tethered near it. If one of 'em isn't your pretty Nell then I'm a liar."

"It will be all the better for the poor devil in the wagon if you are a liar," replied Cap. "By George! that horse farthest from the wagon is my Nell. The chap that pinched her will never pinch another."

"Like enough he's taking a snooze in the wagon," said a stalwart fellow in a blue-flannel shirt and broad sombrero. "Let's slip up with as little racket as possible and s'prise him."

They slackened their speed and drew near quietly. When they were within a few rods of the wagon the foremost rider held up his hand as a signal to halt.

"If there ain't Old Glory waving above the wagon, and—listen!" he said. "An organ, by the great horn spoon!"

The sound of an organ on which the "Star-spangled Banner" was being played came to their ears. Then a child's voice as clear and sweet as a bell came to them as she sang the first stanza.

A deep bass voice joined in with the child's voice on the last two lines of the stanza. Then the young voice took up the next. When the song ended one of the men said,

"Celebrating the glorious old Fourth, by George! They can sing all right, anyhow. Listen!"

Now the two voices sang "America" together with great effect.

"Say, boys, that's great!" said big Jack Ryley.

"That's what it is!" said the lithe young giant astride a restless bronco. "We don't want to break in on that patterotic concert just yet. Listen!"

They heard the man's voice reading the Declaration of Independence. He stopped frequently to explain the meaning of the passages to the little girl, and when he was through Jack Ryley gave one of his great thighs a slap, and said,

"Shucks, boys! that man never stole anything. He's a man, he is!"

"Now tell me some stories about when you were in the war, daddy," said the child's voice. "Tell me about you and your comrade being captured, and what a time you had in that prison."

The man's voice could be heard telling a simple story of great courage and loyalty to a just cause. He dwelt with tenderness on the affection that existed between him and his old war comrade.

"And what became of him?" asked the little girl.

"I lost track of him after the war. We were both young chaps—and I went East and he went West."

The owner of Nell suddenly leaped from his horse, jumped up on to the tongue of the wagon, pushed aside the flap of the cover, and called out, cheerily,

"Hello, there, John Barney, old comrade! Don't you know me?"

John Barney stared at him for a moment, and then sprang forward.

"Of course I know you, Tom Bailey! Why, Tom!"

They clasped hands and stood thus when the other men came up.

"Boys, this is an old war comrade of mine," said "Cap." "I'm the chap you heard him tell the little girl about. Is it your child with the voice of an angel?"

"Yes, it is. Come, Maida, come and see daddy's old comrade that he was telling you about."

Suddenly the clouds scattered and the sun shone.

"We'll get out of the wagon," said John Barney. "We were having a Fourth-o'-July celebration by ourselves, but we'll be glad to have you join with us."

They lifted the organ out of the wagon and set it on the ground. The men gathered around the organ, "singing patterotic songs to beat the band." Then they had some "speechifying."

"Any of you gentlemen happen to know whose horse that is out there—the bay beauty, I mean? She came to my wagon night before last, and has followed me ever since. Curious the owner doesn't appear."

"He has," said Cap. Bailey. "That's my horse."

"You don't say! I'm glad she belongs to so good a man. Now, let's all sing 'The Red, White, and Blue.'"

When the song was ended, John Barney said,

"Well, boys, I'd invite you to dinner if I had anything to offer. But I'm at rock bottom on pervisions and cash."

"That's all right, old comrade," replied Cap. Bailey. "My cattle ranch isn't such a great ways from here, and we'll all head for that. And it's where you and the little one shall stay as long as I can keep you. We'll all head for the ranch and continue the celebration there to-night."

They went off to the eastward, with Ryley at their head holding the flag aloft while their voices went far over the prairie as they sang the national hymn.

Fortunate Misfortune.

Boskirk—"There goes Krimmins on crutches. He's a lucky man."

Fosdick—"How lucky? Why, didn't he have both legs broken by a trolley-car?"

Boskirk—"Yes, and now all the motormen stop for him to get aboard."

The Real Thing.

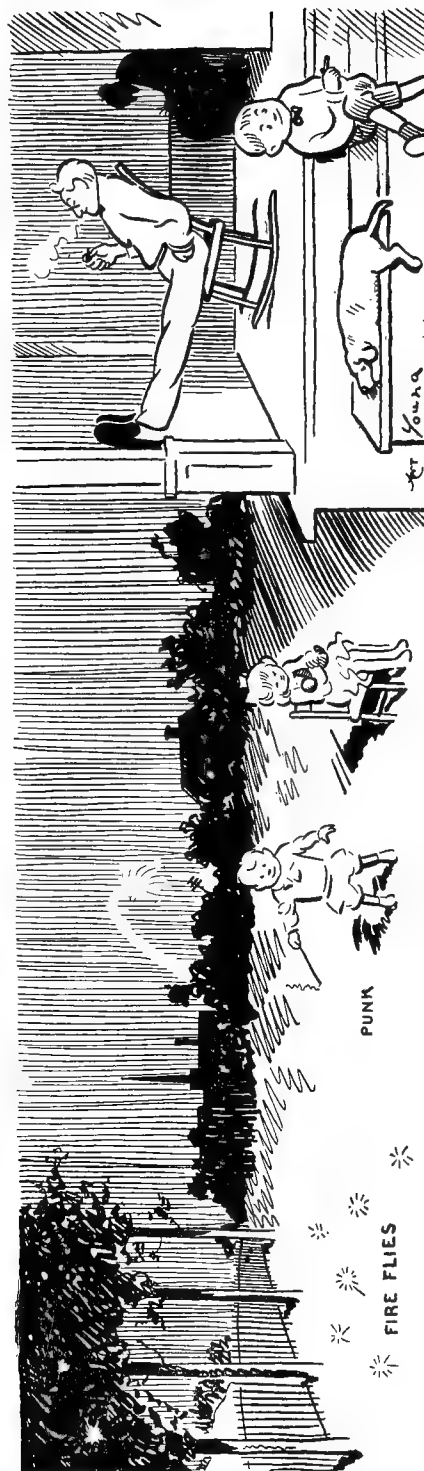
She—"You don't mean to say, professor, that you have given up all your studies in the higher mathematics in order to play golf?"

The professor—"Yes, I have. I wanted something to discipline my mind."

BEFORE AND AFTER.



1. Fourth of July as we yearly dread it will be.



2. And the way it usually turns out.

The Girl Who Wanted To Know

By La Touche Hancock

THERE was once a little girl who was forever saying, "Oh, but I want to know!" A good many little girls, and boys, for the matter of that, are in the habit of saying the same thing. When they grow older they find out that if they always discover the whole truth they are very apt to be wretched.

It was no use for this little girl's parents and schoolmistress to tell her that "children should be seen, and not heard." She thought that was old-fashioned, and she said so.

When this little girl—her name was Lavender, by the way—was seventeen years old she still had the same desire to find out about everything and everybody, but, being par-

ticularly vain, she wished to know considerably more about herself than other people. She liked to be told that she was pretty. As she was not at all ill-looking a good many young men, who fancied they were in love with her, took every opportunity of assuring her that she was the most beautiful girl in the world. She half believed this, but as she had read in romantic novels how Edwin almost invariably made the same remark to his Angelina, she "wanted to know" if she could really be classed amongst the beauties of the land.

Lavender was extremely self-conscious. If there was the smallest blemish on her face—a little spot, for instance, that wouldn't go away no matter what quack preparations she used for its removal, she would fret. The young men would still say that she was a transcendent beauty, but her looking-glass told her differently.

One night she was in bed trying to go to sleep, but sleep wouldn't come. She was worrying too much over the symptoms of an incipient breaking out that threatened to disfigure her face for some time. She bothered herself into a fever "wanting to know" what her admirers would think of her if this trifling transient mishap occurred. At last she cried out suddenly,

"Oh! how I wish I had something with which I could look into people's hearts and see whether they were telling the truth or not!"

Then she turned over, and at last went to sleep.

The next morning she woke up, and, while dressing, discovered on her bureau a small mirror about the size of the palm of her hand. She was quite certain it did not belong to her, and equally sure it had not been there on the night before. She took it up, and underneath found a piece of paper folded up with these lines on it:

"If you would like to know
The truth in people's hearts;
If what they say is so,
This little glass imparts
The means to make you wise,
Just place it in your hand,
Turn it toward their eyes,
And you will understand!"

Lavender was astonished. Then she grew frightened. Her first thought was to show the mirror and the writing to her mother. Then she grew calmer, and actually laughed. Perhaps she had a fairy godmother, though she was sure her sponsors had all been mortals. Well, who could tell? At all events she remembered she had made a wish. There was the mirror in answer to it, and there, too,



HIS TOOTH-BRUSH.

THE ADJUTANT (*facetiously*)—"Got your tooth-brush with you, eh?"
THE BABOON—"No; it's the hippo's. He forgot it."

were the directions how it was to be used. Why shouldn't she at all events make a trial of it? She would keep it a secret, and, of course, a secret was very dear to her. She would. She did, and with disastrous results.

She determined to make an experiment with the mirror that afternoon. Lavender had been taught singing, and, though she had a very fair voice, it was certainly not out of the common. She had been invited to a musicale, one of those social events where people talk through the music—that is, while the music is going on. On these occasions the guests are extremely apt to carry on a whispered conversation while the vocalist is trying to do his or her best. Afterward, of course, congratulations are showered on the singers, whether they deserve them or not. Capital, thought Lavender. This will indeed be a test.

Now, if Lavender had a preference for any of those who professed admiration for her it was for an Englishman, who was certainly well-born, and reckoned to be wealthy. His name was Bruce Berkeley. The reason she placed him before the others was because she was determined he should be her first dupe. He was so distant in his admiration that he annoyed her, and she had long since made up her mind that he should bow down to her majesty as the rest had done. Berkeley was courteous enough, but she once or twice had caught him looking at her with a quiet, amused smile. This irritated her. She would lead him on, bring him to his knees, perhaps accept him, and then throw him over. It was a mean revenge, but it suited Lavender's vanity.

That afternoon she dressed herself most becomingly, for Lavender's father was a semi-millionaire, and could afford to allow his daughter an extremely fair competence on which to dress, and after having concealed the little mirror in her glove, drove off to Mrs. Lyona Lelin's musicale with her mother. The drawing-rooms were crowded, but nervousness was not a failing which troubled Lavender. She was asked to sing, was at the piano in an instant, and forthwith obliged the company with some vocal fireworks, which were politely applauded. Now for the test, said Lavender to herself, after she had bowed her acknowledgments and taken the inevitable encore. She unbuttoned her glove, leaving the mirror in the palm of her hand, which she partly closed.

Mrs. Lyona Lelin hurried up to pay her congratulations. "Charming! Charming! my dear," said Mrs. Lelin. "It's really a treat to hear you sing!"

Furtively Lavender turned the mirror toward the eyes of her hostess, and instinctively came the truth into Lavender's mind. What Mrs. Lelin really meant was—

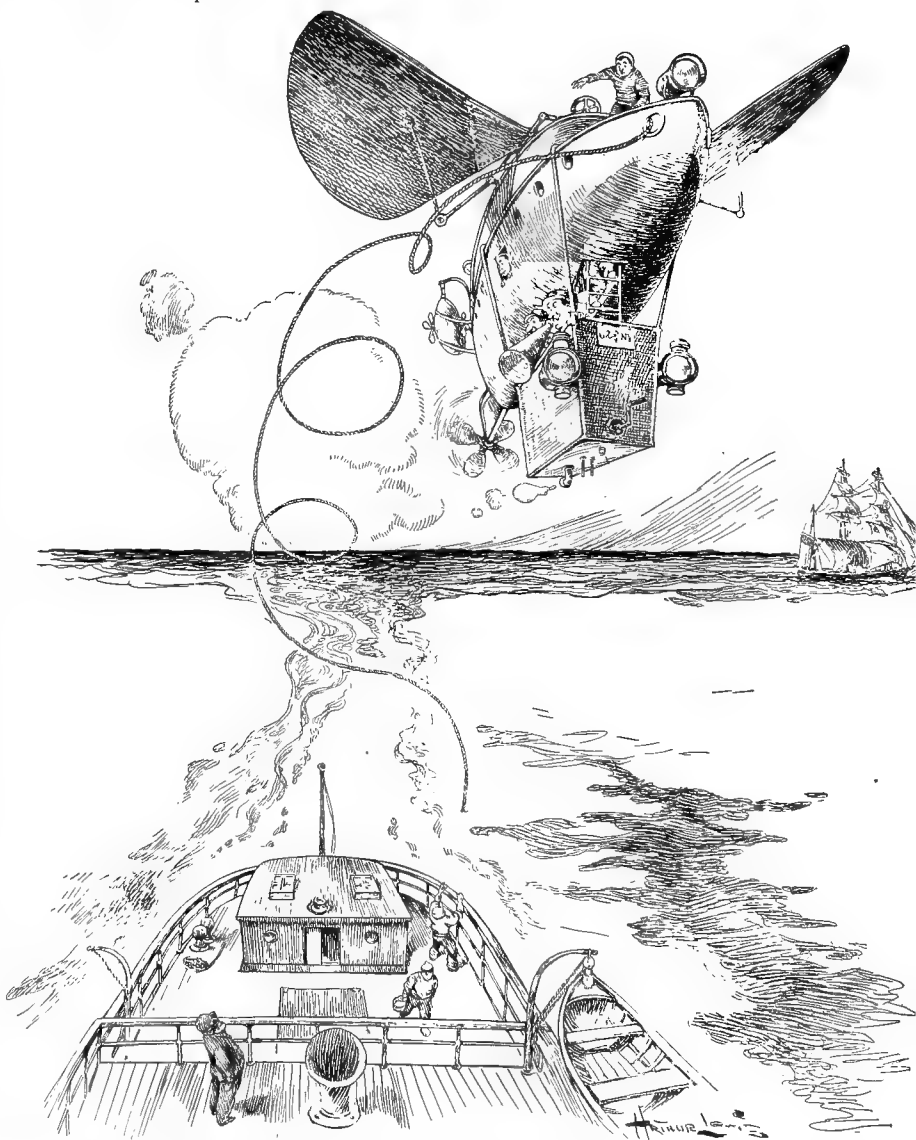
"A charming song, most execrably sung!"

"Well," thought Lavender to herself, as she thanked Mrs. Lelin and turned away, "that's a pretty good beginning, anyhow. I always thought that woman was a hypocrite! Now for another test." She approached a Mr. Charles Robbins, who was a young man about town with a high opinion of himself, which nobody shared.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Miss Amory," he began. "You really ought to sing in grand opera!"

Alas, and alack! when the mirror was turned on his little muddy gray eyes it reflected—

"Who on earth ever told you you had a voice I can't conceive."



THE TRANSATLANTIC PEST IN THE YEAR 2000.

AIR-SHIP SKIPPER—"Hey, captain! give us a tow into New York. Part of our steering-gear fell overboard."

Lavender flushed. Mr. Charles Robbins was delighted. He thought his compliment had been appreciated.

Another admirer, a mild youth with budding down on his upper lip, was of opinion that Miss Amory really rivaled Patti in her palmy days. The mirror nearly cracked at this. It freely translated his sentiment into—

"Talk about wind in a gas-pipe! It was awful!"

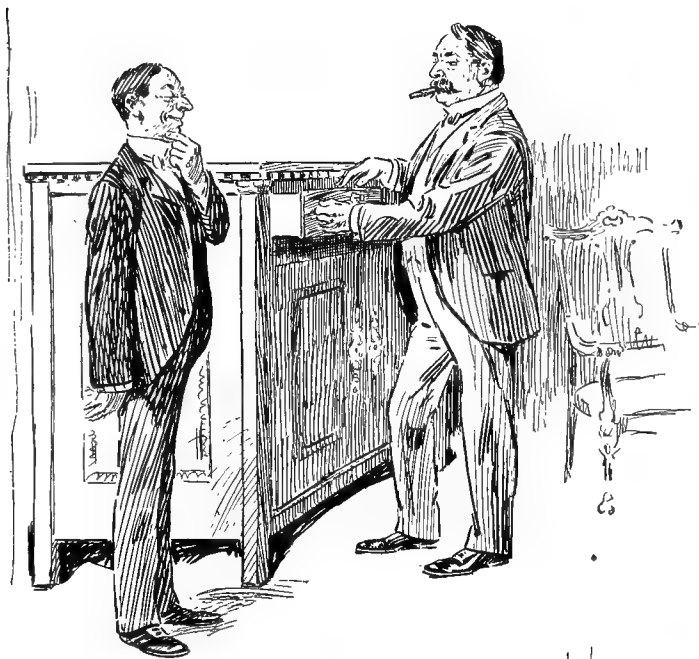
Lavender was now becoming quite amused.

"This is as good as a Palace of Truth," said she, as she walked toward Bruce Berkeley, who sat at the end of the room with that same exasperating smile on his countenance.

"Now we'll see whether his highness will say anything approaching to what he really thinks."

Berkeley rose as she came toward him.

DISAPPOINTMENT.



I.

MR. VERYCAREFUL (to his new man)—"William, do you smoke?"

WILLIAM (with large expectations of a perfect)—"Yes, indeed, sir!"

"Thank you," said he, in a calm way; "that was a pretty little song you sang first of all. May I ask who your teacher is? He, or she, knows how to bring out everything there is in a voice."

This was too much. If the speech wasn't meant to be rude it certainly seemed to be so. Lavender flashed the mirror furtively at him. There was no reply. He had spoken exactly what he had thought.

"Won't you sit down?"

She did. She was too furious in herself to try any further experiments that afternoon. The only person who had spoken his true thoughts was the man on whom she had determined to be revenged. Plunging into conversation she managed to restrain her anger, but presently rising suddenly she left Berkeley, saying that her mother

was beckoning to her. It was time to go. As she left the room she fancied she heard Berkeley's voice calling after her, but she took no notice.

When she reached home she discovered the mirror was gone! She must have dropped it, but where? Was it when she was sitting with Berkeley, and was it to call her attention to the fact that he had hurried after her? What was she to do? No one else, of course, would know the properties of the mirror, but— There were so many "buts" that she was nearly distracted when she went to bed that night.

The next morning, to her astonishment, Bruce Berkeley was announced. Had he found the mirror? She was all anxiety to know. At the same time she wished to be diplomatic in her haste. After a minute's desultory conversation she asked quietly,

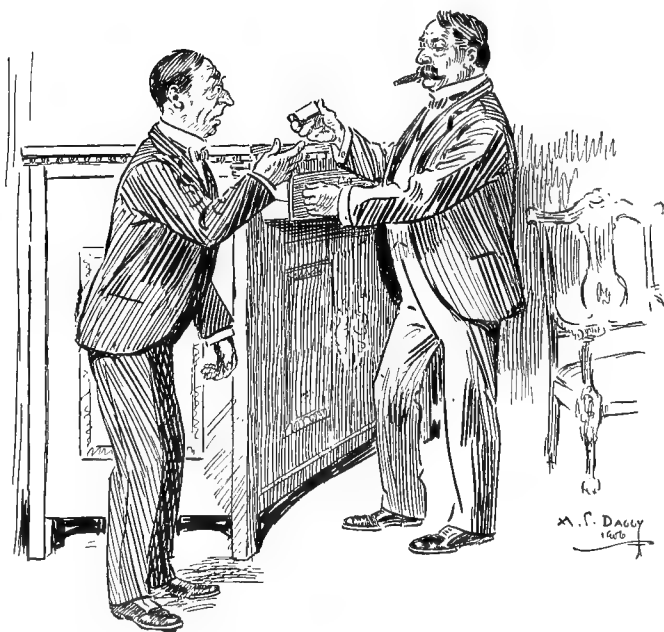
"By the way, Mr. Berkeley, did you find a small mirror, which I had with me at Mrs. Lelin's yesterday afternoon? I lost it somewhere. I fancy I must have dropped it there."

Again came that quiet smile on Berkeley's face. Lavender was frightened. She needn't have been. Berkeley was merely thinking of the vanity of women in general.

"Yes. I did pick up a small mirror. I have it here," said he, feeling in his pockets. "No," he continued; "it must be in my overcoat, which I left in the hall. I will fetch it in a moment, but, first of all, Miss Amory"—

And he forthwith launched into a protestation of affection and proposal of marriage, for which Lavender was by no means prepared.

"Selfishly speaking," said he, when he made his proposal, "I am sacrificing a fortune, for in the curious will left by my father there is a clause which forbids me to marry an American heiress on pain of losing all the money I should otherwise



2.

MR. VERYCAREFUL—"Well, here is a box of safety-matches. I allow no other sort on the premises."

enjoy. I have, however, never been an idle man in my life, and since my father's death have amassed in business a sum quite sufficient for our needs. That, of course, cannot be taken away from me. Whatever money you have I should insist being settled on yourself."

These circumstances were so novel that for a moment Lavender almost forgot her revenge. She fancied she rather liked the man, but another glance at that quiet face brought back all her resentful feelings. In as modest a manner as she could she said she wished for time to consider the matter. Berkeley bowed and rose to take his leave. He would wait, of course, on her convenience. While he was in the hall putting on his overcoat Lavender suddenly remembered the mirror. Rushing down stairs, she exclaimed,

"Oh, Mr. Berkeley, please don't forget my mirror! It is a keepsake."

Berkeley put his hand in his pocket, and holding the mirror, turned to her:

"You do really care for me, Miss Amory, don't you?"

Inadvertently turning her eyes on the mirror, Lavender exclaimed,

"Why, of course I do, Mr. Berkeley. "I"——

In an instant it flashed across her that she had fooled herself. She didn't care for him. She knew it, and now undoubtedly he knew it, too. Berkeley's face, when she spoke, seemed to undergo a change. He said nothing, but placed the mirror in her hand, said good-bye, and left the house. She never saw him again.

A month afterward Lavender took the mirror out of her bureau drawer and looked at it.

"I think," said she musingly, "that you have done enough mischief. I'd like to smash you on the floor, but that's unlucky. If I throw you away some one will probably pick you up, and soon be as wretched as I am. As far as I can make out there isn't a soul who has any respect for me. Tell me," she added coaxingly, "isn't there any one who loves me?"

Almost imperceptibly came the answer in her heart,

"Yes; you love yourself."

Lavender seized the mirror tightly, and was about to throw it on the ground when an idea struck her. Taking a penknife she scratched every particle of the quicksilver off the back and then threw the plain glass out of the window.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed through her tears; "you'll never do any more harm!"



A CASE IN POINT.

HE—"Deuced bores, these people around a summer resort. Don't they make you tired?"

SHE—"Yes; I feel very tired—to-night."

When Sympathy Failed.

A CHICAGO woman, who recently made a trip to North Carolina, after having for several days been in the backwoods country, found, on her arrival at a railway station about twenty miles from Asheville, a telegram announcing the death of a dear friend. She stood on the platform, greatly dejected, when two men and a woman drove up in a wagon. The woman went from one paroxysm of grief into another. She wrung her hands, wailed most piteously, and had to be lifted from the wagon by her two companions.

On the platform, while waiting for the train, she continued to weep, and the lady from Chicago half forgot her own grief in her sorrow for her afflicted sister. Other people crowded around the stricken one, however, and the visitor from the north could find no opportunity to offer the comfort and sympathy that she longed to give.

When the train arrived it required the combined efforts of four men to put the weeping lady aboard. She lost control of herself completely, her hysteria being almost heart-rending.

"Poor woman!" sighed the northern lady. "I wonder what I can do for her? I must do something. Ah, who but a mother can understand what she is suffering?"

The train started after the afflicted one's friends had got off, leaving her half swooning at one end of the car. Seeing her there alone, with her face buried in her hands, the Chicago lady went to her and said in her kindest tones,

"It's too bad! Can't I do anything for you?"

"No, no!" wailed the other; "there ain't nothin' you can do. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Poor dear! Don't take it so hard. How old was the child?"

"What child?"

"The little one that is dead."

"Whose little one is d-d-dead?"

"Why, isn't your child dead?"

"No. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Who is it, then?"

"Who's who-oo?" with another heartrending sob.

"Who is dead?"

"I don't know."

"If nobody is dead, why are you crying so?"

"Oh, oh, oh! I'm goin' clear to Asheville, and it's tw-twenty miles from ho-o-ome, and I ne-ever was so far b-b-before, and—oh, oh, oh!—I mightn't ever get back again!"

D. B. K.

Growls of a Grouchy Gent.

LOVE knows no law but mother-in-law.

The home is the "national capital" of the country. Just as long as young men are foolish young girls will flirt.

You can lead a boy to school, but you can't make him think.

When a man attains fame he should die quickly or be stricken dumb.

Be intelligent first, educated, if it is possible, but "intellectual" last of all.

The really successful men always manage to put the shoulders of other men to the wheel.

Riches may bring anxiety, but lack of them will bring misery. Now take your choice.

There are two kinds of fools, the wise and the silly. Make the world ha-ha with you, not at you.

Men gossips are worse than the feminine variety. They have more and nastier things to talk about.

A man's love of woman should be like that of the bee that steals honey from the flower's heart without injuring it.

PETER PRY SHEVLIN.

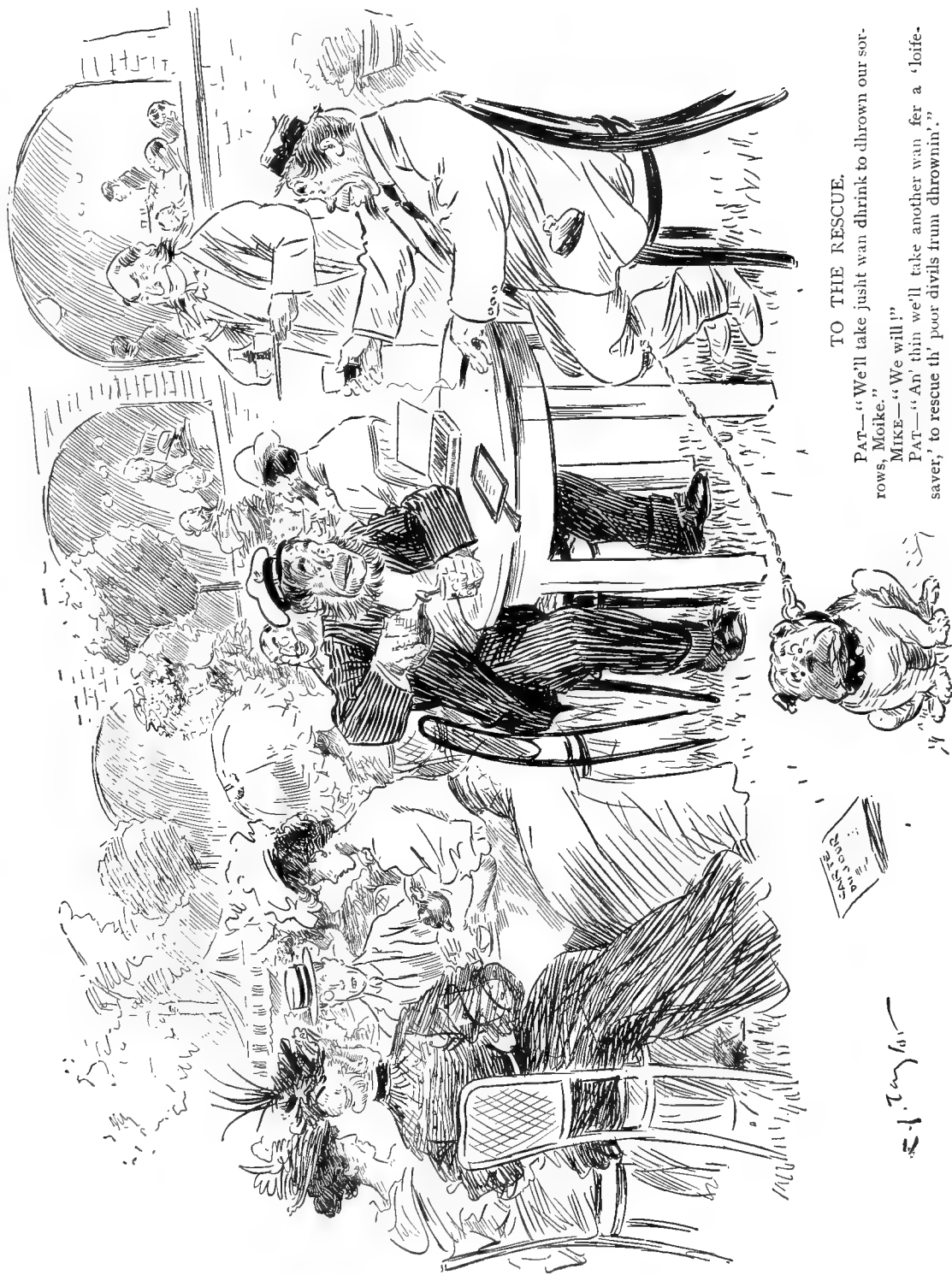


D. CONACHER

A SNAP-SHOT.

THE CAMERIST—"Oh, can't you keep still a moment, please?"

SODA-WATER is not unhealthy merely because it is vichy-ated.



TO THE RESCUE.

PAT—"We'll take jusht wan dhrink to dhrown our sorrows, Moike."

MIKE—"We will!"

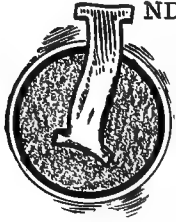
PAT—"An' thin we'll take another wan fer a 'loife-saver,' to rescue th' poor divils frum dhrownin'."

—19/2/1911

Not in Baedeker

By Frank Crane

Dedicated to all who have sweat blood over Baedeker abroad.
The asterisk (*) is used as a mark of commendation. (M) miles.



INDIANA—Route 13—From Sawyer's Bend to Higsville.

From Sawyer's Bend the railway (best seats to the right) runs west, passing Barrett's glue-works and Congressman Master's new house, to the right. We soon enter Hickory grove, where Bill Peters whipped Sam Tope last

Fourth of July, and cross Snake creek. Fine view of John Angel's farm (the stacks on the left are the hay he sold to Sawyer. Note the *roan filly in the west forty; she made a mile in two-fifty at the county fair; a free goer, but not an extra looker). 6 M.—Allison—Cooper & Smith's elevator to the left of the station. The road now passes through extensive corn-fields. To the left of a pond we see Shake-rag school-house, and a little beyond the residence of Major Harris (the new wing was put on the major's house last summer, when he married the widow Crum). Then Beaseley's place, Brown's, Fager's (do not swap horses with Fager), and Bently's. 9 M.—

Williams's Siding—nothing here but a pile of ties. The big cottonwood, two miles south, marks the best swimming-hole on Snake creek (leeches). For the next mile or so we are passing Mrs. McCarthy's children along the road. The train makes a sharp turn to the left, and after passing the red section-house (McCarthy's) we enter (11 M.) Higsville.

HIGGSVILLE.

Railways—The Big Six railway station is to the west of the town. Railway restaurant. Don't eat unless you want gastritis. Kept by Dave Eppler, the stingiest white man in the state; also by his wife, who is stingier. Chicago and Kalamazam station four blocks from Big Six. One can take the train here for St. Louis (and he cannot do it any too soon). No restaurant here, but across the street is Mrs. Tooley's shack, where one can get a plate of cold beans, a cup of coffee, a glass of milk, or a sandwich, each five cents; in an open, sunny situation, but unsanitary. (If Mrs. Tooley will keep the cover on her rain-barrel and scrub her floor once or twice a year, we will be pleased to give her a star.)

Hotels—*City Hotel: New brick structure on Main street; \$2 a day; pension, \$5 a week. (Give a quarter to the *freckled waitress.) St. James Hotel—Much spoken against; same rates.

A rambling wooden building; say your prayers before you go to bed, for if the house ever takes fire you will never get out. Meechum House—East end of Main street; \$1 a day, \$3 a week. Guests wishing a clean place on the towel must get up early. Mrs. Marble's—A boarding-house; two school-teachers board here, also Doc Peters and three railroad men. Bain's, Carter's and Rollin's also keep boarders. (At Rollin's the soap is nailed to the wall; be careful not to scratch your hand.)

Cafés and restaurants—Mink's restaurant: Cove oysters a specialty. Ike Jerome's—new; about ten feet square; calico curtains. Ike will cook you almost anything on the gas stove. Pleasant, but somewhat close. Patrons desiring to see the proprietor in a clean collar must call early in the week, as the one he puts on Sunday does not last usually over Wednesday.

Saloons—*Palace saloon: Two glasses of beer for five cents; three card tables (cards all there, but soiled; the card with the corner bit off, green deck, is the Jack of diamonds. Nichols's Retreat—New management; billiards and pool. (At the southeast corner of the room is where an Italian stabbed Jim Pettus in 1898; the Italian was hung the same evening on the fourth telegraph-pole south of the Big Six station; the pole is painted white.)

Post-office—In Merkel's Emporium, rear.

Cabs, etc.—One 'bus is occasionally at the trains; unnecessary, however, as one can walk all over the town in half an hour. Lancy's livery stable will supply a private conveyance; there is one good team, the clay-bank pair. (Make a bargain with Lancy before using his horses, for he is a ** thief.)

Theatres—Opera House: Over Williams's hardware-store. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" yearly. Other shows at intervals; see bills. Not patronized by the élite.

Churches—Seventy-six denominations; four church buildings.

Church fêtes, etc.—Discussion on religion every night during the season in the back part of Sale's grocery store. *Ephraim Tutt is the best arguer; Blakeslee, Ames and



THE SUBMARINE RACE.

FIRST SEA-HORSE—"The tortoise, lobster, and horseshoe crab are about to start for the hundred-yard crawling record."

SECOND SEA-HORSE—"Let's put our money on the horseshoe crab for 'luck.'"

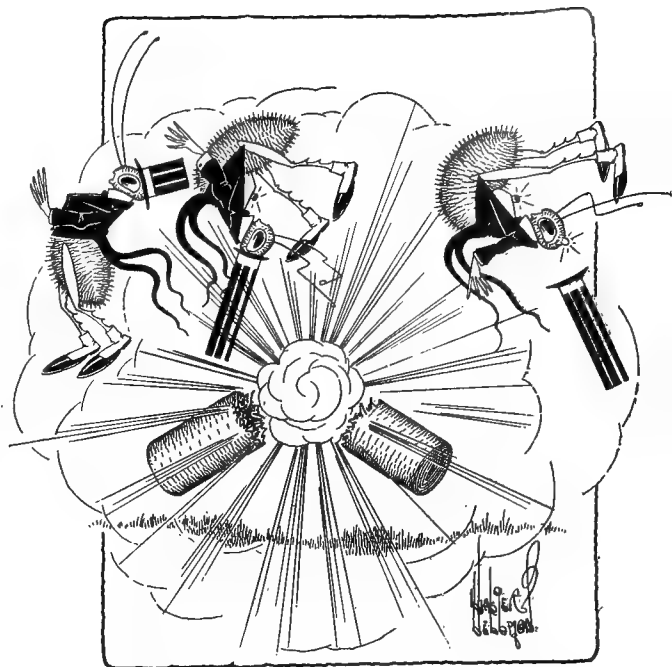
Rountree well spoken of ; the last-named is louder but not so long as Tutt. Picnics in Thompson's grove in June and July (chiggers). Christmas trees at the churches (scholars desiring to receive presents must have attended Sabbath-school from November 15th). Sociables around at the private houses in winter. *Kissing games are not usually begun until ten p. m., after the preacher has gone home. (Use discretion with the citric-acid lemonade, which is liable to produce alimentary disorder.)

Shops (known as stores)—The best are on Main street, as there are none anywhere else. Note picturesque, open-vested cod-fish at Chambers's. John Sale's grocery is well recommended, as he has a team of mules to deliver purchases. Sheet-music can be had at Lapham's drug-store. (Customers are requested not to handle the music ; take the first piece you come to ; every one guaranteed popular and first class.) Good overalls at The Emporium (ask for the double-seated kind ; insist).

Amusements, etc.—Seven-up, for beans, is the chief amusement. Those wishing to sit into a game of poker, ten-cent limit, should notify the clerk at the City Hotel. The three Episcopalian families play whist ; other denominations, authors and pit. Horse-shoes in Meneeley's pasture, behind the school-house, on pleasant afternoons. (Gentlemen wearing socks are not allowed in the game.) Of the walks and excursions, in the environs, the pleasure to be derived from them depends on whether one is headed to or from the town. Chautauqua Circle, abandoned.

Higgsville, with one thousand inhabitants, is a flourishing inland town of Indiana. We leave the railway station (called depot) and walk (guide unnecessary) down Main street. To the southeast we observe Eb Hopkins sitting on the curb-stone, resting. To his right and left are others (no choice). Behind them rise the gorgeous colors of a circus bill-board ; above this may be seen the tops of the piles of lumber in Graves's lumber-yard ; while still higher up we perceive the sky, which is a long way off. Horses stand hitched to the racks all down the shady side of the street. We take this shady side, and as we walk along (keep well in from the edge of the sidewalk or the horses will bite you) we note on all sides the evidences of the strenuous life (joke). Stepping past Nichols's saloon, with its insistent fragrance, we observe the pies in the window of the German bakery (all the flies of the town are *not* here) ; the apple barrels covered with wire screening (wasps—look out !) in front of Sale's place, the yellow dog asleep on the walk in front of the bank, and the Davis girls in the spring-wagon, holding the horses while their mother shops ; and just before we die we turn to the left, down a side street, which brings us to the livery stable. Here one can pass the time, in company with a number of gentlemen who are not in trade, watching the Swede hired man oil the harness.

Pursuing our way a little farther (3 min.) we reach the school-house, the most imposing edifice in the city. It is of the later baroque style, the façade after plans by Ed Howe, of Indianapolis, one of the transition group of architects (he went to Nebraska) of the last century. It is marred, however, by the addition of large chunks of mud, evidently by a later hand. The sculptures, or intaglio work, on either side of the door are by pupils of the modern school, mostly by Shorty Smith and the Gaines boys. This carving is deeply and somewhat humorously conceived, but evidently executed hastily. The bizarre apertures in the basement window are by Muggsy. The interior is well worth seeing. We enter the broad hall, and



THE FOURTH IN BUGVILLE.

Talk about your revolutions in Russia and your eruptions of Vesuvius ! Fourth of July in Bugville is a hundred times worse.

turning in at the first door to the right, we come upon one of the most interesting relics of the place, *Miss Jones. Archæologists are divided as to the date of this specimen, but the best authorities place it in the paleozoic epoch. It is related that President Roosevelt, on seeing this, exclaimed "Ouch !" In the rear corner seat note Muggsy, who can lick any boy in school.

Leaving now the school-house, we go west by Judge Cy Perring's house (the judge is asleep most of the time, and doesn't know much when he is awake), with its yellow picket-fence and cinquecento gate and *iron dog on the lawn ; pass through Hibbs's back yard, to see the onion beds, with their rococo borders of broken bottles ; crawl under the clothes hanging from the line ; beat the bulldog to the fence by the fraction of a minute ; fall into the alley, and thence into the rear entrance of the drug-store. Here we find a *friend, and remain for a space in the back room.

As we emerge upon the sidewalk we note the whistle of a locomotive, and at the thought of a chance to *leave town we make the railway station on a dead run. We find it is a freight train, and hence must walk (cinders and slag—keep on the ties) a half-mile down the track, climb into the caboose, and after being jerked and switched and jolted for an hour or so we pull out, only to be put off the train about two miles out in the prairie, as the freight train is not allowed to carry passengers. We walk the rest of the way, satisfied, so long as we are **leaving Higgsville, bound for ***** anywhere.

The Close of the Service.

"WHY does she always go to church just as the people are about to come out ?"

"Because she only cares for the clothes of the service."

Levinski's Outing.



'M a poor man, believe me,
an' vorked
On buttons for seffen-
teen years,
So I said I vill take a day
off
An' see how d' goun-
try appears.

I sat on a hill like d' president—
Oi voi! my heart it vas full;
D' sky like expensive blue satin,
D' glouds like d' finest of vool.
D' green grass spread oud like a
garpet
Vid dandelions sprinkled all o'er
Just like big gold dollahs an' green-
backs—
I forgot for a vile I vas poor.

Ven d' day began to go bankrupt
D' sun in d' vest did retire
Just like a gold ball, till d' vaters
Shined red like an elegant fire.

Den d' moon it came oud slightly damaged—
At dot 'tvas an elegant sight—
An' d' stahs looked like genuine diamonds
Upon d' black plush of d' night.

Et gost me two dollahs en' feefty,
En' seffenty-five from my pay,
But d' show vas vord all d' money,
An' I tell you dot nature's Oi. K.

Due.

ANOTHER "Jungle" book on the *packing* business—
by a Subwayite.



A Seeker.

"MAMMA," wept the little boy, "I don't see where
that is for my own good."

The mother explained carefully and patiently the hope
she had that the spanking just administered would be of
great moral effect, and wound up with the soothing and
consoling statement,

"That is what mammas are for—to watch over their
little children and punish them when they deserve it."

"Did grandmamma ever spank you?"

"When I deserved it, yes."

"And did her mamma spank her?"

"Yes."

"And did everybody's mamma spank everybody?"

"Yes."

"Who spanked Adam and Eve?"

Her View of Prosperity.

Mrs. Hoyle—"Aren't you happy over the improvement
in your husband's business?"

Mrs. Doyle—"Well, hardly. It has made it necessary
for him to advertise for a stenographer."

Howell—"Did that fellow who wanted you to invest
have a sure thing, as he claimed?"

Powell—"Yes; I was it."



ANOTHER SHELL-GAME.



A HOUSE-BOAT PARTY ON THE RIVER NILE.

Not Yet, but Soon.

NOT yet, but soon,
The big coal-bills
And winter's chills,
And winter's ills,
And winter's medicine and pills,
Will come apace ;
But--take a brace.
It is
Not yet, but soon.

Not yet, but soon,
The steam too low,
The frozen toe,
The tale of woe,
Due to the slippery, sliding snow,
The ice and slush
Come with a rush.
It is
Not yet, but soon.

Not yet, but soon.
The firelight's glow,
The lights turned low,
The mistletoe.
Yes, gladly we'll let summer go--
Welcome with glee
The Christmas-tree.
It is
Not yet, but soon.

HUGO VALVADERE.

Dangerous Confidences.

"JOHN," said the manager
of the dime-museum, "I
want you to put the living
skeleton at one end of the hall
and the fat lady at the other
hereafter, and see to it that
they don't get a chance to talk
to each other before or after
the show."

"Why, have they been making
love to each other?" asked
John, looking toward the fat
lady and skeleton, who are in
deep conversation.

"Naw; but I overheard
them, and she is promising to
tell him what to eat to make
him fat, and he is promising to
tell her how to get thin."

Sneers of a Soured Sage.

SOFT-SOAP will not wash a
reputation.

It's the bill-collector who
always finds a man out.

A love that feeds on beauty
soon starves to death.

A bachelor's ideal is some-
thing with skirts and a large
bank-account.

Blamed It All on the Elements.

THE southern colonel climbed over the fence with a black look and a shot-gun.

"Remus!" he thundered, "I'm going to give you just ten seconds to tell me how my chickens happened to be in your yard."

"Deed-eed, sah!" stammered Remus, shifting from one foot to the other, "it was dis way: one ob dese big harri-canes come along en blowed dem right ober de fence, sah. Dat's de honest trufe."

"Blew them right over, eh? Well, how is it that the feathers happen to be scattered around your premises?"

"Well—well, sah, yu—yu see, et was sech a p-powah-ful harricane dat et done picked dem es clean es a p-pin, sah."

"Oh, it did, eh? Well, now, you just explain how it happens that those chickens are in that pot over there and there's a fire under the pot."

"Why—why, sah, yu see, et blowed so terribly hahd et jest picked dem birds up en fro a miracle dey fell plumb in de pot. Den de nex' thing Ah k-knowed et done lightnin' en strike dat pot en set fiah to de wood undah it, sah. Dat's why dey's b'ilin', sah."

She Went in a Hurry.

MISS DIMPLE, of the "Man and Mermaid" chorus, recently secured a speaking part in a St. Paul stock company. She closed her contract with the manager of "Man and Mermaid" as soon as possible and hurried west to commence her new engagement. At Buffalo she remembered that her wardrobe had been accidentally left behind, and this telegram was soon flying back to New York: "Manager 'Man and Mermaid'—Kindly secure wardrobe in dressing-room vacated by me and forward by next mail. Stella Dimple."

A Few that Are Barred.

"I HAVE a joke here, Mr. Editor"—

"Anything in it about the trees leaving in the spring?"

"No, sir."

"Anything about fishing and the re-bait system?"

"No, sir."

"Anything about muck-rakers?"

"No, sir."

"Any references to the United States Senate being interested in trusts, etc.?"

"No, sir."

"Anything about summer boarders?"

"No, sir."

"Anything about summer-resort fishing?"

"No, sir."

"Does it in any way bring in the henpecked husband or the mother-in-law?"

"No, sir."

"Any allusions to race-suicide or the word strenuous?"

"No, sir."

"Has it anything to do with women's clubs?"

"No, sir."

"Then for heaven's sake let's see it. It must be a real joke."

An Odious Comparison.

"DOESN'T Scrubbly look cheap beside that magnificent, well-dressed wife of his?"

"I should say so! He looks like a bar-tender's shirt-stud beside the Koh-i-noor."

Not Unlikely.

Scribbler—"I'll starve before I will write anything not equal to the greatest poets."

Critic—"I shouldn't be surprised."



INFATUATION.

MISS PARTINGTON—"I just love these 'cynic' railways!"

THE VOICE OF A VICTIM

By ELLIOTT FLOWER



IT WAS evident that his attire had been flashy at one time, but the dust of the road had dulled the flash. He had walked far, and he did not enjoy walking, but he was resigned to his fate.

"I was a hot sport," he explained, "but I cooled off sudden. It's me back to the city, where they ain't so wise. What? Oh, I was so warm that I sizzled, an' some jays put me on ice; I got friz up so I can't make steam any more—me that was brought up with a foxy bunch, too. I got to have a guardeen appointed, only there ain't nothin' left to guard. I guess I better marry an' borrow car-fare from me wife every mornin', not trustin' myself with more 'n that. Yes; that gentle game looks pretty good to me right now.

"How did it happen? Well, search me; I ain't got it worked out clear in me nut yet. Why, say! I thought I was so sharp that I couldn't turn over in bed without cuttin' myself. I lived where they rig the sure things an' deal from the bottom of the deck an' frame up the cinches; I know seventy-eight ways of takin' money from a man without lettin' him know he ain't gettin' a fair shake. An' I left me money with a bunch of jays! It's me back to a steady job now, for fair.

"It looked easy—never got me lamps on anything that looked easier. Here was me, side-tracked in a jay town an' amusin' myself by takin' in a little easy money on fool bets. They was all hot sports there, an' the way-station sport is the hottest there is, up to his limit; they'd bet on anything, so it was easy for a wise one from the city to frame up propositions that didn't really give 'em a chance to do more 'n pay up, only when I pulled 'em on by loosin' a-purpose. But it was all small—not real business, you know, only practice an' amusement.

"Then they got to talkin' of foot-racin'. I backed away quick, knowin' that's the most dangerous thing there is for the man what ain't on the inside. It looked proper enough, but I didn't see where I was due to butt in any, so I kept me head closed an' let them do all the talkin'. They didn't seem to care about me none, either; it was jest an argyment of their own. There was a lad there that thought he could run some, an' a few was raggin' him.

"Why," says one, 'there's a consumptive over to the Lake Hotel that could beat you and never have to push himself.'

"The Lake Hotel was a summer boardin'-house that could make room for 'most a dozen people by crowdin' some. All sorts of queer people put up there, an' I sized it up that they'd planted a ringer there an' was figgerin' to trim Mr. Sprinter. Anyhow, my play was to keep out.

"Well, Mr. Sprinter was sore right off. He knew who the feller was, which made him all the madder.

"That livin' skeleton!' he says. 'Why, I can beat him one mile in five!'

"What!' the first one comes back; 'you're jokin'. I ain't sayin' that he can run much, havin' to stop to cough a good deal, but you two 'd make a pretty even match. I wouldn't know which way to play my money—honest I wouldn't.'

"Everybody laughs at that, an' the sprinter—his name was Jake—boils up some more. It seems he's a crank on the foot game, trainin' himself all the time, so it natch-erly riles him to be told he's an even thing with a skinny that smokes cigarettes an' coughs every other minute.

"I know him,' says Jake; 'I could beat him so bad you'd think he was runnin' backward. I'll give him a mile start in a five-mile race.'

"For wind?' asks the other, careless.

"No; for money,' says Jake.

"Fifty cents, perhaps,' says the other.

"Fifty dollars,' says Jake, shootin' sparks out all over him.

"This here was goin' some stories higher 'n the roof for this town—five dollars bein' the accepted limit of bets—an' I begun to take notice. It seemed like a shame not to get in on the game, but it didn't look safe to me. If it was all straight goods it was the consumptive's end of the bet for mine, for a cripple ought to win with a mile start, but you never can tell what's doin' in a foot-race. When it's horses the outsider's got some sort of half chance, for the horse is straight, an' it's only the jockey that you got to figger on bein' crooked, but in foot-race you got the horse an' jockey rolled up in one crooked package. So it's me outside the ropes, doin' the spectator act an' wishin' I was wise to the way it was comin' off.

"If they had their hooks out for me they played it jest right. I ain't got it settled in my mind yet whether it was a come-on or an accident, but they put down the right cards to make your uncle Mike restless. That means they acted like he didn't have no interest in the affair at all. If they'd batted an eye at me I'd have put my hands in my pockets an' sewed 'em in, but they put me on the bleachers right from the jump; I didn't have nothin' to do but watch the fun; it was a local rumpus, an' I was an outsider. But it was awful tryin' on the nerves not to have any chance for the money, when it was flashin' in front of me.

"Well, they put up the real cash, an' fixed a day for the race. Then Dan, the feller that was backin' the unknown from the Lake Hotel, got his man out an' tried his paces. I went along. Say! they flattered him some by callin' him 'the cigarette,' because he was laid out more on the gen'ral lines of a match—a burnt match. It didn't

look like he was any more use than a match that's lit a cigar and gone out. He had the long legs, but he couldn't work 'em fast enough to count high. Still, on a straight deal, my money would have gone down on 'the cigarette,' for one mile in five is an awful handicap, an' Jake was no prize sprinter, except in his mind. I figgered that Jake might pull down a half-mile lead, but a mile had him all to the bad—he was zero.

"That's the way it looked to the local sports, too, for there was nothin' doin' even at odds, on Jake's side of the game; he put up his fifty, an' he was the only one who'd risk anything on his chance to win. So sittin' on the fence while the procession went by was all there was to do, as far as I could see, no matter how bad I wanted to act foolish.

"Then 'the cigarette' give me the office that there might be happenings—yes, sir; that frazzled pipe-stem give me the signal that he had me placed an' could put me wise to something real. It 'most knocked me over, but I could see he was the goods all right, so I got him alone. He was waitin' to be forgotten by some of them eyes that never sleeps, same as I was. I don't remember what the trouble was, but he'd skinned a sucker some way that was too bold, so it looked like a good time to rest. I'd got mixed up with a feller that come down to the city to buy some experience, an' kicked on the price I made him pay for it, which was why I'd side-tracked myself while he got tired waitin' to prosecute. That made me an' 'the cigarette' feel like old pals.

"'It's twenty-five for me to win this race,' says 'the cigarette,' 'an' all the loose money in town for me to lose it. Are you wise?'

"'I don't need no earthquake to wake me up,' I tells him; 'but you couldn't lose if you lay down an' rolled the distance.'

"'I'm a sick man,' he says, 'an' I'm overtrained awful. If they'd let me alone I could have made the distance easy, but it's comin' harder every time they put me over the course. I got such a weak stomach, an' me heart's bad. It don't look to me like I'll be able to finish at all when the race comes off.'

"'Can you make it stick?' I asks.

"'Sure,' says he with a wink. 'Ain't they givin' me half the bet for winnin'? An' don't I lose the twenty-five when I don't win? Any jay can see it would tear me up awful to lose that easy money. How strong are you?'

"'I count up a little better 'n three centuries,' says I.

"'I can't scrape up more'n two,' he says, 'but the way I'm lettin' 'em train me 's worth something.'

"'We'll split even,' I says.

"That suits him an' he passes over his two hundred, which gives me five hundred for bettin'. It wouldn't never do for him to place no money, so that was my end of the game. Say! I was scared for fear I couldn't get it all up, the sports bein' mostly of the two-dollar kind, but this looked so good that they hollered for it. I never see a way-station bunch that was so eager. They was raisin' money on everything they had, an' givin' odds, so 's to draw out every penny I had in my clothes. They got it all, too.

"Now, honest! wouldn't it look to you like a pipe? I didn't see no way to lose. They couldn't win a penny unless 'the cigarette' got in first, and he stood to lose two hundred if he did. Ain't that as safe as they make 'em?'

Even if 'the cigarette' was crooked they didn't have the money to make him throw me down, for, with the odds, he stood to make three hundred clear with me, an' they'd have to bid up more'n they'd make to beat that an' cover the two hundred he'd lose. Oh, you couldn't figger out anything safer 'n that, on the face of it.

"No, 'the cigarette, didn't throw me down; he couldn't, for the why I've told you. It was that teller Dan—the one that was trainin' 'the cigarette',—that did it. He was a husky cuss, an' he follered his man in a buggy. The course was laid out over country roads, you know, an' there was watchers for both sides. 'The cigarette' an' me had it framed up that he'd go to pieces in the last half-mile—jest give out an' drop. He was goin' to make it so



AT THE YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

DEACON MOUSE (*appearing suddenly*)—"Good heavens! the sights one is compelled to see about this neighborhood are positively demoralizing."

strong that they'd have to send an ambulance for him. But he didn't. No; he couldn't. 'Cause why?

"Well, I see the cause right at the finish. I was waitin' there to take in the money, when 'the cigarette' hove in sight, an' he wasn't loiterin' a little bit. Well, hardly. He was strainin' every nerve to keep ahead of a man with a buggy-whip, an' the man was this big husky Dan what had started the whole thing. That's what! It was a man with a buggy-whip that busted our combination wide open. When 'the cigarette' begins to give out, accordin' to schedule, Dan jumps from the buggy an' lashes him on the legs, an' 'the cigarette' can't get far enough away from that whip to even faint. It ain't easy to sink down weary-like when every little slackin' up raises welts on the legs; there ain't the chance to relax. Why, say! 'the cigarette' comes in dancin'—dancin' an' yellin'. He was the liveliest man with a weak stomach an' a bad heart that ever come over the hummocks.

"But I wasn't there. No; I'd faded. I'd liked to have claimed a foul or something, but the way those jays acted made me think it wasn't a good time for discussion. I didn't even wait for 'the cigarette,' but I understand he kept right on goin' after he'd crossed the line. I ain't had time to bother about him; I'm hittin' it out for the city, where the wise folks live. The smart men of the city for me; they're easier marks when you get right down to it."

Dismal Failure.

SOMETIMES one attempts to be facetious with the wrong person—the individual of no facetiety, as it were.

Recently I was going from Baltimore to Pittsburg, making the first stage via the Northern Central branch of Mr. Cassatt's railroad. The conductor was a man of intelligent appearance, so when I handed him my mileage-book and he proceeded to reel off a few yards of its generous length, I remarked merrily,

"The company aims to make the length of mileage-strip in the book correspond as nearly as possible to the actual distance traveled, it seems."

"I don't know what you mean," he solemnly replied.

"I mean," I said with that sinking feeling one has when a joke begins to fall flat, "that you have to tear off a couple of yards of that mileage for my trip."

"Yes," he said again with the patient air one employs in talking with very young children, insane people and idiots; "but, you see, you get to ride a good deal further than two yards, or even two miles."

For the remainder of that trip I didn't speak to a soul, except to remark earnestly as to the state of weather and the probability of rain.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

THE man in office nowadays who has never been suspected is indeed a fit subject for suspicion.

The Man Who Is Ahead.

IN almost every newspaper you pick up you are pretty sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun; the man behind the buzz-saw and the man behind the son; the man behind the times and the man behind his rents; the man behind the plowshare and the man behind the fence; the man behind the whistle and the man behind the cars; the man behind the kodak and the man behind the bars; the man behind his whiskers and the man behind his fists; and everything is entered on the list. But they've skipped another fellow, of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who is even, or a little way ahead; who pays for what he gets, whose bills are always signed. He's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All the editors and merchants, and the whole commercial clan, are indebted for existence to this honest fellow-man. He keeps us all in business, and his town is never dead; and so we take off our hats to the man who is ahead.

An Honest Tramp.

"LADY, won't you give a poor old fellow something to eat? I'm an honest man," pleaded the tramp at the back door.

"Prove your honesty," suggested the sweet little woman.

"I have not suffered from the San Francisco earthquake."

Without another word he was taken in and given such a feast as seldom falls to the lot of those who take so many free rides on the railroads.

"DO you wish to have me make your portrait life-size?" asked the artist.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Justgottitt. "It'll probably cost more for the frame, but, gracious! we ain't goin' to stick at a little thing like that."



RUBBER.

Says hubby, surprised, "Goodness knows,
How can you wear stockings like those?"

They cause so much gazing,
And neck-craneing amazing,
They really should be called rubber hose."

A Foregone Conclusion.

"PA, what is a foregone conclusion?"

"Something that you know will happen before it does. For instance, it's a foregone conclusion that if your mother should come into this room now and see me with my feet cocked up and my cigar going nicely, as you see me, she would immediately think of something that— Ah, there she comes! Listen!"

"Henry," she said, "I wish you'd see if you can't do something to the dining-room window. I can't get it up or down. And when you get that fixed oil the hinge of the kitchen-door. It squeaks terribly."

Classified.

"JINKS thinks he has nervous prostration, but I guess it's only what his valet calls 'nervous prosperity.'"

"You're wrong there. It's a clear case of 'nervous posterity.'"

What Mother Would Say.

EDWARD is invited to a children's party. His mother does not often allow him to indulge in sweets, so she impresses upon the hostess that the little fellow is to have but one piece of cake. When Edward has disposed of his generous helping of ice-cream and cake he asks for a second helping.

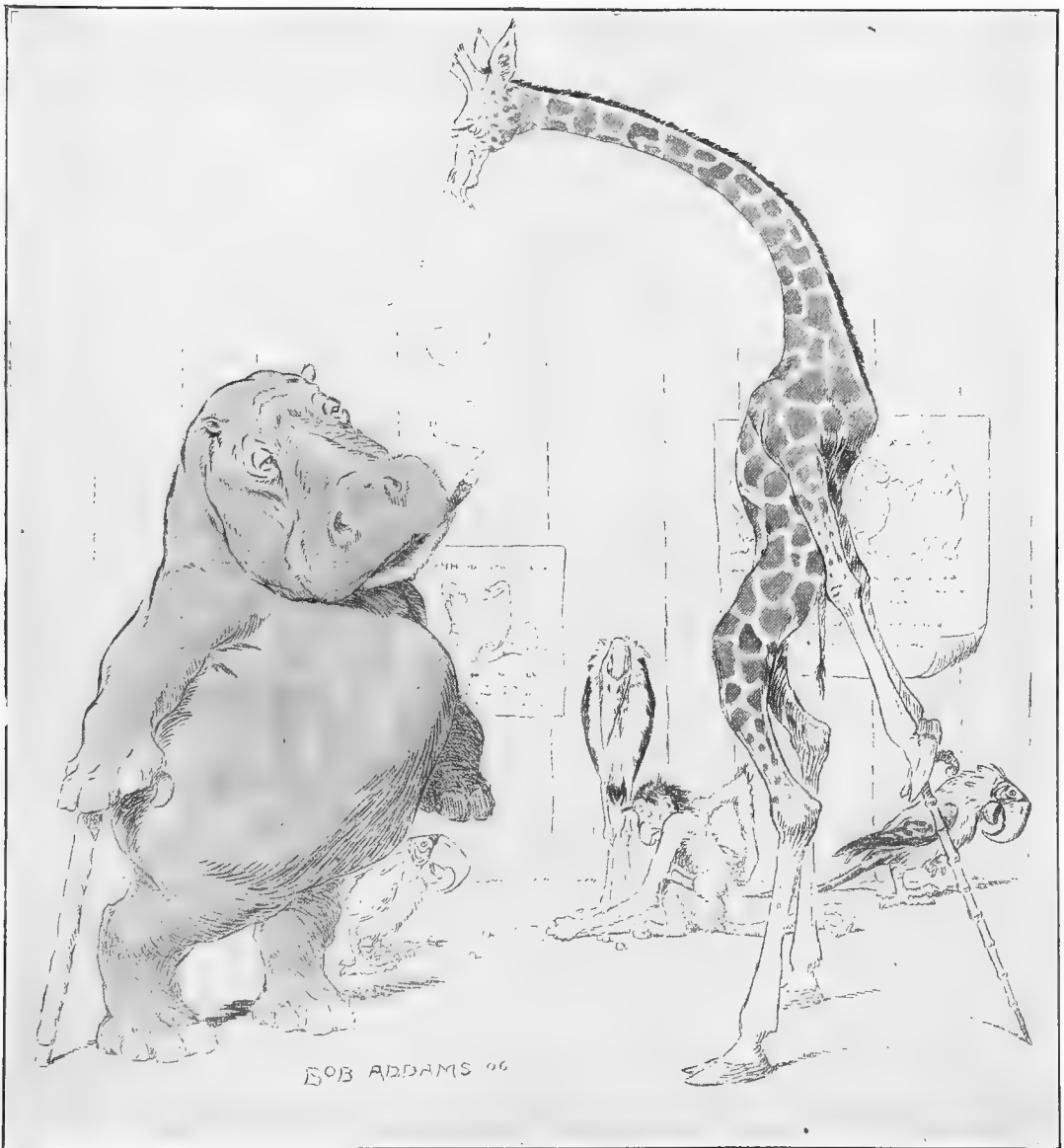
"What would your mother say, Edward?" Mrs. Ray asks, hoping to pave the way peaceably for a gentle refusal.

"'Help yourself, dear,'" was the instant rejoinder.

Genius and Stupidity.

"GENIUS," said the sage, "is the infinite capacity for hard work."

"And stupidity," observed the young man who had put through a few good things, "is the inability to make others do the hard work for you."



APPEARANCES DECEIVING.

MR. HIPPO—"I hear you are a bloated bondholder at present."



THE INDICATIONS.

ETHEL—"How long have the Newlyriches been in society?"
BOB—"From the way they play golf, I should judge about two days."

Summer.

SCENTED
Summer's

Soporific,
Soft,
Salubrious,
Sweet.
Sighing
Strephon,
Sadly
Strolling,
Seeks
Secluded
Seat,
Since,
So
Seated,
Slyly
Sipping
Sweetness
Seldom
Seen,
Summer
Sights
Seem
So
Seraphic,
Such
Surroundings
So
Serene.

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

As Usual.

"**Y**OU are Father Time?" we asked of the venerable individual with the scythe and the hour-glass.

"I am," he replied, bidding us to jog along beside him, as he would wait for no man.

"And where is Mother Time?" we inquired.

"Mother Time? I lost her several centuries ago. She told me that she would be ready to go with me as soon as she got her hat on."

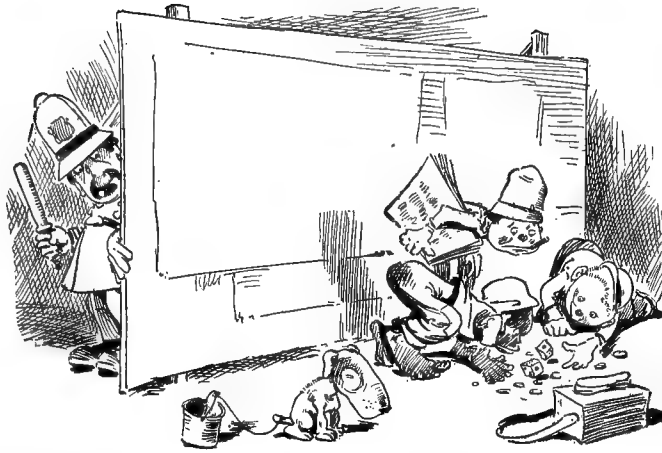
The Safest Course.

Politician — "Your brother-in-law, big Mike Callahan, has applied for a political job. Can you safely recommend him?"

Costigan — "Well, I couldn't safely do anything else."

IF drinking interferes with your business quit your "booziness."

MAKING A RAID.



1.

"Ah-ha! gamblers on my beats! I makes dem schweinnickles skoodoodle righd away kvick!"



2.

"Hey! Maybe you t'inks Officer Bumbornickle is a tam foolishness? But I show dot he ain'd!"



3.

"Ain'd it? peacuse here iss ten pennies for von pind-ohf Pilsner, und a pail in vich to ged it, und a nice set ohf dices for mine leedle boy Chakey to blay mit, und some pabers to reading ven I geds off dudy. Dot is vat I call schmardtnesses."

For the Sake of Space.

"**Y**ES," said the man with the visionary eyes, "I have devised a plan for irrigating the Sahara desert. If my suggestions are followed, within ten years you will see that barren waste thickly populated."

"And then," asked the man with the uncertain hair, "what will become of the Bedouins of the desert? Will they be crowded out?"

"Not at all. We will make folding Bedouins of them."

Realizing that the man with the visionary eyes is an inhabitant of a modern, neat, six-room flat, the man with the uncertain hair concluded that it was time for him to move along.

Those Impertinent Vandals.

Naggsby — "It's just awful!"

Waggsby — "What is?"

Naggsby — "Why, it's just terrible how originality is discouraged by those who make a business of disputing it. Some day, as like as not, some vandal will come along and deny that Grover Cleveland invented 'innocuous desuetude' and that Roosevelt invented 'strenuous life' and 'muck-rakers.'"

The Inertia of Jones.

"**W**HAT do you suppose is the cause of Jones getting on in the world so slowly?"

"Pure laziness. That man would actually rather pay rent than move."

Unselfish.

Minister — "I hope you love your neighbor as yourself, Brother Brown?"

Brown — "Yes; but I'm no egoist."



SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

LYDIA—"Married life has been a terrible disappointment to Ethel."

GRACE—"How horribly stupid of her to marry the man she was in love with!"

Dawn.

CHARLEY has a habit of waking very early, and, not content to be alone at that hour in the day, is prone to arouse his father. Mr. Taylor feels that this is more than a fond parent is called upon to do—to amuse a child before daylight—so he cautions his son not to disturb him till the sun has risen, carefully explaining how the small boy would know when that time had arrived. The child grasped the lesson, and not long after shook his father violently, exclaiming, "The sun is turned on; get up."

How He Got In.

"HOW did you get into this country?" asked a reporter of a Chinaman. "Was it through the open door?" "No; through a chink," replied the Mongolian tersely.

October.

OCTOBER blows her merry gale
Along the wooded hill,
And flowerets droop all wan and pale
Beside each frozen rill.

The brown leaf flies, a tiny wing,
At sport of madcap mirth,
Then falls with gentle murmuring,
To garb the dying earth.

The bird-note dies upon the air,
And from each forest dell
Comes breath of incense and of prayer
To bless the year's farewell.

LURANA W. SHELTON.

Such a Difference.

MANY funerals had occurred in the little town where Mildred lives—a fact which evidently had made an impression upon the child. Mrs. Hendee reproved her small daughter for some act of disobedience, saying,

"Mildred, I should think you would be ashamed to be so naughty. Bess is not so."

"I don't see how you can expect me to be as good as Bess," was the child's prompt retort. "Her father is a minister and mine is only a pall-bearer."

Easy for Him.

"BROTHER," said the exhorter to the new convert who had expressed a wish to abandon his past and adopt a better way of living, "do you think you can walk in the straight and narrow path?"

"Straight and narrow?" smiled the new convert. "Why, parson, that will be a cinch for me. I've been a tight-rope walker for ten years."

Some Reason for Her Fears.

THE wife of the Pittsburg millionaire reached her breakfast table in fear and trepidation. The waiting-maid offered her the morning papers.

"No, Marie; never give me those when John is out of town on business. I can't bear to think what they might contain."

And she sipped her coffee with heavy eyes.

Illegal.

Ethel—"That sixteen-year-old boy asked me to marry him."

Edith—"And you threw him over?"

Ethel—"Yes; told him it was against the law to catch lobsters so young."

The Lay of the Liver.



NOW his pa had died of liver
 On the O-kee-cho-bee River,
 And his mother's liver 'd killed her at
 the west ;
 Then a sister, warmly cherished,
 Had taken ill and perished,
 Though she'd coddled up her liver
 just her best.
 Next his brother Bill was taken
 With a sort of inward achin'
 That required no skilled physician to
 discern
 Was a case of plain cirrhosis,
 By the quickest diagnosis—
 William kicked the well-known coop-
 erage in turn.

So this liver-haunted fellow,
 With a face like jaundice yellow
 From the constant fear that racked him day and night,
 Set before himself the question
 How to obviate congestion
 And to keep his liver well and working right.
 Then he learned from Dr. Slaughter
 That the danger lay in water,
 And that once he found a spring to suit his case
 He could live on infinitum,
 Just to fool folks or to spite 'em,
 Till the skin was dried like parchment on his face.

Hence he sought with ardent vigor
 'Mid the northern winter's rigor,
 Hence he sought amid the tropics of the south ;
 And he never saw a puddle
 But he said, "Perchance this mud 'll
 Be the stuff to break my liveristic drouth."
 Yes ; he tried 'em all, be jabbers !
 Never ceased he from his labors
 Till he found the **very** water he desired.
 And he settled **there** to stay
 Till his distant, dying day,
 While he boasted in a way to make you tired.

Happened down in old Virginia,
 Did this yarn I've set to spin ye ;
 And this liver-liberated fellow stayed
 Till, by tanking up discreetly,
 He had rid himself completely
 Of the symptoms that had rendered him afraid.
 To a century and fifty
 He was feeling nice and nifty—
 But his body grew exhausted—there's the rub.
 Yet his liver, when he croaked,
 With such deathlessness was soaked
 That they took it out and killed it with a club.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

What She Said.

Bride—"Oh, John, darling! I'm so glad
 you've come home! Cook is acting something
 awful—smashing dishes and tearing around like
 a lunatic! Do go and soothe her."

Groom—"Why, sweetheart, what upset her?"

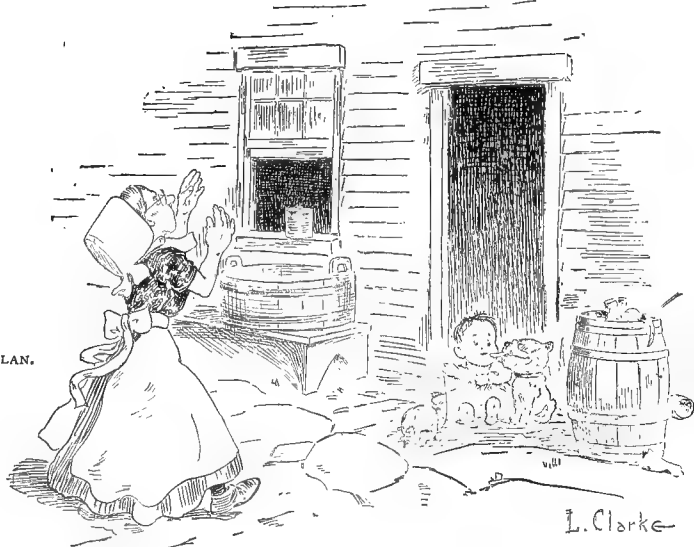
Bride—"Nothing at all—except that I told
 her you said she was a fierce cook."

Threw Himself on the Beam.

IT was a lovely night. The stars were twinkling, the
 moon was shining, the dogs were howling, the cats
 were holding forth in chorus—in fact, everything was
 peaceful and quiet. I was strolling along the track, when
 suddenly I saw a beam lying across the rails. I looked
 at it ; but, much as I wished, I hadn't the power to move
 it. I was in a tremble. I did not know what to do, for
 just at that moment I heard the rumble and roar and
 rattle of a coming express. Nearer and nearer it came.
 Louder and louder grew the noise. What was I to do?
 I couldn't lift it! I was powerless. All at once an idea
 struck me. I put my body between the train and the
 beam, and the train—thank goodness!—the train passed
 on without harm.

It was—it was a moonbeam !

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.



L. Clarke

STOP! YOU'LL HURT THE BABY!

OLD LADY—"Hey, there! Stop where you are! Can't
 you see where you're falling?"

The Scheme of the Patent-medicine Man.

HE arrived in the town at four p. m. He had until six, a sheer stretch of two hours, to devise some plan by which every person in the place should know of the merits of the celebrated Quickem and Quillem Pills. But two hours was ample. He had time to spare. By six o'clock dozens of violet-scented notes were flying to as many prosperous young married men of the place. The notes were identical and read :

"Dear Mr.—: I know you will think me a very dreadful person, but I am going to yield to a sudden temptation and write you. I saw you on the street yesterday. A mutual friend told me your name, and I found your address in the directory. If you think you would care to meet me, I will be at — this evening at eight o'clock. I will surely be there. I hope you will not disappoint me. —Miss D—."

Did the scheme work? It did. By noon the next day three wives had consulted their lawyers; another went home to mamma. Her physician is treating a bride of a fortnight for hysteria. Two women bought horsewhips at a harness-store; two others purchased pistols at a pawnshop. One married man went to his office with a pair of black eyes and several bumps on his head. The telegraph-office received messages signed "Mother-in-law," of which one read, "Your conduct is outrageous," and another ran, "Villain, meet me on the four p. m. train to-day." The next day the patent-medicine man owned up that he was the artificer of this brilliant scheme. He seemed to be proud of it. Then it was his victims' turn. They had but two hours to accomplish their work. But it was enough. They had time to spare. At six p. m. a gentleman with something of the feathery aspect of a bird and a subtle flavor of tar emerged across the town line in a northwesterly direction and hurried into a thick piece of woods in an earnest spirit of exodus.

Tommy Gets Informed.

"PAW?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"What is Roquefort?"

"Spoiled cheese, my son."

"And what is Limburger?"

"Spoiled Roquefort."

Waggsby—"Once there was an Orangeman at a Hibernian picnic."

Naggsby—"Well, go on with the story."

Waggsby—"That is all there is of it."

Naggsby—"It's mighty short."

Waggsby—"But just as long as the Orangeman's stay at the picnic."

In Racing Terms.

"HE liked her fairly well, but never dreamed of proposing until he first saw her in evening-dress."

"Won by a neck, I suppose."

Jersey Wisdom.

First mosquito—"Say, Spiker Bill, king of the drill-gang, says he knows a place where even fat people sleep without covering and with the screenless windows raised to the limit."

Second mosquito—"Say, my boy, don't you know any better than to listen to the hot air of these get-rich-quick sharks?"

"WHO are the F. F. V.'s?"

"Frenzied Finance Victims."



AND HE DID.

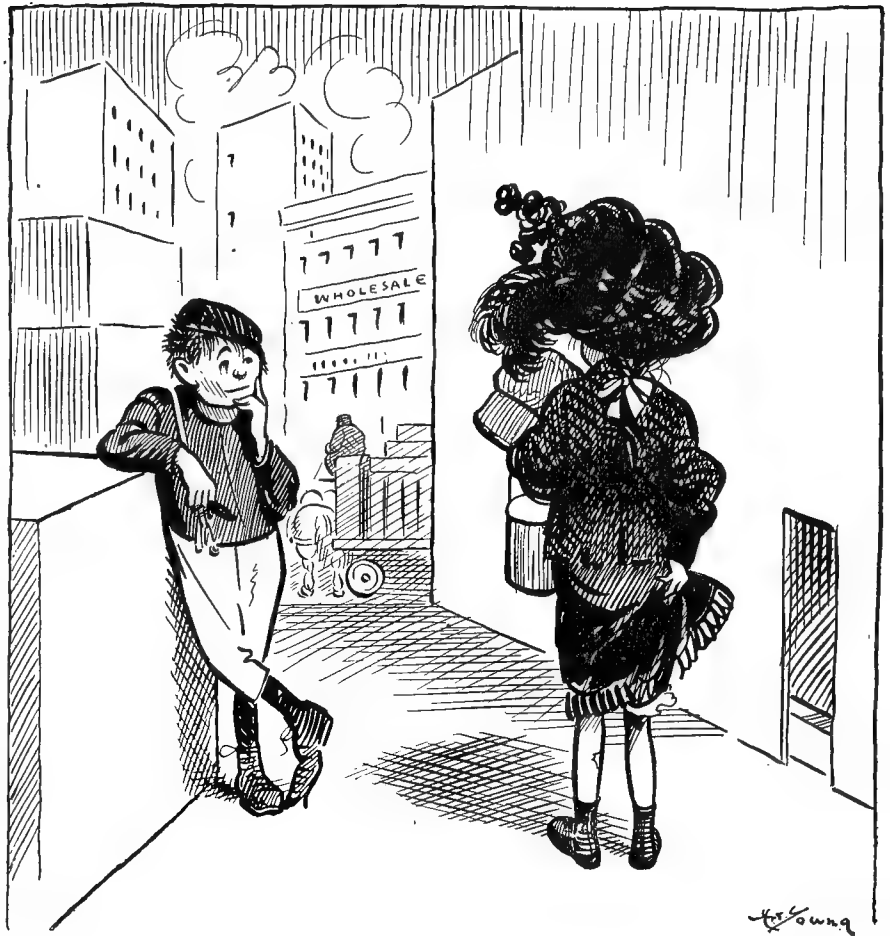
SAINT PETER—"Well, Jones, you're here rather earlier than I expected, and why such mirth?"

JONES—"You see—tee, hee!—Jinkins told me such a funny story that I thought I'd die laughing."

A Fly-paper Fancy.

THE man with a shiny pate sat contemplating most cheerfully a sheet of fly-paper placed where it was doing yeoman service in the capture of its natural enemy. The man watched the struggles of the captives, rubbing his hands and his head and chuckling unctuously. With every new captive he laughed in fiendish glee.

"That's right," he gurgled joyously to the helpless, fluttering flies; "now you're getting what you deserve. You thought that nice, smooth surface was my head, didn't you? You buzzed brutally over it and then settled down to a steady diet of human blood, didn't you? But you didn't get it, did you? Oh, no; you didn't get it. Fly-paper ain't a bald head, no matter if it does shine and look tempting. And human blood doesn't stick like that shiny stuff does, either. No, no, Mr. Fly. You're up against a totally different proposition, and you're so tight up against it that you won't get away again. Stick it out, old chap. Perseverance is a good thing. Buzz and break your darn neck if you want to, and pull your legs out by the roots. I'm not butting in. This is no mix of mine. I'm not brushing you off as I would if you had found what you were looking for. Oh, no; I'm not slapping at you and swearing. I'm taking things easy and seeing you have the time of your life. That's right; dab down on it and get off again, only to come back and stick for good. That's the way you do when you light on my head and I shoo you away. But you don't care for me, do you? You come right back again worse than ever and pump your blamed bill right into me. But you don't do it that way to the fly-paper, do you? Fly-paper is so different. When you give that a little tap and are off again to come back, when you think your victim hopes you have departed for good, you don't get away so p. d. q. do you? You confounded, torturing old Indian, you're getting what's coming to you and I'm feeling better. By gravy! it's beautiful to watch you writhe and twist and lick your paws and bang your wings around. Keep it up, old chap; keep it up. That's the way you would do if you were on my bald head, only you would go home happy when your revelry was over. But you don't go home now, do you? No, siree; you've come to stay, and I hope you will. There's nothing like sticking to a thing. Good for you! Tell all your friends to come, for I want the whole bunch of you. There's another one—two more—and they are sticking to the paper like a sick kitten to a hot brick. Oh,



A GENEROUS REFLECTION.

"Mag, I was t'inkin': When we gits married and I croaks what a stunnin' widow you'll make when you gits me life-insurance."

say, how good my head feels when I can see the way you are making mistakes. Now keep right at it. Keep busy. I'll be back after a while and look at you some more. I'm going off now to have a nice quiet, flyless nap. See?"

W. J. LAMPTON.

An Opportunity for Rest.

WE come upon the Idle Rumor, taking its ease in a quiet spot.

"How now?" we say with an air of chiding. "Why this lack of industry? This is no way to get along in the world—lying around like a sluggard, as though there were nothing for you to do."

"I was quite busy yesterday," yawns the Idle Rumor; "but to-day I can loaf all I like."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You see, this morning they began denying me."

Lucky at That.

"DURING the first year of our married life my husband would call me up by long-distance 'phone every day when he had to be away from home."

"Doesn't he do so any more?"

"Mercy, no! The only means I have of hearing from him is through the picture postal-cards he sends the children."



ACQUIRING EXPERIENCE.

CHOLLY DOOLITTLE—"Mistaw Jones, I—aw—love your daughter, and she—aw—loves me, and we—aw"—
Mr. JONES—"Take her. The experience will be worth a whole lot to her in picking out a second husband."

The Remnants Were There.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, of Baltimore, the highest Catholic prelate in America, has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was the guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore's most beautiful residence suburb. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Partingtonian proclivities, and on the church dignitary's former informal visits to the Murphy home its mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obtuse servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as "your eminence."

On the present occasion, when the cardinal rang the bell, the man of impassive countenance answered, received the card, and, turning, announced to Mrs. Murphy, "Please, mum, your remnants has came."

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial cardinal himself.

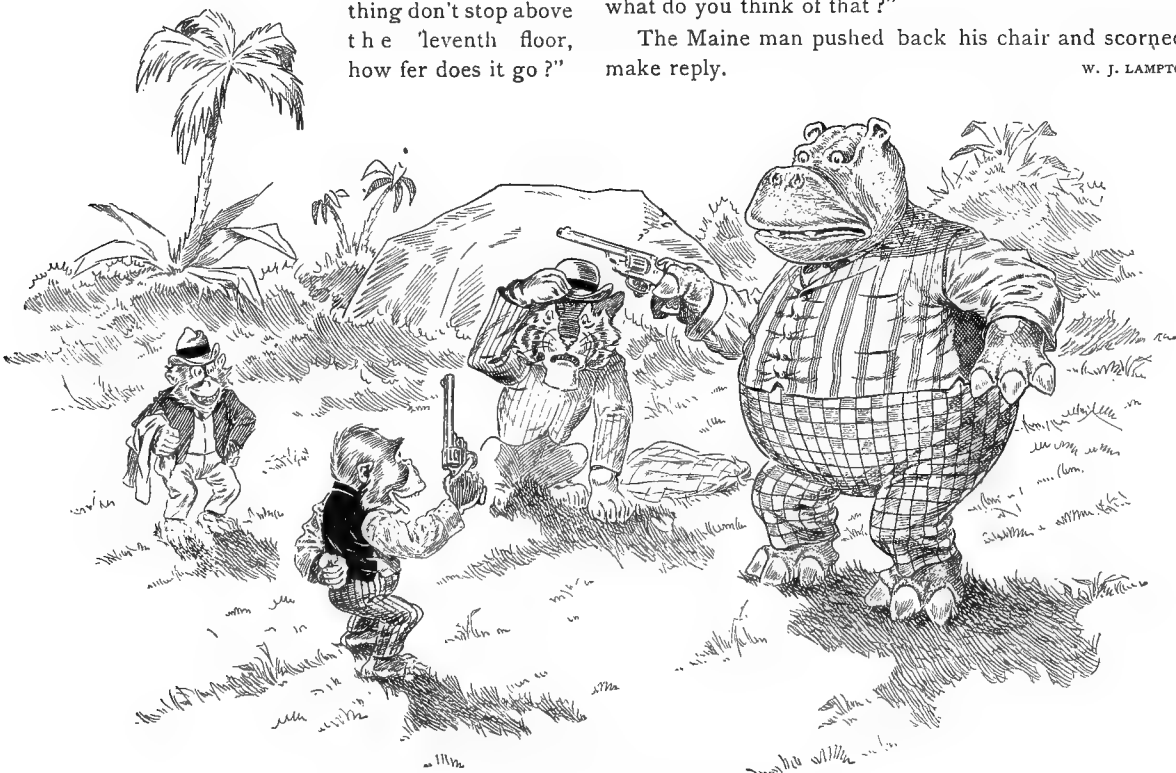
Where It Stopped.

ABOVE one of the elevators on the ground floor of the Empire building at Rector Street and Broadway there is a sign which reads: "No stop above the eleventh floor." Recently a rustic Jerseyman with his wife was in the building looking for some way to get up stairs, and the sign caught his eye.

"Look at that sign, will you, Mary?" he said, pointing at it as he held Mary by the arm.

"Yes, I see it, Henry," she replied patiently; "what of it?"

"Well, I don't know. Wait till I ask the man." And he went up to the dispatcher. "Say, mister," he inquired, "if the dern thing don't stop above the 'eleventh floor, how fer does it go?"



WHO'S GOING TO GET HURT IN THIS DUEL?

MR. HIPPO—"You don't want to get so far off that I can't see you."

MR. MONK—"No; and I don't want to get so near that you'll fall on me, either."

Southern Slavery.

THE Louisville drummer had been reading the political news, and after making a few incongruous remarks on sectional differences and other things not germane to the issue, he turned to the drummer from Maine selling spruce-gum by the car-load to make gum shoes out of.

"Did you—or any of you Yankees—know that they are still selling 'niggers' down south?" he asked.

"No, we don't know it, because it is not so," replied the spruce-gum drummer.

"Well, I say yes," insisted the first speaker. "I saw a man in a Kentucky town not two weeks ago sell a colored boy."

"Come off," protested the Maine man.

"I tell you I did," the other persisted. "And that is not all," he continued with confidence; "I made inquiry and he has been doing it right along for ten years. I reckon he must have sold a dozen or two 'niggers' in that time. Maybe more."

This sort of testimony was having its effect and the Maine man became more interested.

"Tell me about it," he said. "I have a brother who runs a Republican newspaper, and I'll give the facts to him and let him work them up into campaign material."

"Well," and the Louisville drummer drew his chair up close and became very confidential, "the man's name is Jenkins, and he is a coal-dealer. He has darky drivers for his carts, and I'll be blamed if he doesn't sell half of one of those drivers every time he sells a load of coal, and he has been doing it, as I have said, for ten years. Sells them by the bushel, too—fifteen cents a bushel. Now what do you think of that?"

The Maine man pushed back his chair and scorned to make reply.

W. J. LAMPTON.

The Evolution of Parlors

ONE day the Shade of a Century ago appeared in one of the great house-furnishing emporiums of the lower town and began a tour of inspection.

After marveling at the wonderful moving stairway and compressed-air tubes for shooting change to any part of the building, the shade approached the floor-walker.

"What would you like to see, sir?" asked the latter suavely.

"Well," responded the shade, "I would like to see some parlor furnishings. I used to take great interest in our parlor a hundred years ago, and I would like to see if there has been any great change in the furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac, etc."

"What kind of a parlor do you refer to, sir?" interrogated the floor-walker.

The old shade was puzzled.

"Is there more than one kind of a parlor these days?" he asked undecidedly.

"Most assuredly. Haberdashery parlors, palmist parlors, tonsorial parlors"—

"Hold on! What on earth is a tonsorial parlor?"

"Why, an establishment where you can get your hair cut, singed, curled, shampooed and removed in ten minutes. In another five minutes you may get shaved, massaged, kneaded by the Swedish movement, jiu-jitsued by the Japanese movement, and your shoes polished by the colored movement. If you have another minute you may have your nails manicured, corns removed, bunions reduced and freckles removed. Then"—

"But why in the world do they call such places parlors? I thought a parlor was the best room in the house, where you hung portraits on the wall and displayed wax fruit under a glass case?"

"I see that you belong to a past age. But the parlors. We also have facial parlors for ladies, café parlors for gentlemen, speculating parlors for jays and"—

"Speculating parlors, did you say?"

"Yes; you will find them in the bull-and-bear district. Sometimes they are known as bucket-shop parlors. Then we have pythoness parlors, where you may have your fortune told. Also crystal reading parlors, occult parlors and matrimonial parlors."

"And what is a matrimonial parlor?"

"Why, a bureau where you may go and select a wife or husband, as the case may be. Then the first-class employment agencies are going under the name of intelligence parlors."

"Astonishing! Any more parlors?"

"Multitudes—faro parlors, poker parlors, roulette parlors and pool parlors

for those who like to tempt fortune. Then there are ice-cream parlors, soda-water parlors and pop-corn parlors for the younger generation. Nor must I forget the shoe-shining parlors and hat-cleaning parlors. Also parlor-cars, pipe-hitting parlors down in Chinatown, chop-suey parlors and"—

But the Shade of a Century ago had fled to the spirit world.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

Tapering Off.

ON our friend's table we observe numerous bottles labeled "aniline," "acetic acid," "formaldehyde," "boracic acid," "pulverized sawdust," "extract of chicory," etc.

Noting our look of wonderment, he explains:

"You see, I grew so accustomed to eating the old-fashioned canned goods, my wife not being a cook, that since the new pure-food laws have gone into effect I have to dash the proper adulterant into each food, cutting down the supply little by little. It would have been too great a shock to leave off everything at once."

Good Proof.

City editor—"You say that this man is 'enjoying a vacation,' etc. How do you know that he is 'enjoying' it?"

Reporter—"Because his wife didn't go with him."



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PLAY.

"Oh, papa! didn't that ballet-dancer have just the sweetest expression?"
"Why, er—I don't recollect seeing her face."



DEFINED.

"Fred's a perfect young water-god, isn't he?"
"H'm! A sort of Apollo-naris, you mean."

His Task.

WE WERE being taken through the main offices of the great trust which controls one of the necessities of life. In a quiet little office our guide showed us a man seated at a desk, surrounded by many volumes bearing such titles as "The Works of Baron Munchausen," "Gulliver's Travels," "Sindbad the Sailor," and the like.

"Is this the rest-room—the reading-room?" we asked.

"No," explained the guide. "That man in there is the one that has to invent all the excuses for raising the prices on our goods."

Realizing that we were gazing upon genius in its lair, we breathed softly and looked upon the man at the desk with a feeling akin to awe.

Solved Again.

"YOU think you will have a cook next week, sure?" asked the caller after a prolonged discussion of the servant problem.

"I shall, if the girl has any regard whatever for the amenities of life," replied the hostess.

"What do you mean?"

"In order to be sure of her favor I have arranged a little dinner in her honor the first evening she is with us. Can't you come?"

OF two evils it is not always possible to choose the least. Sometimes they are twins.

IN spite of the periodical explosions of battle-ships in time of peace, there are some who will go right on blaming the Maine disaster on Spain.

If a man were to come along with a gun shooting at everybody not absolutely innocent of every form of graft, there are few of us that wouldn't dodge.

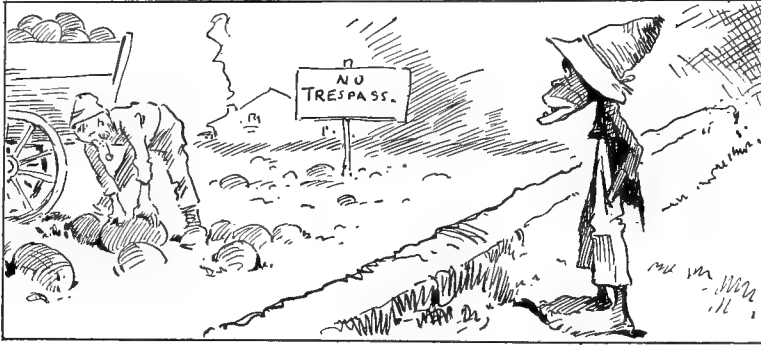
Wise-isms.

Just the Boy for Papa.

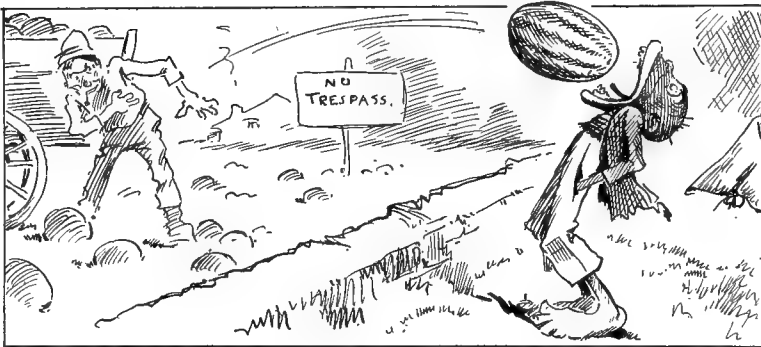
"THERE is something," he said, "that I have wanted for along time to tell you. I am not rich, as you know, but I am young, strong, and willing to work. Miss Mill-yuns—Edith—I"—

"Oh!" she cried, "I will tell papa about you. I think I heard him say this morning that he wanted to hire an office-boy with just the qualifications you mention."

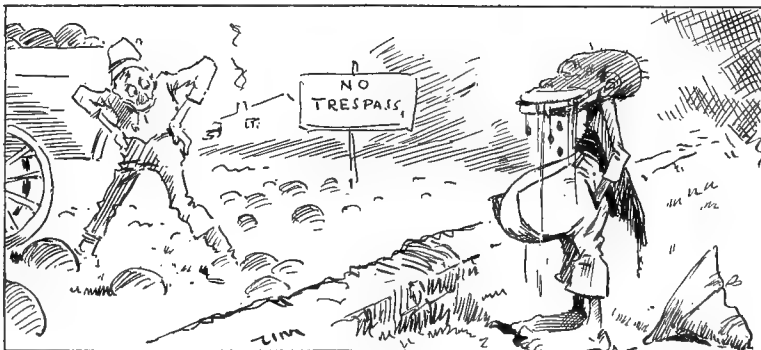
A GOOD CATCH:



1. TIRED RUFUS—"Say, mistah, kain't yo' gib a po'r stahved cullud niggah one ob dem melons?"



2. GENEROUS FARMER—"Sure I can! Catch!"



3. TIRED RUFUS—"Yum! Dat melon sartainly am luscious!"

Great Plan.

"I AM getting tired of this unending criticism of my donations for philanthropic purposes," said the multi-millionaire. "I wish I knew of some way to give money away that would get favorable comment."

"There is one plan you might try," said the private secretary. "You might cause it to be announced that you were going to make a donation of an immense sum to a charity whose identity should not be disclosed. Then they would all praise you for avoiding the limelight, and in the long run you would get more complimentary mention than from all your prior gifts."

A Point in Favor.

Si Medders—"Trolley-cars are a great blessin', Josh."
Josh Kornkrib—"They be thet. They be th' only things around here thet an automobile is afraid of."

So Soon.

"WHY didn't Henry come?" inquired a mountaineer hostess of an arriving guest.

"'Cause he's dir-ty," replied the sister in the drawing tones of the southern backwoodsman.

"What?" sneered the hostess. "Him dir-ty and hit er only Monday?"

Summer.



BREATHING the balm of the subtle
 hour
 When the dawn o'er the hills is
 breaking;
 When the dew is crowning each ten-
 der flower
 And only the birds are waking.
 Hearing the song of the brooklet's
 bells
 Afar in the forest ringing;
 Breathing the glory the noonday tells
 When the birds in the trees are
 singing.
 Feeling the calm of the twilight,
 gray,
 When shadows their trysts are
 keeping;
 When love returns from the far away
 And the birds in their nests are
 sleeping. LURANA W. SHELDON.

The Christian Way.

Mother — "Now, Jennie, I want you to divide that apple with Willie; and remember, you must divide it in the Christian way."

Jennie — "What way is that, mother? I don't know the Christian way."

Mother — "You don't know the Christian way, Jennie? Why, it means that you must cut the apple in half and then give Willie the biggest half."

Jennie — "Oh, mother, I can't cut it! I'll give it to Willie and let him divide it between us in the Christian way."

"Got It."

"**H**IGHBOY is a lucky man," said the man of misfortune, as he sighed to think of all the opportunities he had missed in his life.

"How's that?" asked his boon companion.

"Well, on his way down town the other day, he happened to see something glittering in the road between the car tracks. Thinking it might be a diamond, he approached the spot. It proved to be only a pin, but he had not forgotten the superstitions of his youth, so he bent down to pick it up in the hopes of getting a fair share of luck that day. At that moment two cars happened to come along in opposite directions almost pinning him between them. Excuse the pun. I didn't mean it. After he had extricated himself from this predicament he made a dash to the sidewalk, and ran right into an automobile, which in his hurry he didn't see, and "——

"Yes," interrupted the other; "but where did his luck come in?"

"Well, he got the pin!"

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

The House Beautiful.

KATIE HALLORAN had scarcely left the immigrant depot before she found a place in a Manhattan family. Shortly after her installation as maid-of-all-work her mistress descended to the culinary lower regions in search of information.

"Katie," said the lady of the house, "did anything come from the store to-day?"

"Yis, mum," Katie answered; "an' Oi put ut up where ut wud look foine."

"You — put it — up?" faltered "mum" apprehensively. "Where?"

"Oi'll show ye, mum," said Katie, leading the way to the dining-room. "Thim mottoes is illigant," she continued, and then pointed proudly at her handiwork.

There, securely nailed above the dining-room mantel, was a new fibre door-mat bearing the hospitable greeting,

"Welcome."

No Intermissions.

"**H**OW are you, Mary?" I inquired cordially of my last summer's washerwoman, who was the pride of the Cumberland Mountains. "And how is John?"

"He's dead."

"Dead? Too bad! So you are a lone widow again?" I sympathized.

"No-o; I's married. I keeps married."



MAKING A BEAR LIVING.

The Husband and the Radishes.

(With apologies to story-writers in general and A-b-b- M-g-r-R—ch in particular.)

SHE sat in the cool library with a closed volume in her lap. Sweet flowers in tall vases nodded at her as the gentle breezes played around them and a yellow bumble-bee purred drowsily through the air.

But the atmosphere of peace did not extend into her soul. There a tempest was raging; the foundations of things mental were shaken, the veil of her inner sanctuary was rent in twain. Was this all it amounted to? Was this to be the only result of months of infinite pains and breathless anticipations? Was this all that living meant? All that faith, hope and charity meant? In her agony she could have thrown the book, or anything else within reach, but she was well bred; she had always been referred to as a lady in her girlhood.

Her girlhood! Where was her girlhood? What had become of it? That was what she wanted and it was gone! She glanced through the open window at her husband out in the garden. Would he understand if she spoke? But the futility of speech came over her. How could a man understand how she felt about her girlhood?

She glanced again at her husband. After all, he *was* her husband; perhaps she might have had a little to do with making him such. She remembered in a vague, dazed way that she had said "Yes" when he had asked her about it. Now he was dropping radish-seeds into the warm, brown earth. She had always been fond of radishes and he knew it. A thought flashed through her mind. Perhaps the answer to the turmoil of her soul awaited her out there in the garden.

In the light of this divination she walked out and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Did you know?" she challenged. He answered lightly but with deep meaning. "From the first, dear," he said. The revelation nearly suffocated her, but she pursued, "And the radishes?" A smile broke over his grave, kind face. "They are the apotheosis, the symbol, the epitome!"

And at last she understood.

LESLIE DAVIS.

Of Course.

She (thirsting for information)—"What is a gin-mill?"

He (frankly)—"A vice."

She—"And a water-wagon?"

He—"A—er—vice versa."

"CONGRATULATE me, Gladys," gurgled the girl in the fluffy dress. "I am going to marry Hector Raveso. He proposed to me this afternoon."

"I am not surprised, Marie," responded the girl in the princess gown. "When I rejected him last night he said he did not care what happened to him now."

WILLING TO TAKE THE BLAME.

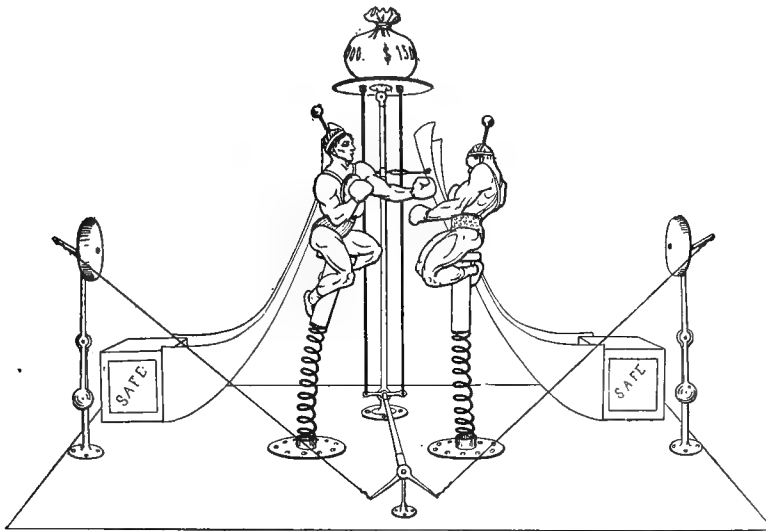
YOUNG HUSBAND—"Fifty dollars for a hat? It's outrageous! It's a sin!"
WIFE—"No matter; the sin will be on my own head."

Advertising.

"ONE moment, madam, if you please," cried the heavy-set man, arising in the convention of women's clubs. "I beg that you will permit me to say one word as to a crying evil. I am overjoyed to see you ladies so boldly attacking the wickedness of our country; but I beg to call your attention to the insidious, atrocious peek-aboo waist. I cannot find words to express my opinion of it. Why, I am informed that to-morrow morning the firm of Jiggs, Jaggs & Company will throw on their counters several thousands of these immodest garments at the ridiculously low price of a dollar each! I beg of you to take some official action on this crying evil. Thank you very much for your attention."

The heavy-set man then left the convention. Next morning, at the store of Jiggs, Jaggs & Company, he might have been seen in the private office of Mr. Jiggs, taking another order for a car-load of peekaboo waists and receiving congratulations on the popularity of his goods.

THE AUTOMATIC REFEREE—FOR THE ELEVATION OF THE
MANLY ART.



I.

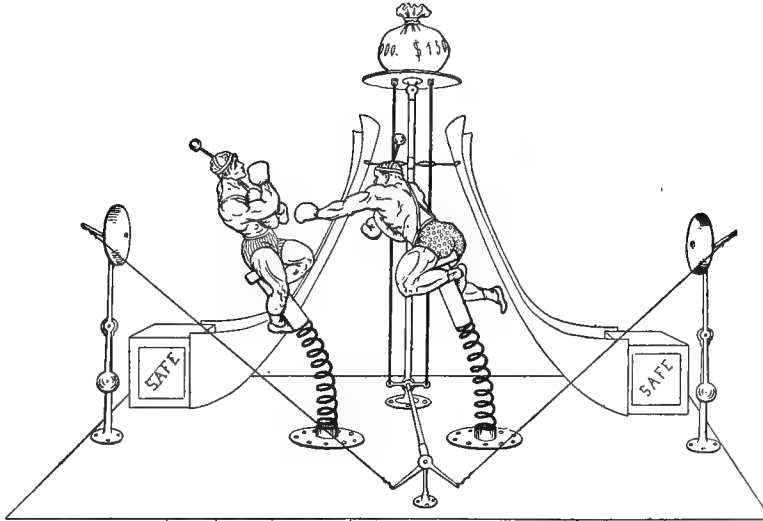
A Stickler for
Custom.

AGHAst, the master plumber views the work of his subordinate. The bungling youth has gone about his work of repairing a leak as if it were the simplest thing in the world. He has not scattered tools all over the premises, neither has he cluttered up the floor with odd pieces of piping while he absented himself for two days at a dollar an hour.

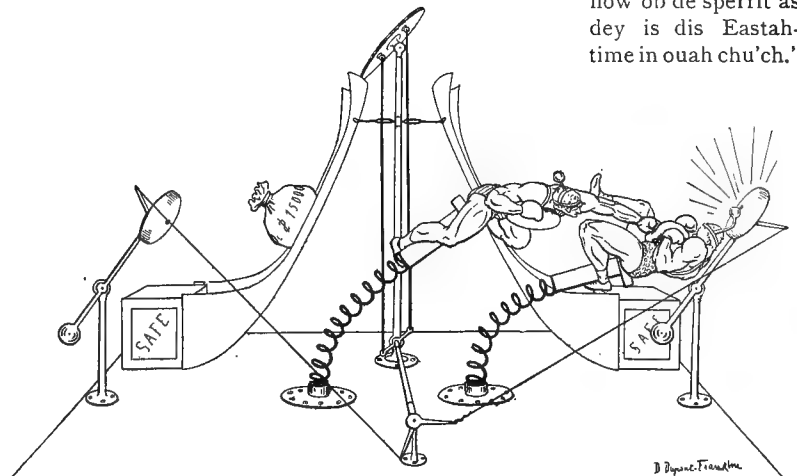
"Great balls of fire!" yells the master plumber. "Have you no regard for professional ethics? Will you never learn anything?"

"Seizing an axe and a hammer, he smashes the plastering from the wall and wrenches ten feet of pipe loose, permitting the escaping water to flood the dwelling. With deft, steady strokes he tears up the floor of two rooms and drops a pair of ten-pound pincers into a cloisonné vase in the room beneath.

"There," he says with a sigh of relief and satisfaction. "That looks more workmanlike, any way."



2.



3.

"Ice!"

'TIS not the robin's blithesome chirp, nor outdoor frolics of the purp; 'tis not the gleaming of the leaf that sidles through its loosened sheaf; 'tis not the songsters on the wing that whisper to me it is spring. It is that now I've noted twice that vibrant, startling cry of "Ice!"

'Tis not the flutter of the rug, nor ads. of things for roach or bug; 'tis not the hunt for garden-hose, nor setting out of vine or rose; 'tis none of these that to me bring the consciousness that it is spring. It is the echo, cool and nice, that lingers from that yell of "Ice!"

'Tis not the gentle, sobbing rain, nor subtle sense of hidden pain; 'tis not the hints of meadows green, nor tender hues that flush the scene; 'tis none of these that makes me sing the songs that bubble in the spring. No! 'Tis the accents that entice—the strident, piercing shriek of "Ice!"

Sistah Johnsing
Makes a Hit.

"**I** RECKON," said Deacon Snowball, "dat Sistah Susie Jane Johnsing is erbout de mos' artisticallish woman in de chu'ch. She hab charge ob dyein' de Eastah aigs, an' she paint sum ob dem laik watahmilyuns, an' sum ob dem laik sweeten 'taters, an' sum ob dem she made jes' laik er'possum dat's all wropped up erbout hese'f. An' sho'ly dey ain't nevah bin sich er outflow ob de sperrit as dey is dis Eastah-time in ouah chu'ch."

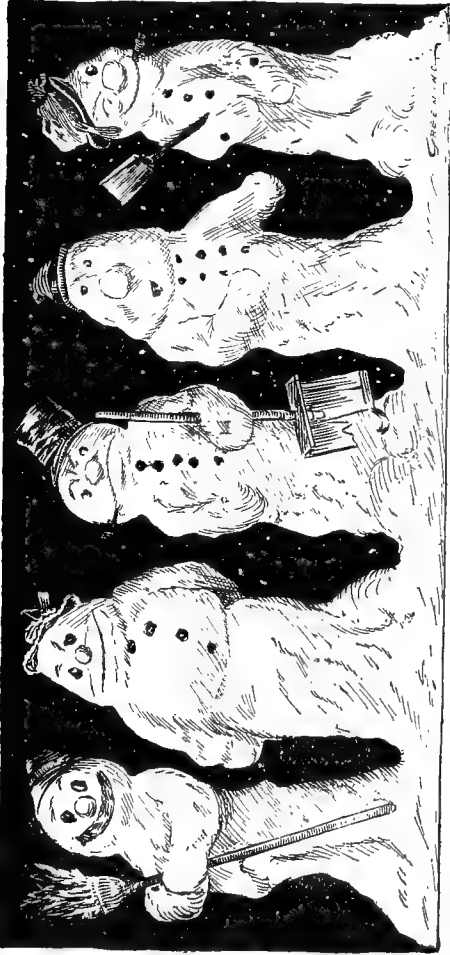
A Contrast.

THE snow has fallen soft and thick
In front of Jones's track;
To wield the shovel half an hour
He says would break his back.

And yet when later at the club
And snugly drawn the shades,
You ought to see the ease and joy
With which he holds five spades.

Felt the Famine.

"THIS," said the philosophical coal-
baron, "is a cold, cold world."
"I haven't been coaled yet," sneers
the member of the proletariat, who is
disposed to argue with the baron.



IT'S SNOW FUN. (DAT'S RIGHT.)

The Constitution at Fault.
"TELL you," said the first reformer, "we ought to start an agitation to curb the prize-fighting evil by means of a constitutional amendment."

"But," objects the second reformer, "that would react upon all of us."

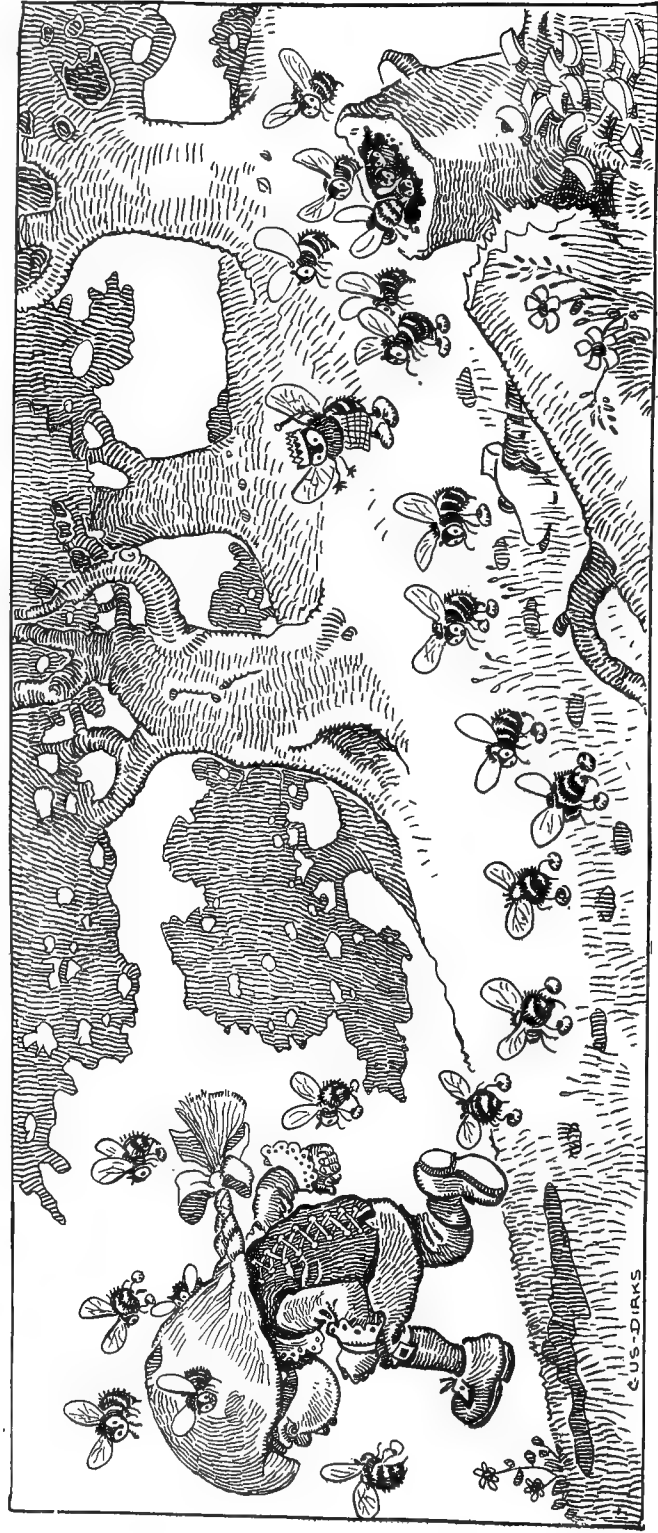
"In what way?"

"Doesn't the constitution guarantee the right of free speech?"

Heard in Chicago.

Ella—"My husband is a jewel."

Still—"You are in the wholesale jewelry business, aren't you?"



WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.
QUEEN BEE—"Go for him, boys; he did it with his little hatchet."

CUS-DIARKS

In the Indiana Literature Belt.

THE child was crying furiously.

"What is the matter?" I asked him, pitying his grief.

"She," pointing to his mother, "won't—let me—wallop—my dodder in the sop!" he exclaimed, his grief terrible.

This was not in Heligoland, or any foreign country; neither did it sound like Esperanto. As a matter of fact, it was spoken in Indiana, where the authors come from, and where children are born, as it were, with encyclopædias in their mouths. The scene was a farmers' hotel in a small city, which was sustained by the agricultural community about it. Dinner was being served, and as I entered the dining-room on this Saturday—a great day for the rural population to "come to town"—I heard this three-year-old's voice raised high in protest at something. At his side sat his mother. The situation led me to ask the question as to the cause of his grief. I asked the mother to explain her child's strange utterance.

"There!" she said disgustedly, pointing to an empty plate, the bottom of which was covered with gravy. "He wants to lick the dish with his corn-bread. I'm not teachin' him manners for nothin'."

Encouraging Him.

"TEN dollars for contempt?" snorted the captured automobilist, glowering at the mild-faced country justice of the peace. "Ten dollars for contempt of your measly court? Why, say!" Here he drew a hundred-dollar bill from his purse and flung it on the table and roared, "If you think my contempt only amounts to ten dollars you've made the mistake of your life. There's a hundred dollars—but it's only on account. Understand? Only on account!"

The mild-faced justice took the bill and folded it carefully. Tucking it into his breeches pocket, he said,

"I never knowingly made an enemy in my life, stranger; but, by heck! I want you to hate me. There's another hundred due on account right now."

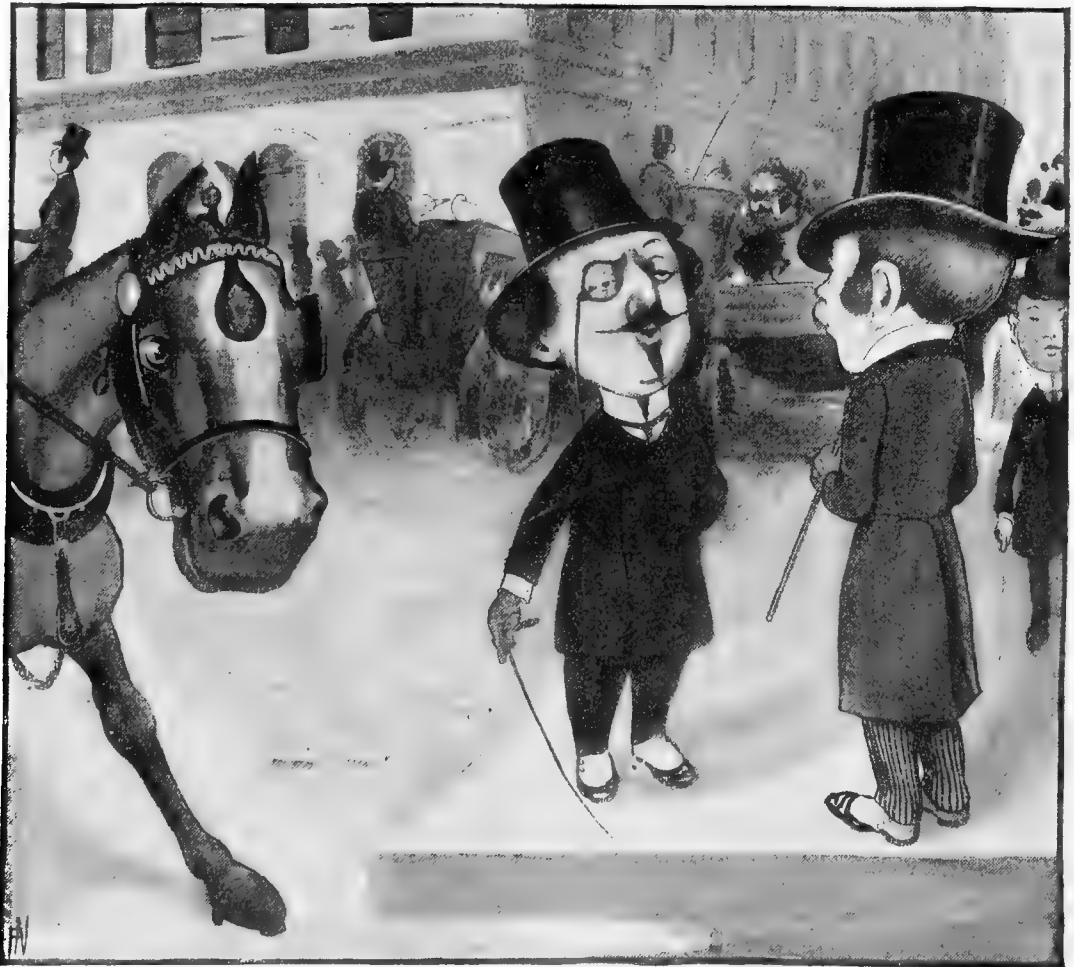
A Turkey Shoemaker.

"WELL," remarked Archie as he came in from the farm-yard, "you folks won't have to eat barefoot turkeys this year."

"What do you mean?" asked his mother.

The budding humorist grinned generously.

"I just shoo'd them," he replied.



A FRENCH REMNANT.

FRENCH CITIZEN—"Well, count, I see you have been divorced by that rich American wife. I suppose you are left without anything but your character?"

FRENCH COUNT—"Oh, merci! I have nuzzings left but ze alimony."



TO BE CONSCIOUS OF THE HOUR WOULD BE UNWORTHY OF HIM.
VOICE (*from stairway, one a. m.*)—"Jane, does that young man know what time it is?"
JANE (*complacently*)—"Well, if he did I should doubt his affection!"



PROSPERITY WORKS WONDERS.

1. This is Farmer James and his humble little dwelling.

The Surgeons' Valentine.

He—"You know about the doctors operating on Tom Archer for appendicitis and discovering that their diagnosis was wrong?"

She—"Oh, yes. Well?"

He—"Well, they sent him home on Valentine's day with a note reading, 'Opened by mistake.'"

Its Significance.

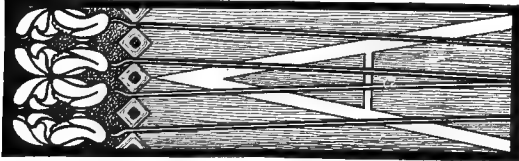
Bobby—"Mother, what's that black band around Mr. Jenks's arm for?"

Mother—"Hush, dear! he might hear you. Mrs. Jenks is dead; that is a sign of mourning."

Bobby—"Oh! I thought p'raps it was to keep the caterpillars from crawling up his body."

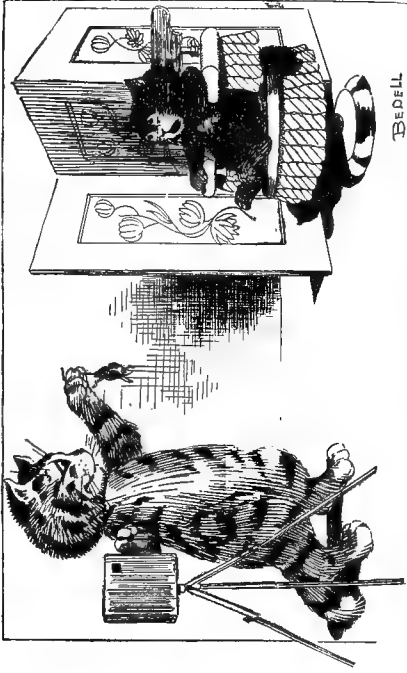


2. And this is how Farmer James put up his little dwelling when lots began to boom and prices went up.



New-year's Soliloquy.

Same old promise to be good—
 Wouldn't keep it if I could.
 Same old music, same old song,
 Same old cocktail, just as strong.
 Same old struggle night and day,
 Same old bills I have to pay ;
 Same old salary all my life,
 Same old fashions, same old wife.
 Same old friends and same old foes.
 Same old clubs and same old clothes ,
 Same old habits I must shake,
 Same old promise—made to break.
 Same old sorrow to be drowned,
 Same old world—just turned around,
 Same old promise to be good—
 Wouldn't keep it if I could.



ANTICIPATION.

THOMAS (*the photographer*)—"Now, look pleasant, little one. Keep your eye on the little mousey."

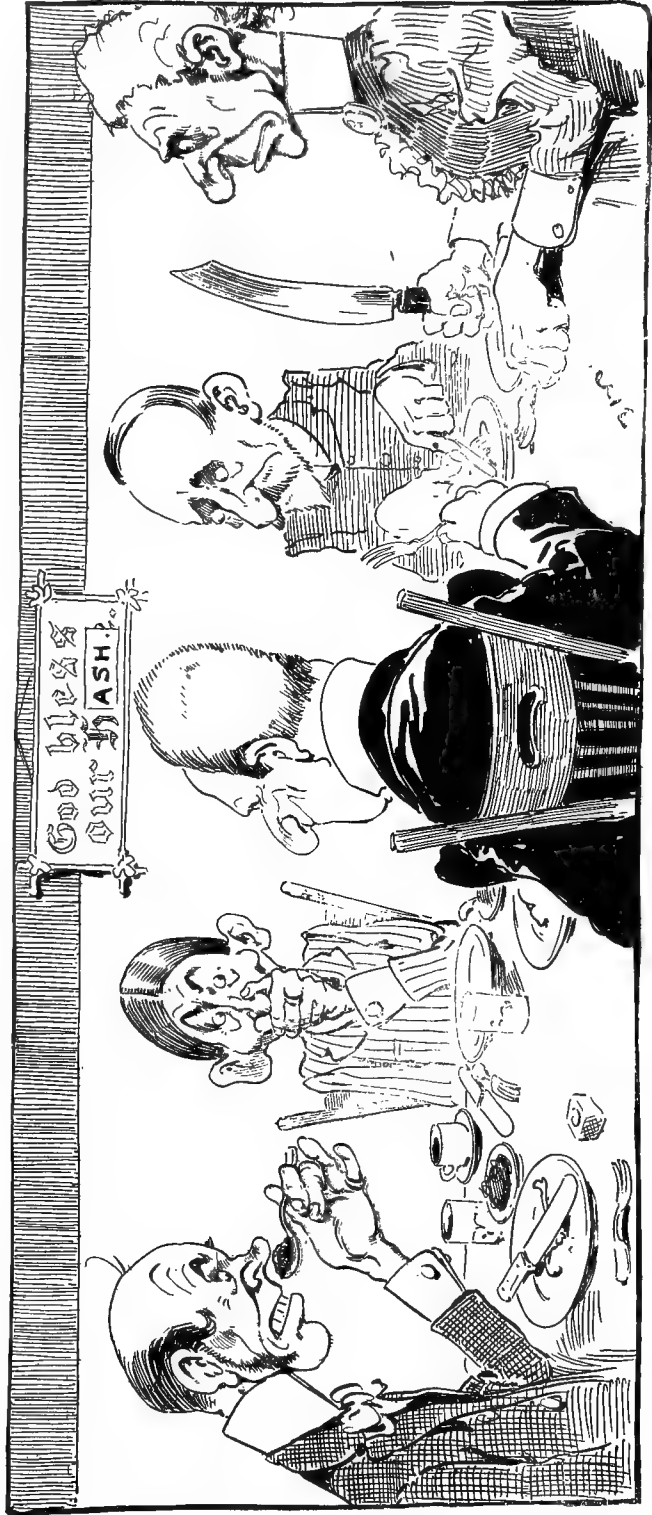
A Fable.

ONCE upon a time there was a young Boston poet who insisted upon hawking his wares without taking out a poetic license. For this, and because his feet did not conform to the standard of weights and measures maintained at the public library, he was conducted interiorly—that is to say, run in—by the Boston police.

Moral—Any one can write poetry if he is hungry enough, but it takes genius to get it published.

Such Is Life.

SOCIETY is like politics. When a man once gets in he forgets all the cynical remarks he used to make about it.



GAMY.

LANDLADY—"How do you like my preserved strawberries, Mr. Slopav?"
 MR. SLOPAP—"Well, it is certainly a game preserve. I thought it was sauerkraut."

How Donald and Della Saved Up for a Divorce.

OH, WHAT'S the utility, anyhow?" snarled Donald Darlington to the lady who was his wife. His tone was Ibsenesque in the extreme as he blew smoke at the canary and continued, "You hate me and I hate you, so wherefore should we live together any longer? We have nothing in common except a few common, vulgar friends who have neither money nor education. Let's get a Bernard Shaw separation and be done with it. It won't cost me any more alimonially than it costs me to support you now. Won't be much trouble about it. The court will give me the custody of the dog and you can take the Angora cats. Isn't that fair enough? What do you say, love?"

"Oh, but, Donald," she answered quickly with a serious accent, "in spite of the fact that I know you always use good judgment, and your opinion is always correct, I really do not see our way clear this time. We haven't enough capital to start the venture. Think to what the lawyer's fees would amount! You have always been good to me, and I am willing to help all I can; but it seems an impossible obstacle to scale at present."

"Where there's a scale there's a weigh!" ejaculated her husband, rising to his full (sober) height and throwing out his chest—of old clothes—through the window. "Now, what have you to suggest that will raise the necessary kopeks?"

"Why, Donald, dear, really I can't think of anything, unless perhaps, if you were to study law through a correspondence-school, we could save the bulk of the legal expenses. I have seen a course advertised for \$7.50, I think"—

"It is a sensible idea, dear, but impracticable—prac-

tically impracticable. A jury is always prejudiced against an attorney who fights his own case; and if we were to lose our suit—I mean, if I were to lose *my* suit—I probably being the plaintiff, you see, all my study and stamps would have been wasted. Think up something else."

His wife thought thoughtful-like for a while and then stammered, "W-w-well, of course it would be unpleasant for me; but I would be willing to do your washing and laundry for a dollar a week and make you some neckties for twenty-five cents apiece, and save the money toward the divorce proceedings." There was a small tear in one eye as she thought of the sacrifice she had just proposed—one of those earnest tears that take the lachrymal glands five minutes to deliver up.

"Splendid!" smiled Donald. "And I know what I'll do, too. Instead of your paying that lazy, good-for-nothing janitor tramp, pay *me* the twenty-five cents a week, and I will put the ashes out on the sidewalk; and when the snow is thick on the piazza I will shovel it off and get the fifteen-cent piece to put in my little bank. The idea never before struck me. Della, I am sure our separation will take, and I think we can be all cleared in about four years." Wasn't Donald happy!

So they faithfully did as they planned for four short years, each saving every cent that each paid the other. They had enough stowed away in their golf-socks, hidden under the bed, to hire an attorney—a semi-law-school graduate who operated with a cigar-license. Taking their counsel's advice, they selected the resident-janitor for the correspondent in the case. Mrs. Donald would write letters and love-sonnets to the latter, and Donald would run down stairs and steal them (for Exhibit "A") before the jant. woke up in the morning.

And the result—*success!* All their friends attended the proceedings, and the event received many press notices. And they lived, etc.

This truthful tale is an example of what a little co-operation will do toward a separation.

M. WORTH COLWELL.



DISCRETION.

LIGHT-WEIGHT—"Why didn't you fight Slugger Joe?"

HEAVY-WEIGHT—"Oh, him an' me had a quarrel, an' I wouldn't fight him."

The Modern Fly.

"WON'T you come into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.

"I'm in no especial hurry,"

Quoth the insect, "for to die.

And you really are not up to date

To use that saying musty.

I read it in my primer days,

When I was young and lusty.

Now, the only likely offer

That at present might appeal

Would be, 'Come and take a journey

In my spider-autobile.'"

"I only wish I owned one,"

Said the spider to the fly.

"It would beat a web to pieces

As a trap in which to die."

"Logic truly," said the insect.

"That's a stumper. Well, good-bye!"

WALTER FULTZER.



THE APPARITION.

LITTLE 'RASTUS—"Has yo' evah seen a ghost, uncle?"

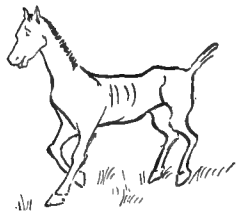
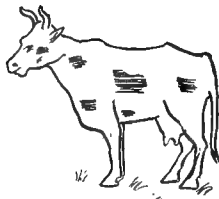
UNCLE EBEN—"Ya-as, chil' ; Ah suttently has."

LITTLE 'RASTUS—"What did he look like, uncle?"

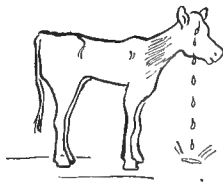
UNCLE EBEN—"Wa-al, it was a coal-black nigger, an' it was de ghost ob a coal-black nigger, an' so Ah couldn't see nuffin' 'cept two white chickens he had undah hees arm!"

A Barnyard Idyl.

THIS is our cow, Evangeline.
Her coat is soft and smooth as silk.
My sister Mary always says
She thinks Evange's lined with milk.



We nearly lost our Cymbeline.
One night from out the barn she fled,
But two weeks later, in the yard,
Stood Cymbe, lean and almost dead.



And here is little Archibald.
From his big eyes the tear-drops pour.
The butcher carried his mother off,
And Archie bawled a week or more.



Now, see our puppy, Hildegarde.
She sits all day upon the stoop.
Pa says, when he goes off to town,
"Let Hilda guard the chicken-coop."



Our rooster is Sir Galahad,
With spurs so long and heart so stout,
But in a recent family row
Sir Gala had an eye kicked out.

B. E. DICKEY.

Proximity.

THE subway train was packed to the doors with suffering humanity. Suddenly a little man standing in the aisle simultaneously bethought him of pick-pockets and of some money in his outer coat pocket. He plunged his hand therein and was somewhat shocked at encountering the fist of a fat fellow-passenger.

"Aha!" snorted the latter, "I caught you that time!"

"Leggo!" retorted the little man; "leggo my hand!"

"Pickpocket!" hissed the fat man.

"Scoundrel!" the other yelled.

Then a tall person in their vicinity looked up from his paper.

"I get off here," he drawled, "so you fellows had better take your hands out of my pocket."

True.

ANY ONE with half an eye can see why love is blind.

Not Concerned.

"SIR," asked the pale-faced, side-whiskered man of the heavy-set, chubby-cheeked man who was smoking a long, black cigar and reading a sporting paper, "would you permit your boy to smoke cigarettes when he grows up?"

"That's a question you'll have to decide for yourself," replied the heavy-set man. "I don't know how you would look at it, you see. It's you and your boy for that."

"I did not refer to myself in the question, sir. What I meant to inquire was whether you intended to permit your own boy to smoke."

"I've never given it a minute's thought."

"What! never pondered upon the effect upon the constitution, to say nothing of the morals, of your son to allow him to smoke the deadly things?"

"Never a thought—no, sir."

"And will you allow him to drink?"

"I have never thought about it."

"Oh, can such things be—can such things be? Allowing your child to grow up in the midst of temptation and never speaking a fatherly word to"—

"Look here, colonel! You mean well, I guess, but maybe you'd better let me tell you that I'm a bachelor of thirty years' standing since the last girl threw me over, and I haven't any"—

The man of the pale face and side whiskers was making a dissolving view of himself.

The Latest.

"WILL you come into my parlor?" said the newspaper-writer to the lie.



CONVERSATIONS OF THE WEDDED.

"Shure, y'u're the most timid woman Oi iver met. 'Tis a wondher ye had the nerve to marry me."

"I—I was afraid to s-s-say no."

MISERY MEYER ON POETS



DE ART ob bein' a poet is easy w'en yo' un'erstan' it, laik mos' anything; but de art ob writin' po'try ain' sech a cinch. No, sah.

Dere's a lot ob men wif long haih en skinny face en han's en a hungry look w'ut stan's wif deir han's on deir elevated ches', en puts deir haid up pa'allel wif deir heights ob success, dey is tryin' ter git deir fust footstep on, w'ut cain' git no rhyme fo' nuffin'. Take der all-im-potant, eb'ery-day vote-buyin' word "coin." Some ob dem haf ter take de dish'nary ter

fin' out w'ut dat mean, en den der bes' dey kin do is some-thin' laik dis:

My poetry fum day ter day
Does fum der ed'tor retoin.
Got lots ob stuff sent back—but say!
Dey neber sen' me enny-coin.

W'en dey writes a t'ing laik dat dey hus'le roun' en see all deir fren's w'ut dey doan' owe coin ter en git deir 'pinion. Deir fren's bein' all nat'ral-bohn critics, in deir own estimate, dey all 'gree it's jes' 'mense, en de ed'tors ob some half-dozen papahs got ter suffah. Dat's w'ut de 'jority ob dese heah men w'ut's s'posed ter touch yo'r heart 'mount ter. It's one bes' bet dat, ef dere wuz no mail en de poets hed ter cahy deir own stuff ter de ed'tors, deir'd be lots ob dead muses fo' deir fren's ter right deir memohials ter.

Beside de poet w'ut t'inks he kin move er feller ter teahs, w'en de on'y t'ing he kin move him ter is his razor, is de man w'ut stahts in ter maik de worl' laff. He tickles yo' in de ribs en t'inks he kin git yo' wid dis:

Ef Brudder Bill hez stole er chicken,
En 's fahder feel laik fowl dat night,
Duz Brudder Billy git er lickin',
Er is 'e tol' 'e done jes' right?

"Ah made dat," he sez, en goes off in er big laff while yo' 'scape.

En den deir's de man w'ut 'lows dat 'thout him love-po'try 'd go ter de bad. Heah's a sample ob hisn:

De moon sen's down his string ob light,
Illuminin' de lan'scape bright.
"Ah, me!" she sighs. "Same heah,"
sez he,
En kiss de rub'ry lips ob she.

Dat man goes on tell yo' ax him ef de en' kin be 'spected befo' mo'nin'. Yo' cain' 'scape fum dis specie, 'kase dey gits haff deir han's t'rough yo' s'penders en hol' on, while dey wave de udder haff ter emf'size deir wu'ds.

De on'y poet w'ut's 'tall tol'able is dat w'ut writes baseball. Some er dat's haff way wu'th lis'enin' to. Sich ez dis:

De pitcher knocked er fly ter right
En got ter fust right good.
De nex' one waited—wouldn' bite;
Nex' fanned, ez t'ought he would.
De nex' fouled out ter short en den
(Two out en t'ree on base)
De bestes' batter ob de men
Gits up en takes his place.
De score is one ag'in deir t'ree,
De las' haff ob de las'.
De pitcher win's his 'natomy,
Den lets it out right fas'.
De batter fin's de ball, en dat's
De las' it's eber see.
We win de game en pack our bats,
Ez happy ez kin be.

Dat's de on'y kin' ob po'try w'ut makes money, en w'ut it makes hahdly keeps de writer in papah en ink.

It's s'prisin' deir's so menny fellers w'ut once wrote foh lines w'ut neahly rhymed ter de young peepul's section ob a secon'-class papah en had deir name on de hon'able-mention lis' w'ut t'inks dey kin write po'try fo' a livin'. De on'y time dey orter write it is w'en dey wanter die.

W'en de "Union fo' de Pertection ob Poets" fin's in one ob de ten-cen' papahs w'ut dey gits a month late fo' two cen's a open-ter-all comp'tion fo' de bes' ten-line chunk ob verse dey not'fy all de membahs ob de league w'ut's willin' ter receibe de lettahs haff collec' dat deir's money in de aih. De ed'tor ob de papah habin' de contes' den borries all de 'vailable wais'-papah baskets, en de place looks laik a dead-letter orfis—dey neber opens a letter in er Union env'lope en' wif pos'age due on it.

Writin' po'try 's all right ef yo' know w'ut po'try means en kin lib on returned man'scripts, laik goats—w'ut kin lib on enny ol' kin', w'edder dey's seen de inside ob a magazine-orfis er not.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

Just as Good.

Doctor—"You must go to a 'rest-cure.' It will only cost you one thousand dollars."

Patient—"But I can send my wife to Europe for less."



ASCENDING DESIRES.

MRS. HANDOUT—"Have you no desire for better things?"

TRAMP—"Certain! I wish you'd take back dis hash and gimme broiled chicken!"

Herr Nass and the Panama Puzzle

M EIN HERR NASS stood at the lunch-counter, shaving off thin slices of liver-wurst for his dog Felox. He was approached by a brisk young man with a yellow satchel and a suave tongue.

"Good-morning, Herr Nass," greeted the stranger, opening his satchel. "I have called on you this morning to introduce one of the greatest sensations of the year. Something that has taken a grip on the American people and caused more sleepless nights than all the trusts and scandal-suits put together. It is called the Panama Puzzle, and"—

Here the young man brought forth a small oval box with a glass cover over the top. Herr Nass was suspicious.

"Vot vas dot," he demanded; "a black-face bomb?"

"You mean a black-hand bomb," corrected the fakir.

"But this little box is as harmless as that fly on the cheese. As I said before, it is the great Panama Puzzle. Now, the little brown strip running through the centre of the box represents the isthmus. On the right we have the Atlantic Ocean and on the left the Pacific. Now, gentlemen, observe closely."

By this time several of the Teuton's regular patrons had brought their steins from the tables and circled around the young man with the satchel.

"As I said before," continued the fakir, "to understand this puzzle you must observe closely. Now, I have clearly demonstrated to you the position of the isthmus and the oceans, and will now explain the rest. Do you see that figure on the edge of the Atlantic with a pick and a shovel? Can you recognize the tiny face? Ah, I thought so. It is Teddy. Now, as we all know, Teddy is digging the canal, but we don't all know how long it is going to take him to finish the task. The puzzle is to get Teddy from the Atlantic to the Pacific without getting him hung up on one of those little pegs. The red peg represents Graft, the blue peg Dissatisfaction, the green peg Procrastination, the"—

Herr Nass held up his hand. "Vot vas dot?" he demanded.

"Procrastination, sir—procrastination. It means delay. Now, watch closely."

The fakir tilted the box and Teddy began to move toward the Pacific, cleverly dodging the pegs.

"And over here," chanted the young man, "we have two more figures. They represent Secretary Taft and Poultney Bigelow. It is needless to add that the largest one is Secretary Taft. Ah, there you are! Teddy has reached the Pacific. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a dollar and drinks for the house that you can't get Teddy across the isthmus like I did without touching a peg."

"I dake ut," said Herr Nass, fishing a note from his pocket. "I vill be a shpord—yah. I ged dot Deddy to der Bazific Oceans I vin der tollar?"

"Sure! Why, it's as easy as rolling off a log. Put your money on the counter with mine."

Herr Nass laid his dollar on the moist oil-cloth and then started to work the puzzle. The little figure representing Teddy apparently contained quicksilver, for it rolled over and over and eluded the canal-course every tilt of the box. But finally it looked as though Herr Nass had a chance to win. The red peg, the greatest obstacle of all, was passed, and the big Teuton was getting excited. "If I can ged me around dot green beg und dot plue beg I vin vonce," muttered the saloon-keeper. Then something happened. Two figures popped out of different corners and rolled Teddy back in the Atlantic. Im-

mediately the young man grabbed for the two dollars on the counter and stuffed them in his pocket.

"Holdt on!" shouted Herr Nass excitedly. "Vot you do here?"

"Why," replied the young man suavely, "don't you see what has happened? Secretary Taft and Poultney Bigelow have come together and upset the whole canal. You lose; I win. Good-day."

And the young man snapped his yellow satchel together and bounced through the tall green doors like a rubber ball. Herr Nass rubbed his eyes. In his hand he still clutched the great Panama Puzzle.

"So Secredery Daft und Poultry Bigelow come togedder und upsed der canal—yah!" he exclaimed with a frown. "Vell, tam der whole peezeess! Dot Banama vas a vraud. I vouldn't led mine dog Felox blay mit such a buzzle as dot."

And Herr Nass tossed the puzzle in the stove and refilled his blue stein.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

Doubtful.

THE supreme court of the State of Missouri recently wrote the clerk of the Ohio supreme court as follows:

"Dear Sir—Will you kindly inform this court whether the eminent justices of the supreme court of the State of Ohio wear gowns while on the bench and, if so, how they like them? This court is contemplating such an innovation."

The clerk of the Ohio court, whose office is elective and not dependent on the justices for its incumbency, replied thus:

"Dear Sirs—I don't know whether the judges of this court wear gowns or not. Further, it is not definitely known that they wear underclothes."



WONDERFUL GIRL.

There was a girl in our town,
And she was wondrous sweet.
She felt her hair was coming down,
One day while on the street.

And when she found her hair was down,
With all her might and main
She twisted it into a knot
And put it up again.

HIS SPORTIVE BOYHOOD DAYS

The Old Settler Points a Moral To Adorn His Tale

By ED MOTT

THE old cat lay asleep in the kitchen, in a corner out of everybody's way. The Old Settler's mischievous grandson, Little Peleg, having in view a game of marbles for keeps with his chum, Bill Simmons, sat on the floor practicing with his china alley on various objects within his range. By and by it struck him that the tip of the sleeping cat's nose would be about the proper-sized target for him to try his skill on, and he shot his alley at it. It was a good shot. The marble hit the mark fair and square. The cat jumped in the air, and the yell she gave woke the Old Settler from his doze in the rush-bottom rocking-chair.

"Great land o' Goshen!" he exclaimed. "Be we 'tacted by cattymounts?"

"Poo-o-o-o-r kitty!" said Peleg, with sympathetic voice. "Did the fire snap out o' the stove and burn your head? Gran'pop," said he, "that chestnut wood is or-r-r-ful snappy."

The Old Settler gazed at his grandson in doubt and uncertainty. There were precedents a-many to warrant him in doing it.

"Peleg," he presently said, "me an' your gran'mammy has been burnin' chestnut wood in that air identical stove fer nigh on to twenty year, an' that same cat has been snoozin' right on top of it, as you mowt say, fer much as ten year, an' I hain't never heerd till now of any fire snappin' out an' burnin' of her head or her tail or her nothin'. Air you sure, Peleg, of it doin' setch jest now?"

"Well, gran'pop," replied Peleg, "I didn't see the fire snap out, but if it had snapped out and burned kitty's head she'd have hollered, wouldn't she?"

"Yes," said Peleg's grandfather grimly. "An' if I should snap out that skate strap o' your'n, yender, an' should burn you with it, you'd holler, too, wouldn't you? An' I'll tell you, b'gosh, right here, that it's a good deal more likely that setch a thing mowt happen than that the fire mowt snap out an' burn the cat! Peleg, I'm afeard that you 'm hangin' 'round too thick with that p'varicatin' Bill Simmons fer the good o' your voracity."

The Old Settler lit his pipe, shook his head as if he feared Peleg was a hopeless case, and smoked himself into a reverie. It was broken after a time by Peleg, who said,

"Gran'pop, when you was a boy like me did you ever play marbles?"

The Old Settler turned a severe look on Peleg, and, holding his pipe in the air as he spoke, said,

"In the first place, Peleg, I wa'n't never a boy like you or I'd never 'a' been here, b'gosh, to be your gran'pop! I'm afeard that the lickin's I'd 'a' got would 'a' kinder diskerridged me, an' I'd 'a' gone away some'rs an' hired out to be a pirate or a lightnin'-rod peddler."

"Which one would you liked to been best, gran'pop?" asked Little Peleg, counting his marbles, and wondering

if he would 'ave as many when he got through playing Bill Simmons for keeps.

"There ain't much choice betwixt 'em," replied the Old Settler. "When either one on 'em holds you up there ain't nothin' fer you to do but hand over your money. About the only difference betwixt 'em is that the pirate has to do the most fightin' an' the lightnin'-rod peddler the most lyin'."

"You'd have choosed lightnin'-rod peddlin', wouldn't you, gran'pop?" asked Peleg, childlike innocence showing up strong.

"Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Is that a 'sinniwation? Be you fallin' into the habit o' 'sinniwatin'? Gosht!mighty, son, don't you do it! Don't you 'member what your gran'mammy was readin' to you outhen a book t'other day about the forty she b'ars that come tearin' outhen the wilderness an' chawed up the wicked boys? What did they chaw 'em up fer, Peleg? Fer 'sinniwatin'! Them wicked boys 'sinniwated ag'in the old man's hair, an' the b'ars come out an' chawed 'em up. If I thort you was 'sinniwatin', Peleg, I wouldn't go ahead an' recollect fer you how I used to play marbles when I were a boy."

"I wasn't 'sinniwatin', gran'pop!" exclaimed Peleg ruefully, now that there was a possibility of his missing a story of his grandfather's wonderful boyhood days. "I don't know what 'sinniwatin' is, so how can I 'sinniwate when I don't know what it is? Tell me how you used to play marbles, gran'pop."

"Well, mebbe it wa'n't 'sinniwatin', Peleg," said the Old Settler, shaking his head as if he were reluctant to give his grandson the benefit of the doubt, "but it was as much like it as one b'ar cub's squeal is like another b'ar cub's squeal, an' they can't be told apart no more than darky twin babies kin. Did I ever play marbles when I was a boy? I should say so! But I didn't play with no setch marbles as them o' your'n, Peleg, 'cause there wa'n't a single one o' setch in the hull o' Sugar Swamp deestric' when I was a boy."

"But there couldn't have been any other kind o' marbles to play with, gran'pop!" exclaimed Little Peleg.

"No?" said the Old Settler, overlooking what he might have called the "sinniwation" in Peleg's declaration. "No?" said he. "There was snakes, wa'n't there?"

"Snakes?" cried Peleg, getting up and drawing nearer to his grandfather. "Why, you couldn't play marbles with snakes!"

"No?" said the Old Settler, enjoying Little Peleg's confusion. "But snakes could lay eggs, couldn't they?"

"Y-e-e-s-s!" admitted Peleg, still more disconcerted.

"An' snakes' eggs is round, ain't they?" queried the Old Settler.

"I never seen one, gran'pop," replied Peleg, "but Bill Simmons says they'm round."

"Bill Simmons says so, does he?" snapped out the Old Settler, for Bill Simmons is his pet aversion. "Bill says so, does he? Well, then I ain't so sure about it! I believe they 'm square, or three-cornered, or any other shape but round, sence Bill Simmons says they 'm round! But they be round, Peleg, spite o' Bill Simmons sayin' so, an' when I was a boy in the Sugar Swamp deestric' I didn't never play marbles with nothin' else. There was black-snake eggs, an' milk-snake eggs, an' water-snake eggs, an' rattlers' eggs, an' heaps an' heaps o' other kinds o' snake eggs. They was all sorts o' colors an' sizes, an' all us boys had to do was to hunt 'em up an' use 'em fer playin' marbles, jest as we consarned pleased.

"But them snakes use to bother us a good deal, Peleg, when they found out we had stole their eggs, fer they'd lay fer us when we started in to have a game, an' all of a suddent rush in on us an' swaller all the marbles they could grab, an' then rush back to their nests to lay the eggs over ag'in. Besides interferin' with our innercent childhood sport, that disposition on the part o' the snakes got so it worked ag'in their domestic peace most amazin'. Two or three of us little fellers mowt be playin' rattlers an' milkers an' blackers ag'in one another in one ring, fer instance, Peleg, when in mowt rush a hoop-snake an' gobble all he could o' the mixed collection o' marbles. Or mebber a rattler or a milk-snake or black-snake mowt do the same thing. The consekence 'd be that one kind o' serpent by an' by would find herself the mother of a hatchin' of half a dozen different kinds o' serpents, an' o' course that made trouble in the snake circles o' Sugar Swamp deestric'; so, that the first thing us boys knowed, so many families of 'em moved away from the deestric' that we had hard work to git marbles enough to make it worth while o' havin' recess when we went to school, an' if it hadn't been fer me, Peleg, we'd 'a' soon had to give up havin' fun with marbles altogether.

"I wisht you could recomember me as I was when a boy, Peleg! It 'd mebber give you some idees that 'd steer you to' rds turnin' out to be a gran'pap as could give his gran'sons p'int in nat'ral history worth listenin' to, an' as it 'd be a sin an' a shame fer one on 'em to 'sinniwate ag'in."

"But how did you keep your marbles from playin' out, gran'pop?" asked Little Peleg eagerly, unimpressed by the Old Settler's own insinuation.

"By bein' a boy as was a boy amongst ten thousan', an' as havin' the makin' of a man in him, an' didn't spile the job, b'gosht'lmighty!" exclaimed the Old Settler, with a wave of his pipe in the air. "How did I keep them marbles from extinctin'? By jest goin' right to the root o' the hull business an' raisin' snakes to lay eggs fer the marble market. That's how I dong it! I supplied the risin' gin-

eration o' the Sugar Swamp deestric', Lost Crow Barren, Fish Pole Holler, an' every other outlayin' deestric', with material fer their joy an' recreation, an' blessin's was bein' poured on my head like sweet-smellin' ointment, when all of a suddent the hull benefactin' business was dashed to earth an' broke up like a rock fallin' on to a chiny sasser!"

"Why, what broke it up, gran'pop?" asked Little Peleg.

"The cuss o' rum, Peleg!" replied the Old Settler in solemn tones. "The cuss o' rum! Happened that young Meshellam Toggletie was sparkin' my sister Sally about that time. There had been more stut frolics an' log-rollin' bees an' barn-raisin's than common in the deestric', an' young Meshellam he never missed one of 'em, so that in the course of a month or so he was feelin' consider'ble shaky an' onstrung from the differ'nt kinds o' penetratin' jug ingrejents he had helped to swamp in the course o' duty at these here neighborly doin's. Happened, too, that a dotin' father at Lost Crow Barren had ordered from me a dozen 'sorted marbles fer his boy, an' I had selected 'em and laid 'em by till the dotin' father could call an' get 'em. There was two or three milkers, a couple o' blue racers, a rattler or two, a hooper, etsettery, etsettery, amongst the lot.

"Next night Meshellam Toggletie come in to see Sally. He was narvous an' fidgetty, an' in a jerky way giner'ly



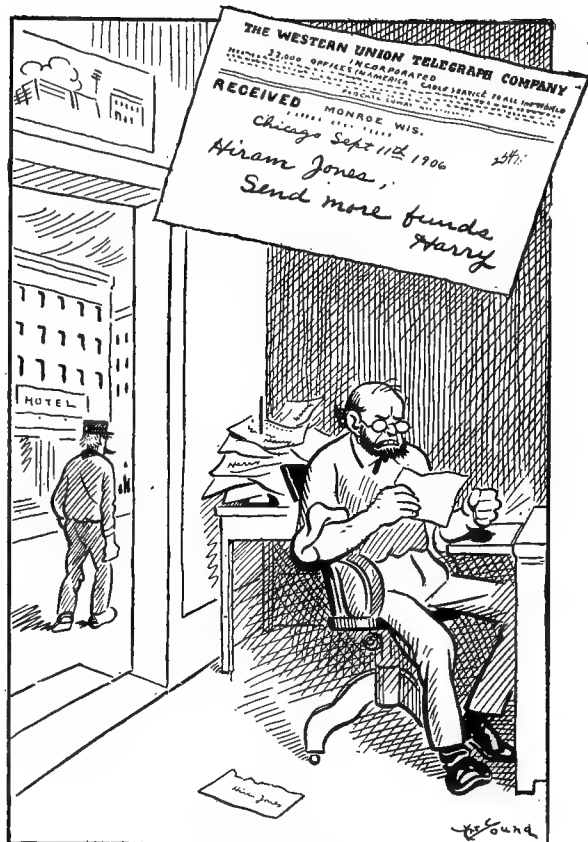
IT DEPENDS.

SHE—"Isn't kissing perfectly silly?"
HE—"Yes—when others do it."



KEPT HIS PROMISE.

Harry promised that they would hear from him often.



And they did.

that my poor ol' pap said was nothin' less than a clear case o' jest vergin' on. Sally had a headache that evenin', an' as Meshellam sot nigh to the table she asked him to hand her the camphire bottle outen the little drawer at the end o' the table. Meshellam he pulled the drawer open. Then his eyes shot out, an' he give a yell that Si Boker swore he heerd clean down to his place, two clear-in's away. As Meshellam yelled his hair riz up, an' he give one jump an' went through the winder, takin' pane, sash an' all, an' went tearin' away cross lots, lettin' go a yoop at every jump.

"Peleg, I had stowed my dozen 'sorted marbles fer that dotin' father's boy in that drawer. The kitchen was a peg or so too warm, an' the marbles bein' left to themselves with nothin' else to do, they jest hatched. When young Meshellam opened the drawer to git the camphire, a collection o' rattlers an' milkers an' hoopers an' racers an' so on riz up to say good-evenin', an' Meshellam concluded to wunst that he wa'n't only vergin' on but was sloppin' over, so he made his departure suddent an' to the p'int. Though my poor ol' pap played the fiddle, Peleg, he was a strict an' orthydox Hardshell Baptis', an' so he shet plumb down on marble culture from then on. So you kin see, Peleg, what grief an' disapp'intment was flung onto the risin' gineration o' Sugar Swamp an' the outlayin' deestric's by the cuss o' rum!"

Peleg gazed in silence at his grandfather as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put on his ancient beaver hat.

"An' now, Peleg," said he, "as your gran'mammy won't be home fer a spell yit, I'll slip down to the tavern a minute an' ask what the news mowt be. That'll give you a chance to ponder over what I've told you, sonny, an' to brace yourself ag'in the cuss o' rum."

Little Peleg watched him as he disappeared tavernward, and giving it as his opinion that gran'pop was a living wonder, he gathered up his marbles and went over to Bill Simmons's to have that bout with Bill for keeps.

The Wisdom of Dorothy.

DOROTHY does not relish being left alone to go to sleep. One night, after she is tucked in bed by her mother, who then leaves her, she calls to her father and asks if he isn't coming to bed after he finishes his dinner.

"Yes; I'll go to bed as soon as my dinner digests."

"All right; come up stairs now. Your dinner will digest up stairs just as well as down," argues the young hopeful.

Hunger.

"WHAT would your majesty wish for breakfast?" asked the waiter of the cannibal king who is sojourning in this country.

"What have you?" asked the cannibal king.

"Almost anything—cereals, fruits, rolls, muffins"—

"Do you think you could get me a few ragamuffins?" asked the cannibal king with a hungry twinkle in his eyes, looking out of the window at the plump newsboy who is crying his extras.



ANCIENT DISCOVERERS.

The sea-serpent was first sighted by Hans von Booze, the noted Dutch navigator.

The Fuf-fuf-fate of Reform.



LECTION tut-tut-time is
o'er,
The offices are fuf-fuf-
filled,
And ringing pup-pup-prom-
ises

Of sweeping, stern reform are stilled.
I've been around the tut-tut-town ;
It lul-lul-looks the sus-sus-same.
If there's reform it didn't touch
McSweeney's pup-pup-poker game !

I found it running full bub-blast,
And all the gug-gug-gang was there ;
Old Mum-Mum-Mack was looking on
From huh-huh-his accustomed chair.
"Th' vote was solid f'r r'form,"
He sus-sus-said to mum-mum-me ;
"But all th' side dud-dud-dud-doors"
Is open like they used t' be."

Then B-B-B-B-B-Bill,
Who holds a city j-j-j-job,
Explained that, while reform is here,
Most all he does is rur-rur-rob.
It sus-sus-seems to mum-mum-me
That fuf-fuf-folks had better take
Another hobby, then reform
May sus-sus-sneak in by mistake.

CHARLES R. BARNES.

The Joke-car.

"**H**E earned the money for his auto by writing jokes."
"So he told me—says he calls it the 'bon-mot'-or
car."



PLENTY OF TIME.

CITY MAN (with important engagement)—"Suffering Cæsar ! How do you expect I'm going to
catch that train at this rate of going ?"
STRANGER—"Ain't your ticket good for thirty days ?"

Red Revenge.

"**S**O you spurn meh !" he cries in wrathful woe. "But
I shall have my revenge !"
"Ha, ha !" laughs the heartless maiden.
"You may laugh now, but wait ! In the four years I
have known you, you have given me six photographs of
yourself. Each one of these I shall have enlarged by the
cheap crayon process and presented to your various
friends and relatives."

Leaving the frightened girl in a swoon the cruel swain
departs with the melodramatic tread of one who will stop at
nothing.

The Schoolma'am's Apology.

AN extremely proper young New England woman was a
kindergartener in a large city. Getting into a street-
car one day, she bowed to a man whom she thought was
the father of two of the children under her charge. As
soon as she had done so she realized her mistake, and as
he got off the car at the same time as herself, she stepped
up to him and said,

"Please pardon my speaking to you, but I thought you
were the father of two of my children."

Nature's Compensation.

"**N**ATURE," said the man with the pickle nose, "never
takes away that she does not give. In every deed
of hers there is both loss and gain. Now, for instance,
take my own case. Nature designed that my hair should
be thin, while my"—

"While your head is thick," finished the man with the
old-rose whiskers, who had been trying for half an hour
to edge in a word.

Qualified.

"**M**Y DEAR," said the
dyspeptic husband,
"this new girl can't cook
for a cent, and she knows
absolutely nothing about
serving a meal. Why do
you keep her."

"Because her hair is
the precise tone of red to
harmonize exactly with
the dining-room hang-
ings. Anybody could see
that."

Euphony.

"**H**E eats pie for break-
fast," they say to
the beautiful young thing
who is going to be intro-
duced to the man.

"How uncouth !" she
shudders.

"But he is worth forty
millions," they continue.

"Ah, he is not un-
couth," her mother says
gently. "He is merely ec-
centric, Millicent, dear."

Life's Little Inadequacies

WE HEAR much of life's little ills. They are the petty miseries for which there seems to be neither remedy nor compensation. They are almost causeless, so trivial are their sources, and they operate in such eccentric orbits that neither their goings nor their comings may be calculated or foreseen. Life's little inadequacies may be similarly described. A little attention will, make clear what we have in mind. For the big wrongs we humans suffer at the hands of each other, our own natures and the law provide remedies which we are in the habit of considering adequate. This Henry James circumlocution is necessary if we are to proceed with this matter with anything like accuracy and thoroughness. We say we are in the habit of considering the common remedies for the big wrongs adequate. In point of fact, there are no adequate remedies for any wrongs, big or little. When a ruffian murders us we go to law and have the murderer hanged. That seems to be a pretty adequate averaging up of the grief, and the world

with the same lost Israelites more or less. Now some of these people are grateful to the eye; they have a cheerful, healthy look. (We are speaking in comparative terms. No commuter could look absolutely cheerful.) Some are less or more cheerful. These it is a pleasure to see day by day. You never speak to them. The lost tribes are very reserved and offish about speaking to each other. We might discourse at length on the advantage of beginning each day's work with these morning glances at pleasant appearing people.

Consider what a shock it is to a sensitive, particular sort of a person to have to begin the day with matin views of a different sort of people. For example again, we run in with a man every morning who wears a toothpick behind his ear. This to us is intolerable. For a while we did not mind it; but the thing grew on us. Try as we might to avoid the toothpick person, we could not. There he was before us, the first man we saw, every day. If we missed our train, he missed his. If we got an earlier train, something had started him ahead of the schedule. And always, there was that toothpick behind his ear. He would come into the car and sit in front of us, and work his jaws and make that toothpick pendulate and quiver and gesticulate. We have come to have the fiercest kind of a malice for this man. We speculate by the hour on the kind of man he must be. We conclude that he is a wife-beater, and then recoil at the thought that any woman would have him. Then we figure that he is a robber and a thief, but robbers and thieves are not necessarily lost souls, and we are satisfied that our toothpick man is a lost soul. We often try to imagine what the views of a man must be who will wear a toothpick behind his ear, and then berate ourself for being misled into thinking that such a man has a brain.

It is one of life's little inadequacies that the law provides us with no weapon against this man. We would not want to murder him, for we would hate to be known as the man who murdered a person who wore a toothpick behind his ear. We could never take any pride in a

GRETCHEN BREAKS IN ON A STOLEN NAP.



1. "Chuck! chuck! chuck!"

looks upon the transaction as closed. The law is satisfied, justice is upheld, society is safeguarded—the whole thing seems to be balanced and trued to a standard. But what it all amounts to is this, that we remain murdered, and take no interest whatever in the exercises incident to leveling up the experience and passing round an equal portion of calamity to our murderer.

Nevertheless, as the world goes, the mountainous ills, the bulbous and violent encroachments on our rights, the invasions upon our properties, have remedies at law. But see what an army of little offenses war upon our peace and comfort every day against which we are weaponless.

For example: we belong to the tribe known as commuters. A German historian (Geschichtegewöhnlichschreibegesellschaften, or something like that) has lately put forth the interesting theory that the commuters are the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. We think the German is right. But that is aside from the purpose. As we go and come, aiming at a certain train each morning and evening, we naturally fall in



2. "Vat hungry chicks!"



2. THE SLEEPER—"Say, can't you let a man get a little rest?"

homicide of that character. When we murder a person we want it to be a person of standing, a person in our own class, a person we can vouch for. We would never stoop to murder anybody. We have thought the matter over by the hour, and we have come to feel helpless in the face of this human toothpick. We do not want to commit assault and battery upon him. We cannot throw him out of the car window. We suppose we must stand him and his toothpick to the end of our commutership.

F. W.

An Optimistic Thought.

WHEN a jealous man who doesn't amount to anything shoots somebody who doesn't amount to anything for being too attentive to a woman who doesn't amount to anything, why should anybody who does amount to anything get excited about it?

Her Offense.

THE despondent damsel had been apprehended in the very act of drinking carbolic. The speedy work of skilled physicians saved her life. The physicians afterward admitted that they had saved it. An officious constable arrested her on the ground of attempted suicide. Then a wise man present interfered and said,

"I object to this high-handed procedure. If this person is to be seized on any charge, it should be as a violator of the pure-food law."

"How so?" exclaimed every one in unison.

"Because she was putting acid inside 'er."

Whereupon the crowd released the woman and with one accord hanged the author of the pun.

The Usual Way.

The tourist—"Were there not a lot of people killed in a recent wreck near the station we just passed?"

The conductor—"Yes; forty killed yesterday. But how did you know there had been a wreck?"

The tourist—"A natural inference. As we passed I noticed a gang of workmen installing safety-signal devices."

This Rapid Age.

Fair bargainer—"I want a pair of shoe-strings, some hairpins, half a dozen handkerchiefs, and a belt-buckle. I have to catch a train in fifteen minutes, and I am in a great hurry."

Floor-walker—"Take the elevator to the eleventh floor for the shoe-strings. The hairpin department is on the second. You will find the handkerchiefs in the extreme rear of the seventh floor and the belt-buckles are in the basement."



THE INVENTORY THAT CHEERS.

MRS. JONES—"Whatever have we got ter be thankful fer, Silas?"

MR. JONES—"Wa-al, th' mortgage hez bin foreclosed on th' farm, so we hain't got ter pay no more interest an' taxes; th' autermobile's bin attached fer debt, so we hain't got ter worry about that no more; Johnny Smith hez thrown over our daughter Sal, so we won't have him ter support. Great Scott, Maria! we've got everything ter be thankful fer."

At the Minstrels.

"MR. TAMBO," remarks the middleman, "I have a very important question to propound this evening. Can you tell me why a financially-embarrassed man resembles a canine?"

"No, Mr. Centerpiece; Ah can't tell yo'," says Mr. Tambo. "Why am a f'nancially-'barrassed man laik a kanine?"

"Because," replies the middleman, "he never has any money in his pants. I guess that will hold you while our charming tenor, Mr. Caruso Highsee, sings the beautiful and pathetic ballad, 'Her Raven Locks Have Turned to Gold.'"

Mr. Highsee rises majestically, puts one hand behind him, hangs his thumb over a vest-button, and begins, "The old farm-house is waiting"—

"Look yere!" shouts Mr. Tambo. "Jes'suppose de f'nancially-'barrassed man wears pants wid checks in 'em?"

Ingenuous Lad.

"SO you want a position?" asked the business man of the bright-faced youth. "What can you say in your favor?"

"Sir," replied the earnest lad, "I was given letters of recommendation by our pastor, by my Sunday-school teacher, by the president of the W. C. T. U., and by my grammar-school teacher, and"—

"There, that will do. I am afraid we have no place for."—

"But I tore their letters up, sir. I thought that the best recommendation would be to work a week and then you could get a line on my future speed."

"Good boy! You're engaged."

The Caustic Boarder.

"WELL," said the hotel proprietor, "I must go out to the race-track this afternoon and see if I can clean up a little stake."

"If I were you," said the caustic boarder, "I would stay here and see if I couldn't clean up the little steak served every meal at this table. It sure needs it."

Whereupon the proprietor went out and added three dollars for extras to the caustic boarder's bill.

The Inertia of Jones.

"WHAT do you suppose is the cause of Jones getting on in the world so slowly?"

"Pure laziness. That man would actually rather pay rent than move."

Nature Study versus Geography.

ALL the wiles known to pedagogy being exhausted in an effort to make the class name the most southern cape of South America, the teacher asked disgustedly,

"What do cows have?"

A hand waved frantically in her face.

"Calves!" was the eager reply.

Logically.

Naggsby—"They tell me that when the packers find a lot of beef and pork offal that is rapidly approaching the spoiled stage the stuff is minced, potted, and called chicken."

Waggsby—"That is, when it becomes foul they label it chicken."

Business Is Business.

"HOW'S business?" I said to a butcher I met

While out for a stroll on the street.

"Well, sometimes it's tough, but by chopping," he said,

"I manage to make both ends meat."

I spoke to an author, a cheerful young chap,

Whose life seemed exceedingly bright.

"How goes it?" I asked; and he promptly replied,

"Oh, everything seems to be write."

"You're looking quite well," to a broker I said,

Whom I sat beside in a car.

"Don't take any stock in my health," he replied;

"I'm feeling away below par."

My tailor I met on a prominent street.

"Good-morning!" I said; "you look cute."

"Why shouldn't I, pray," he replied with a smile,

"When every one's easy to suit?"

"Ah, doctor, good-morning! How goes it with you?"

I asked with a smile on the side.

"Oh, I'm going along in the same old way,

Enjoying bad health," he replied.

I said to the man who makes automobiles,

"It isn't quite proper to frown."

"I know it's dead wrong," he replied with a pout.

"The fact is, I'm all broken down."

FERRINE LAMBERT.

Smoke Rings.

CONSIDERING how long ago they had their last real scrap, those Cubans seem remarkably little out of practice.

Germany, says a foreign dispatch, has become the premier bee country of Europe. That buzzing in the Kaiser's bonnet is now explained.

Not much use bothering with spelling reform, just when the Esperanto congress is putting the finishing touches on a brand-new universal language.

Love's Answer.

"CAN you cook, darling?" asked her fiancé eagerly, for he was no Cræsus.

"Can I cook?" she sneered. "Do you suppose I'd be silly enough to marry a poor clerk if I could make forty dollars a month and my board?"



IMPUDENCE.

FARMER BACKUP—"I want ten cents' wuth o' stamps."

ALECK SMART (the new clerk)—"What denomination?"

FARMER BACKUP—"I'm a Baptist; but I don't know as it's enny o' your business."

Signs That Fail in Dry Weather.

A TALL Kentuckian was suffering tortures while doing some compulsory shopping with his wife. Wandering about a store in listless, useless fashion he noticed a sign which read, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." A good-looking young woman wasn't busy near by. He looked at the sign and then at the girl.

"Well, sir," she said, observing his condition of doubt, "what is it?"

"Does that sign go?" he asked, nodding toward it.

"No, sir," she smiled pertly; "it stays right where it is."

"Excuse me, miss," he stammered; "I mean does it mean what it says?"

"Sure. What will you have?"

His eyes caught a new light as he bent eagerly over to her.

"I'd like to have a pull at a black bottle if you happen to have one handy behind the counter," he said in an intense and soulful whisper. "I haven't had a drink for three hours, and it seems like three weeks."

W. J. LAMPTON.

A MOUNT TO SAFETY.



I.

OFFICER—"Look out, there, me boy! Mad dog!"

Idle Thoughts from an Empty Think-tank.

IT really looks, as though the skeleton in the Castéllane closet was a very Boni affair.

If an angry bull, by intuition, tosses a hayseed, why shouldn't a tame bull be taught to toss hay?

The old songs even are changing. Now it is the child who sings "Oh, Where Is My Wandering Ma To-night?"

If the average college-boy would think half as much about his vocation as he does about his vacation, there would be fewer failures at thirty among the A.B.'s.

The Newest Type.

"THAT doctor that examined me told me my heart was beating at the rate of one hundred and fifty per minute."

"Well, he's the worst circulation liar I have ever heard of."

Announcements Magazine.

THE following new magazines are (not) scheduled to appear this fall:

The Village Magazine—To be published simultaneously in all the hamlets in the country each week. One of the principal features will be a staff of fifty editors at Luther Burbank's home in California to correctly report his doings.

The Daily Monthly—As its name indicates, the *Daily Monthly* will contain all the features of an ordinary monthly magazine, but will be published every day in the year. Price will be placed at ten cents a copy for a starter, but will be raised to fifteen cents as soon as the circulation warrants it.

Kids—A monthly magazine for the major portion of our population. *Kids* will concentrate its 262 pages of reading-matter on the buying, selling, making and eating of candy—for this is what the children are most interested in.

The Janitor's Journal—Devoted to the joys, sorrows, trials, tribulations and victories of the janitor. Official organ of the International Janitors' Jollier Association.

Surcease of Sorrow—Designed for those suffering with magazinemia. When you have read all the magazines and feel that life is not worth the living, *Surcease of Sorrow* will give you relief. It will contain 192 full-sized blank pages.

An Implied Limerick.

A FELLOW who worked in a drug-house
Had a brother employed in a carpet-store;
But their staying apart
Broke each fond brother's heart,
And ere long they were both in the insane-asylum.

Not the Kind She Wanted.

A LITTLE girl walked into a butcher-shop. "Please, sir, have you a sheep's head?" she asked.
"No," replied the butcher; "none but my own."
"That wouldn't do," said the little girl positively.
"Mamma wants one with brains in it!"

RALPH C. DAY



2.

MESSANGER (with the hat-boxes)—"All right, sir! Much obliged, sir!"



AN OPERATIC STAR.
THE FEMALE FELICANS---"Oh, isn't he divine!"

The Height of the Cliffs

By W. J. Lampton

MESS-TIME was well over, and the men sat around the surveyors' camp-fire, smoking and telling stories. They were in that region of the Rockies where the mountains are nearly as big as any stories that might be told of them.

Johnson was talking.

"By heck!" he said with feeling, "I'll never forget a trip I made up the Green River once. There was nobody but me and a mule, and the trail along the cliffs wasn't wider than a ribbon, and so high up that it looked like a streamer from a flag-pole."



NOT AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE.

MR. TRAVELYN TOURIST—"Rather out-of-the-way place, this, my friend?"

MR. BUST ED. BARNSTORMER—"Well, I've been here two weeks and it hasn't struck me so. I seem to be right in the way of everybody round here."

"I know them cliffs," said Hoyt, whose greatest delight ordinarily appeared to be to differ with his fellow-men. "I surveyed all over that section once for three months."

"Then you know they are up some," Johnson went on, rather pleased at this corroboration, for no story-teller likes to be under suspicion. "Well, as I was saying, I was picking my way along there one day, leading the mule, when somehow or other he slipped and over the edge he went—a clean drop of two thousand feet to the river, beating itself white on the rocks below. I let go of

the reins just in time to save myself from being dragged over with him."

Everybody gave a sudden gasp except Hoyt.

"It ain't two thousand feet," he said calmly.

"I guess it is," responded Johnson, with the air of superior knowledge.

"It can't be," persisted Hoyt. "It would 'a' killed the mule."

"It *did* kill the mule!" Johnson almost yelled at Hoyt's amazing stupidity.

"Just the same, it ain't two thousand feet," Hoyt insisted with annoying pertinacity.

"Well, I say it is!" angrily exclaimed Johnson, jamming his heel into the ground for further emphasis.

"And I say you're a liar!"

Hoyt came back promptly.

Then there was trouble in the camp. There almost always is at this point in the conversation of men of their elemental natures. After it was over and peace had come again, with Johnson's eye blackened and Hoyt's face done up in court-plaster, a sense of embarrassment pervaded the company, and the resumption of conversation was lost in a silent but vigorous puffing of pipes. Presently Hoyt peeled off a strip of plaster that impeded his jaw movement.

"About them cliffs," he said slowly, but with unabated confidence; "they ain't two thousand feet high."

Johnson glared from under his mourning eye and started to his feet.

"They ain't," Hoyt went on steadily, "because I measured 'em once, and the exact figgers showed nineteen hundred and ninety-seven feet six inches."

Everybody heaved a sigh of relief, which almost blew their pipes out, and Johnson stuck an amicable hand out to Hoyt, who smiled as if he had been enjoying himself.

NATURALLY, when a man has a new heir he puts on airs.

The Ladder of Life

FIRST met Freddy when he was five years old.

"Freddy," I said, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I guess," replied Freddy, "'at me 'll be a p'lice-man."

Freddy was a manly little chap of ten years when I saw him again.

"My young friend," I inquired, "does your ambition still lean toward the police force?"

"No, sir," replied the youngster; "I'm going to be an artist and paint pictures. An artist gets a lot of money."

I met Freddy when he was twenty years old. He was a stalwart youth and had just been graduated from the high school.

"Fred," I asked, "what road have you chosen for life's journey?"

"I have selected the road to literary fame," he replied. "I shall write poems and essays, and the world shall palpitate with eagerness to read my productions. I shall become rich and famous."

I left Freddy to struggle with his ambitions, and slowly followed Father Time to the evening of my life. One day as I walked feebly along the street a voice hailed me and an automobile stopped at the curb.

"Why, bless my soul," I exclaimed, "if it isn't Frederick!"

"Yep," cried a portly man of forty odd years. "I'm just trying my new machine. Get in and take a ride?"

"No, thank you, Frederick," I replied. "By the bye, you are looking exceedingly prosperous. Are you a policeman, an artist, or an author?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Frederick, laughing heartily, "I gave up all those youthful fancies and started in to make some money. Haven't you heard? Why, I'm a plumber!"

PERRINE LAMBERT.

Fate of a Meddler.

IN due time the women came into authority and power in the courts, and the first culprit haled before them for punishment was a man who had spent his life advocating dress-reform for the fair sex.

"Wretch that you are!" decreed the stern lady who presided on the bench, "the decision of the court is that for the term of your natural life you shall be permitted to wear none but waists that button up the back—and that you be compelled to button them yourself."

Solved.

"I HAVE solved the servant problem," said the woman with the compressed lips and the determined eyes.

"You have?" asked the other person.

"I have. When things get to such a pass that the hired girls want three days out in the week, want the use of the parlor every other night and Sunday afternoon, want me to play soft love-songs while they are entertaining their beaus in the kitchen on other evenings, insist on the privilege of dictating what groceries and meats I shall

buy, claim the right to wear my clothes and bonnets, dictate whether or no I shall keep a dog or a child, succeed in having my house decorated and furnished to accord with their tastes, and — Well, when things are as they are, I am just —"

"Not going to keep servants any longer?"

"Better than that. I am going to hire out as a servant and enjoy life!"

An Inventive Genius.

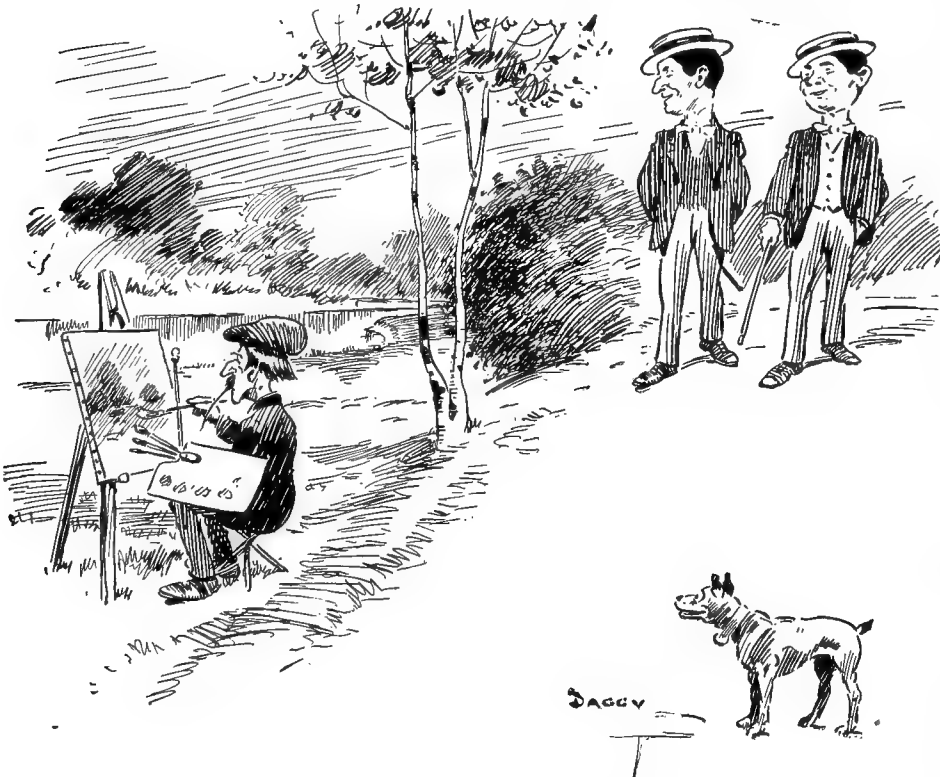
Subbubs—"What makes him so unpopular?"

Borrow—"He fixed his lawn-mower so you have to drop a nickel in the slot to make it go."

Proof.

"WHAT reason have you for thinking that the thief who entered your house was a locksmith by trade?" asked the detective.

"Why, I saw him make a bolt for the door," said the victim of the robbery.



DOUBTFUL.

JONES—"See the wicked artist painting on Sunday."

JENKS—"He might do worse."

JONES (Scrutinizing picture)—"I'm not so sure of that."

The Servant Problem.

(With acknowledgments to James T. Fields's
"The Tempest.")

WE WERE glooming in the parlor ;
Not a soul had nerve to speak—
For the cook had given notice
She would quit that very week.

'Tis a fearful thing in households
To be shattered by that blast
And to hear the crashing china
Which is falling thick and fast.

Oh, we shuddered there in silence.
Father's face was full of woe,
For he lacked the moral courage
To tell cook to pack and go.

Father sighed that we should bounce her ;
Mother wept in sore dismay.
She had offered higher wages
If the cook would only stay.

Every fortnight brought another.
They were bad enough at first,
But as one by one they vanished
We declared each was the worst.

Father whispered, "We should take her
And should throw her in the street."
Mother gasped, "How under heaven
Would we get a bite to eat?"

Then the little daughter murmured
In her anguished mother's ear,
"Do they have cooks up in heaven
Just the same as we do here?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we hushed each fretful sigh,
And we said, "Oh, Servant Problem,
We shall solve you when we die!"

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The President's Advice.

"WHERE on earth have you been,
Henry, at this hour of the
night?"

"Why, I found a colored man was
trying to get into our chicken-house, so
I went out and assisted him. We had an
awful time getting into the thing, but
he has just gone with four of our finest
pullets."

"Henry Peck, are you a raving ma-
niac?" What on earth do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I endeavor al-
ways to be a loyal citizen of the repub-
lic ; and didn't you see that President
Roosevelt said we should help the negro
to help himself?"

The Clerical Optimist.

Bachelor—"It's my opinion that mar-
riage is a failure."

Clergyman—"You are decidedly
wrong. My last month's wedding-fees
will buy my wife's clothes for a year."

"That fool doctor told me riding would reduce flesh."
"Well, it looks to me as if your horse was reduced enough."

ANTI-FAT.



A Word of Caution

By Max Merryman

YES, Mr. Jones; I am sure that you will find mine to be a very pleasant and homelike house. That is what my boarders always say—that they find it so pleasant and homelike here, not a bit like the ordinary boarding-house. Once you are really acquainted with your fellow-boarders and understand their little peculiarities you will like them very much indeed. Of course we are all human and have our little failings, and none of us are perfect. My way is to always have a little confidential talk with a new boarder and tell him of some of the little peculiarities of the other boarders, and then he can be on guard and not tread on any of their toes in anything he may say. It's just as well to be considerate of other people's feelings and failings as well as their fads when they have any. I'm one that believes in toleration, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; to a certain degree."

"Oh, of course—to a certain degree. Of course there are times when it is a duty to stand up for one's convictions, and I don't believe in being run over. But one can ignore little weaknesses in others without prejudice to one's own feelings and convictions, and where you know that you can't agree with others it's just as well to keep silent. You are not a Christian Scientist?"

"No."

"I thought not. You'll find that I'm one who never tries to pry into the private affairs of her boarders, although when it comes to church relations it is always rather nice to know what church one's boarders attend, for it may be that they are members of your own church, at least of the same denomination. I am an Episcopalian. Somehow I made up my mind the day you came to engage rooms that you were of that faith, and I have been wondering if I am right."

"No; I am a Baptist."

"Oh; are you? Well, do you know that Miss Agely, the lady who sits at your right at the table, said, after you left the table this morning, that she just had an idea that you were either a Methodist or a Baptist—not that we gossip about the boarders here at the table when they are not present, but Miss Agely happened to be

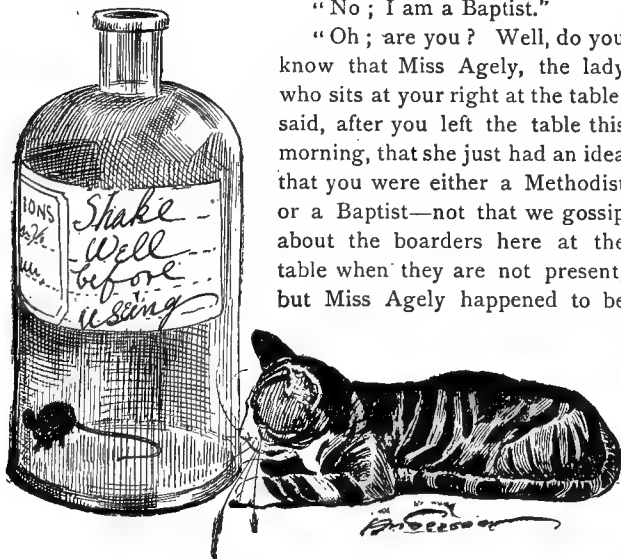
speaking about church matters. She thought you might be a Baptist because of some religious paper she saw in your mail on the hall table, and then I noticed the card of some Methodist publishing house on one of your letters lying on the table—not that I ever am guilty of looking over my boarders' mail in a prying spirit, but of course I have to go over it in order to get out my own. But I just wanted to caution you a little about some of the boarders. You remember Mrs. Smythe, the lady who sits opposite you with glasses?"

"I remember her."

"Well, I thought that I would tell you not to say anything about her husband to her, for they are not living together. You know how awkward it is to infer that a woman is a widow and say something about her husband under the impression that he is dead, and have her be obliged to confess that he is living. One hardly dares to say a thing about a man's wife or a woman's husband nowadays for fear that they aren't living together. I understand that it was Mrs. Smythe who got the divorce, and he had to pay her ten thousand cash and a hundred dollars a month as long as she remains unmarried, and she owns two houses of her own that she rents for fifty dollars a month, and her first husband left her ten thousand dollars life insurance, for she was a sure-enough widow when she married Mr. Smythe. I'm not one to pry into the affairs of other people, but Mrs. Smythe has been here nearly a week, and I always feel that I must know something about my boarders before I receive them into my house, so as to protect myself against improper characters. You'll not mention her husband to Mrs. Smythe?"

"Certainly not."

"That Mrs. Sharpe at the end of the table promised me that she wouldn't, after I had given her the same word of caution I have given you, and the very next meal if she didn't ask Mrs. Smythe right before the whole table full how long her husband had been dead. It was just like Mrs. Sharpe. I would advise you not to say anything about spiritualism before Mrs. Sharpe, for she has a strong leaning that way, and if you are a Roosevelt or Taft man please don't say anything about either of them to that little Mr. Fyte, the bald man who always wears a red tie, for he is an out-and-out Bryan man, and it's like waving a red rag before a bull to say a word in praise of Roosevelt before him. And please don't say anything against Christian Science before the lady who sits at your left, for she is a rabid Scientist, and if any one says anything against Christian Science she flares up in a way that proves that temper is a reality if disease isn't. She makes it plain that temper is a state of mind if cancers and tumors aren't. But I'll tell you confidentially that she got me up in the dead of night to have me see if I had anything in the house that would relieve her of the pain a toothache was giving her, and she didn't come to breakfast the next morning because her face was so swollen, but I didn't ask



AND BEFORE EATING?

her why she didn't bring her mind to bear on that tooth, because you see she has my best front room on the second floor and pays her twelve dollars down every Saturday morning, and that's a reality if the toothache isn't. You remember the old lady who nearly always wears a little pink shawl when she comes to the table?"

"I remember her."

"Well, I want to give you a word of caution about referring to her as being at all old if you happen to fall into conversation with her. She wants to be regarded as hovering around forty-six in age, when the actual fact is that she has a son that old, but you will hear her talking about how she can't remember anything about the Civil War because she was such a 'very little girl' even when the war ended, and she talks about having been 'almost a young lady' at the time of the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. I guess her daughter was almost a young lady at that time. But what's the good of antagonizing people? She pays me nine dollars a week for one of my back rooms and never falls behind in paying it, so I tell her every day how young and fresh she looks and what beautiful thick hair she has, and never hint that I know it is a wig, and I praise her beautiful pink cheeks that I know come out of a box—at least the pink did. One's got to use tact when one keeps boarders."

"That pious-looking old gentleman who sits next to the lady with the pink shawl is a great believer in the faith cure and does some faith-cure healing himself, and he and the Scientist lady have had several lively spats at the table, for you see the faith cure and the Scientist cure are two different things. I guess mebbe it's like some one said about the faith cure and the mind cure, that in one you didn't have to have any faith and in the other you didn't have to have any mind. But, dear me, I don't care what folks believe long as they come up to time with their rent and board money on Saturday or when their week is up. Then I'd like to give you a word of caution about not saying anything against the Catholics, for both of my table girls are of that faith, and that red-haired one wouldn't pour a glass of water even for you if you said anything against her church. That very thin lady with blue glasses at the table is a member of a church that believes in sanctification, and she is one of the sanctified, so please don't say anything against sanctification before her or she'll get mad as a wet hen. Those two young men who always come in together are both studying to become Universalist ministers, so it would be just as well for you not to say anything against universal salvation before them, for they are just at the age when they love to argufy. I'm a shouting Methodist myself, but of course I have to

keep my mouth shut under the circumstances. I just thought I would give you a word of caution for your own good. There was a man here to see about rooms. His name was Beane and he said he wanted rooms near some Unitarian church, and as there is a church of that faith just around the corner he thinks he'll take one of my rooms. If he does it will be just as well for you not to bear down very hard on the Unitarians. I guess they mean well, anyhow. Under the circumstances, with so many different kinds of Christians in the house, I think it would be just as well not to talk about religion at the table. Dear, dear! but I'll be glad when the 'universal church' that they talk of comes in and we all belong to it, but of course I hope it will be a Methodist church. Well, I guess that—oh, that very stout old gentleman with only one eye is a Seventh Day Adventist and goes to church on Saturday. I guess you'd better have a word of caution about him. He's dreadful touchy about his religion. So many folks are. That's one thing that makes it hard to keep a boarding-house in these days. I had a splendid-paying old-school Presbyterian leave last week because of the digs a free-will Baptist that sat next to him was forever giving him. Well, I must go down now and make the desert for dinner. I hope you'll keep the word of caution which I've given you in mind."



FIRST THE STONE AGE, THEN THE IRON AGE, THEN THE AUTO AGE, THEN ———?

KING WOOLYFEET (of Hoolyhoolyland)—"Hey, you crook-neck squash, you! where are all the rest of my subjects? Why are you not all here, so I can run the royal throne-car over your impious necks?"

PROSTRATE SUBJECT—"Excellent majesty, you know we have just had our Vanderbilt-cup race, and I am all that's left of your subjects who attended."



CANDIDATES FOR LYNCHING.

Your friend, who examines your new fall coat, and remarks in a megaphone voice, "Gee! isn't he dressy?"

"It's a Bir'rd"

By Joel Benton

IT HAPPENED a generation and more ago. And it's a true relation.

It was in the days when the predatory tramp as we now know him—of frequent criminal propensity—did not exist. The road peripatetic who preceded him was commonly one who traveled peacefully to find work, and there are those still living who remember him.

Of this faded type were Mike and Pat. They had recently arrived from the Emerald Isle, and had come to America for worldly advantage. Several jobs of a temporary sort they had already found, and when one was finished they started out on the rustic highway to hunt for another.

This was not always easy to find, and on a certain summer day they arrived, sore-footed and hungry, after a long and fruitless walk, at a thrifty country village. Some joint instinct prompted them to pause and rest there on the road lawn, under a shady tree. They were not far from the best hotel and were near homes of the well-to-do. It was, perhaps, eleven-thirty by the clock. Out of the chimneys came rich and inviting odors of meals soon to be served, but they had no possible idea of where they could get even a bun or a biscuit—for they were not beggars, and were unfinanced.

Their plight was getting strenuous, if not to say serious. They could sing of dinners the familiar song, "Thou art so near and yet so far," but not get one.

Pat said, "Begorra, Mike, I'm hungry."

"And faith," says Mike, "and so am I."

Then there were long, meandering thoughts between them. Mike, in particular, kept up a deep meditation, when, after a considerable pause, he brightened up and said, "Pat, I've got it."

Seeing a small water turtle move out of the grass which had been its place of concealment, disturbed, no doubt, by unwelcome neighbors, Mike ran forward, and, throwing his handkerchief over it and picking it up, said again, "Pat, I've got it."

What he had got was an idea. "Pat," said he, "you stay here until I whistle and call ye."

There was no doubt Mike was hungry. He made good time in reaching the hotel bar-room. Sitting there, of course, was a group of three or four leisurely countrymen who have all the time there is for gossip and discussion. No such place ever lacks such a group.

Mike strided up to the bar, and dropping the turtle on it out of his handkerchief, said,

"And what sort of a bir'd is this?"

"It is no sort of a bird at all," said a forward one of the group. "Why do you call it a bird?"

"It's a bir'd; it's a bir'd!" said Mike.

"And it isn't a bird," said another.

"You sassy spalpeen," said Mike, "it's a bir'd!"

Then the others got up, with animation, and took a hand, or a tongue, in the dispute.

They all shouted that it was not a bird, that it was a turtle, and that Mike was a fool. But Mike didn't care for majorities, and only asseverated in his richest brogue all the louder, "It's a bir'd; it's a bir'd!"

The scene was rather long drawn out and became very nearly tumultuous. Meantime Pat had moved nearer to the hotel, and Mike and Pat were now really hungry.

Very soon a member of the group moved up closer to Mike and yelled, "It's a turtle!" But Mike kept the air hot with, "Ye can't fool me; it's a bir'd; it's a bir'd!"



THE GAMELESS AMATEUR.

FARMER—"Hey, you! There ain't no shootin' here!"

THE BOY—"They ain't, ain't they? Say, are you deaf?"

"But how are you going to prove it?" said one of his opponents.

"Why," said Mike, "I'll leave it to the very first man who comes in. And I'll bet you two dinners it's a bir'd!"

"Very well," said they all; "we'll do it."

Then Mike went out the door and softly whispered. Pat came up at once, and was instantly posted by Mike as to the momentous decision impending, when they immediately entered the hotel.

The whole assemblage gathered about the bar in due order, and, with judicial solemnity. Mike was of course the inquisitor.

"We've met, stranger," says Mike, "to find out what this thing is. No matter what who or anybody thinks, we differ, and have agreed to leave it to you. Tell us, and you'll have a good dinner."

"Why, that's too easy," said Pat. "It's a bir'd, sure, and nothing else."

There was a crestfallen crowd when this decision came, but two hungry men had a good dinner, and something more. The landlord gave them a job, and was so pleased with Mike and his native wit and resourcefulness that he kept him in service about the hotel and grounds, and afterward—when he moved to another town—until the end of his days. Although he left the rural village very soon, to take a bigger hotel in one of the midway cities on the Hudson, Mike went with him, and soon got there the reputation of being a unique character. "He's a bir'd, sure," they all said.

A Relief Movement.

"SIR," said the aggrieved music-teacher to the philanthropist who lived in the apartment beneath him, "you agreed to pay me for all my time provided that I devoted it only to the pupils you should send me."

"I did," acknowledged the philanthropist pleasantly.

"You gave me to understand it was in connection with your work along certain lines of relief."

"That is true."

"Yet the only pupils you have sent me are armless people, who cannot possibly use a piano."

"I know. I may have omitted to mention that I was doing this for my own relief."

A Parent's Difficulties.

"WHAT are you crying for, Bertie?"

"I wish I had a little boy to play with me."

"You're too big now to cry for some one to play with."

"Well, then, get me a wife."



HIS LAST WORDS.

THE TURKEY—"I hope you and your whole durned family 'll have indigestion!"

Popular Refrains for Family Use.

Model—"Everybody Works but Father."

EVERYBODY works but mother. She sits around all day
Reading and talking nonsense, passing the hours away;
Getting up stuff on Ibsen, taking in guff on Shaw—
Everybody works at our house but my ma-maw.

Everybody works but brother, sophomore he at Yale;
Nothing to do all day long but just keep out of jail.
Taking a course in yelling, studying to be a "sub"—
Everybody works at our house but my old bub.

Everybody works but sister. Sister's a sort of Squidge,
Morning, noon and evening playing the game of bridge.
Breakfast, dinner, luncheon, back to the game again—
Everybody works at our house but Sister Jane.

Everybody works but auntie. She spends her time at church,
Talking about the neighbors, out on a scandal search;
Filling her soul with worries o'er other people's biz—
Everybody works at our house but my Aunt Liz.

Everybody works but baby, yelling from morn till night,
Smashing our brand-new china, skinning the cat on sight;
Poking his mother's eyes out, pulling his nurse's nose—
Everybody works at our house but pinky-toes.

Nobody works but father. He goes to town each day,
Trying to earn the ducats, family bills to pay;
Has to walk to the station, dodging the butcher-man—
Nobody works at our house like my old man.

WILBERFORCE JENKINS.

In Liquidation.

BEDFORD, Indiana, has a murder case certainly qualified to provoke showers of tears, as there are mentioned in connection therewith a man named Tanksley and a Miss Rainey.

A Little Song for Those Who Are Getting Next.

OH, life is worth the living,
And everything is right ;
There isn't any trouble,
And all the world is bright.
Nobody seems to suffer,
And everybody 's gay,
The lofty and the lowly—
When

It
Comes
Your
Way.

The strenuous rush for money
Or gain of any kind—
The glit'ring, grinding triumph
Of matter over mind—
Don't count as grave offenses
Of morals gone astray
Among the slaves of progress—
When

It
Comes
Your
Way.

The birds are always singing,
The flowers are fresh and fair,
In June as in December,
And summer 's everywhere.
There is no thought of sorrow,
Nor any darker day
To follow after sunshine—
When

It
Comes
Your
Way.

W. J. LAMPTON.

A Lengthy List.

"WHAT are all these things for?" asked the meat-packer, indicating a lot of large flat cans, about three feet wide by four feet long, and a quarter of an inch deep.

"Those are the new cans for our corned-beet hash," explained the superintendent.

"What was wrong with the little ones we have used?"

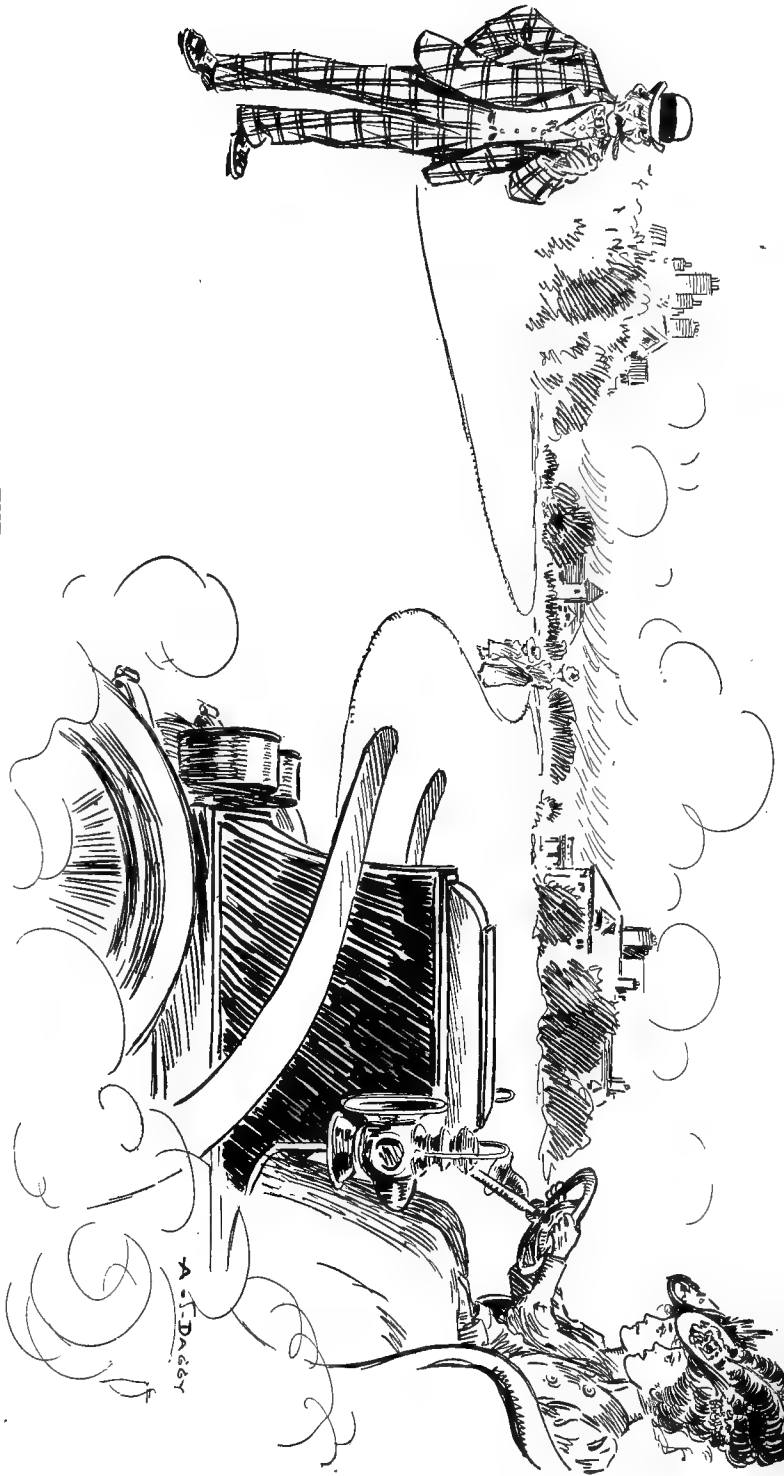
"Nothing; but the new law requires us to print the contents on every package, and I had to get this new can for the hash."

What Callers Are For.

"NOW, Hannah, just look at these chairs! There must be an inch of dust on them."

"Well, ma'am, you know yourself you haven't had a caller for nearly a week."

THE FAIR CHAUFFEUR—"Oh, Peggy, why does that horrid man stand right in the middle of the road? Does he want to be hit?"
THE HORRID MAN—"Beg pardon, ladies. I thought it might be safer to choose the spot you were aiming at."





NOT HIS KIND OF A GAME.

FLOODING PARKER—"Ever go up in a balloon, Dusty?"

DUSTY DAVIS—"Nit. I prefer a game I kin drop out uv when I've got enough."

The Angel Child's Lesson

THE penurious parent had been instructing the angel child in the art of saving. The angel child had listened dutifully, and when the P. P. presented it with a patent savings-bank the A. C. agreed to put all the nickels he got into the bank.

At the end of a week of persistent begging from the other members of the family the A. C. gazed into the patent bank and discovered that he had four dollars and ninety cents.

"Oh, papa!" said the A. C., its dimpled physiognomy erupted with smiles. "I need only two more nickels to have the required five dollars. Have I not been a good boy to not spend them one by one as I used to do?"

"You have, my child," replied the P. P. proudly, "and to show you that the reward of economy is a comfortable bank account, I will now give you the money to fill your bank. It can then be opened and your money placed in the big bank down town."

Saying which he handed the A. C. two nickels, and the little one danced away happy.

"This only goes to show," said the P. P. to his yoke

mate, "that the inculcation of right ideas cannot begin too soon with children. It is merely the forerunner of a great and glorious career for our child; and I feel that he will look back upon this moment in his after years, and remember with pride the fact that I taught him the first principles of good citizenship."

Having gotten which sentiment out of his system, the P. P. fell to perusing the financial gossip of the *Evening Exciter*.

And meanwhile the angel child, having pushed the two coins into the bank, gave it the proper twist and dumped the contents into his hat. Then he proceeded to sneak around the corner, gather up ten or fifteen of his alley acquaintances, and blow them off to soda, candy, ice-cream and cubeb cigarettes at the nearest confectionery, returning home with an empty bank but a full stomach.

Moral: You can't teach a young dog old tricks.

JACK APPLETON.

IT'S a pretty sight to see a girl blush when she really has nothing to blush over.



THE NAIVETE OF ART.

"By Jove, Miss Naseby! your coloring is exquisite—superb. I wish you could afford to have me paint your portrait."



THOSE SELFISH MEN.

SHE—"Henry, what do you suppose would happen to me if this horrible thing were to start off down-hill while you're down there amusing yourself?"

AN ASSISTED STORY-TELLER

By MORRIS WADE

THOMPSON is a pretty good story-teller when he has a chance to tell a story unhindered, but he seldom has that chance when Mrs. Thompson is around. She is one of those misguided but well-meaning wives with a tendency to "butt in" at frequent intervals when her husband is telling a story. A conscientious liking for absolute accuracy is her excuse for this habit, which is so fixed and carried to such extremes that Thompson, good fellow and faithful husband that he is, cannot feel sure at all times that marriage is not a failure. The Thompsons had callers the other evening, and Thompson sought the first opportunity to tell the latest new story he had heard.

"I heard a very good story last night at the club. One of the boys"—

"Last night, dear?" interpolated Mrs. Thompson. "We went to the theatre last night."

"Oh, so we did," said Thompson. "I meant the night before."

"I knew that it couldn't have been last night."

"No; it was the night before. The exact time doesn't matter, anyhow, and"—

"It is just as well to be accurate even in telling a story, dear."

"Well, I know that it was night before last. I thought I'd go around to the club a little while after supper. I hadn't been there for ages, and"—

"Ages," interposed Mrs. Thompson with a little laugh. "What do you call 'ages,' my dear? You were there one evening only last week."

"Of course I didn't expect to be taken literally. It seemed a long time to me. Anyhow, I don't go half as much as I used to, and"—

"It seems to me that you go a great deal, dear."

"Oh, I used to go nearly every night. But what I was going to say was that I met a lot of the boys there that I hadn't seen for a coon's age. Tom Spencer was there. You remember Tom? He married one of the Judson girls—Susie. I believe—and"—

"It was Anna, my dear; not Susie."

"Oh, was it? Well, I knew that it was one of the Judson girls. I knew that it was the yellow-haired one, and"—

"Her hair isn't yellow. It is much nearer brown than yellow," said Mrs. Thompson.

"Well, I guess I have the two girls mixed. I never knew either of them very well, and"—

"Why, you used to meet them often when we lived on the other side of the city, my dear."

"That was too far in the dim past for me to remember it, for"—

"It was only five years ago. I don't call that the 'dim past.'"

"It's the dim past in this racing age of the world. But about the story I heard at the club. Jerry Dayton and that good-looking cousin, Clyde Morse, and"—

"They are not own cousins, my dear. I don't think that they are even second cousins."

"Well, they pass for cousins, and"—

"Well, they are not. I know that Clyde's sister told me once just what the relationship was. I think that Clyde's father and Jerry's mother were only second cousins. There is almost no relationship at all between them."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter so far as the story is concerned, for"—

"Perhaps not; but, as I say, I think it is just as well to be accurate even in small details and unimportant matters. Then one is more apt to be perfectly accurate in matters of real consequence."

"You know Clyde is always loaded with good stories, and he was in his best story-telling vein last night. He'd just cleared ten thousand on a deal he had made the day before, and"—

"You told me that it was eight thousand, my dear."

"No, no; ten thousand, and"—

"I feel quite sure that it was eight thousand. Don't you remember that I said that"—

"Well, well; possibly it was only eight thousand, anyhow"—

"I am quite sure that it was only eight thousand."

"All right. Let it go at that. Anyhow, Clyde said that there were two Jews at a dinner party. One was named Goldstein and the other Strauss, and"—

"Those were not the names you gave when you told the story to the Marvins between the acts of the play last night. You said that one was named Levy."

"Oh, no; I didn't."

"I am sure that you did, for I remember that I remarked to Mrs. Marvin that I wondered if it were the Mr. Levy who used to live near us. Don't you remember that I said that?"

"Well, well; maybe I am a little mixed on the names, but that has nothing to do with the point of the story. The names are of no consequence."

"It's just as well to be accurate."

"Clyde said that these two Jews were at the dinner party, and there were solid-silver spoons on the table, and Goldstein thought he would like to take one of them home with him as a little memento of the occasion, and"—

"I thought it was Levy did that, my dear."

"No, no; it was Goldstein."

"I feel sure that you said it was Levy when you told the story last night."

"Goldstein picked up a spoon and slipped it into his shoe when he supposed that no one was looking, but Strauss"—

"Levy, you mean."

"My dear, I am telling this story."

"But you are getting it all mixed up. There wasn't any Strauss in the story, and it was Levy who picked up the spoon and put it in his shoe."

"No; it was Goldstein, and Levy saw him and he thought he would like to have a spoon, so Strauss"—

"Why do you keep saying 'Strauss' when you mean Levy?"

"Because I feel sure that the name of the second Jew was Strauss, and it doesn't matter about the names, anyhow. Anyhow, Jerry said that"—

"Jerry? Why, you said that it was Clyde Morse who told the story."

"So it was; so it was. Clyde said that Strauss"—

"Levy, my dear, Levy."

"Well, Levy couldn't get a spoon into his shoe very well, so he picked one up between the courses of the dinner, and"—

"My dear, I don't believe that you are telling that just right. It wasn't that way, for"—

"Yes; it was, and"—

"I don't think that you told it that way last night."

"I certainly did."

"You thought that you said Strauss last night, when I feel sure that you said Levy, so I think that you are mixed up all around."

"Well, I know that it was Levy who picked up a spoon between the courses of the dinner and said, 'Shentlemen, now I do you some sleight-of-hand. I vill show you'"—

"I thought he said, 'I vill play you a little trick,' or something of that kind."

"No, no; it wasn't that way at all."

"You told it that way last night."

"I'm sure that I didn't. Then he took the spoon and slipped it into the inside pocket of his coat, and"—

"You sure it was that way, dear?"

"I know that it was. Then he buttoned up his coat and said, 'Presto change!' and then"—

"Didn't he do something else before he said, 'Shentlemen, you vill find dot spoon in Mr. Goldstein's shoe?'" interpolated Mrs. Thompson. "It seems to me that you are getting ahead of the story."

"Well, you got to the end of it before I did," said Thompson as he lapsed into moody silence and paid no heed to Mrs. Thompson's sweetly uttered,

"Why don't you go on with the story, dear?"



HE WOULD BALK.

FARMER HOBBCORN—"By gum, Maria! if we lived in a house as high as thet ye wouldn't git me up in the night to run down an' see if they wuz enny cats in the cellar."

Some Recent Inventions of Merit.

A BAR-TENDER in Denver has patented a new cocktail which is said to be harmless. A few dashes of liquid rubber serve to insulate the stomach of the drinker from the deleterious effects of the ordinary concoction of this nature.

A New York flat-dweller has taken out a preliminary patent on an iron bar, three feet long, with spikes on the end, which, when promptly used on the head of an impudent janitor, will silence him for a period varying from one week to eternity.

Music-lovers will rejoice in a new clothes-wringer shortly to be placed on the market, which will wring clothes and at the same time grind out selections from popular operas of the day. It is called "The Parsifal Wringerola," and will cost five dollars.

A New Haven tailor has applied for a patent on a pair of hired men's trousers. The seat is made of buckskin and contains four invisible percussion thumb-tacks, with the points running inward, thereby making it impossible for the wearer to sit down while he should be working.

An ingenious old maid of Waltham, Tennessee, has taken out a patent on a collapsible sofa, which, by the pressure of a button, will cave in amidships and throw a bashful young man at one end into such close proximity with a willing young lady at the other that he cannot help coming to time if he has the slightest spark of true manhood in him.

Criminal Lightness.

A NOTED sociologist has discovered that the average criminal doesn't weigh as much as a moral man."

"Where does the difference come in? In the brain?"

"Not only there. They're lighter fingered."



RURAL SARCASM.

CITY SPORTSMAN—"Of course I'll pay for it; but, really, I thought it was a wild one."

FARMER SILO—"O' co'se ye did. 'Twould be a mighty sight cheaper fer ye ef ye didn't think so much. An' say, don't ye git ter thinkin' thet beast o'er thar is a deer, b'c'us it ain't. It's a cow!"

Gunbusta, Monologist, on Motor-boats.

HOW do, Audience?

I own a twenty-four-fish-power motor-boat. It's a dinky water-wagon, and skims the bay as if it was so much milk instead of water. It's speedy, too. Sometimes it goes several knots an hour, and at other times it goes not for several hours. People imagine when you own a motor-boat you are continually on the water. This is a mistake—most of the time you're in the water. And not because you want to be, either.

There is a great deal of pleasure in a motor-boat. You don't have to crawl under it with a monkey-wrench and turn a nut about which you know nothing. You can crawl under your motor-boat for that purpose if you want to, but you might get your feet wet and catch cold.

Of course I don't like to blow about my boat—though I must admit that my boat once did blow me about—about fifty feet in the direction of the milky way. And that wasn't the only time I went up into the air. It was a regular thing with me to leave my motor-boat unexpectedly and go up into the ethereal hence for a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. I didn't mind these ascensions—having been an angel for a burlesque company for many years—but it was an inconvenience to duck dirigible balloons after I got up there.

I call my boat "Prohibitionist" because it's a crank on water. It would roll along like an iron dolphin until

a huge steamboat loomed up before me, and then it would stop suddenly, and all the coaxing in the world couldn't make it go. Consequently I would have to grab up the pair of emergency oars and row like a demon to prevent me from running into the monster vessel and destroying perhaps hundreds of lives.

I had no cavernous horn to inform pedestrians that I was going to try and run over them. In fact, there was no one to run over. Besides, I have never run over anything but my ears in debt. My boat has a patent whistle rigged to it. The first time I ever whistled with it I had all the dogs of the neighboring resorts commencing to swim out to me, and I had to make a noise like a dog-catcher before they'd turn back. I used the whistle to inform drawbridges when to open in order to let my motor-boat pass through, not because my boat is so large, or because of a tall smokestack or flag-staff, but simply because—my pilot wore a high silk hat.

I cut quite a splash with my boat. In truth, it was ninety per cent. splash, and after any trip I could put my hand in my vest-pockets and pull out pieces of the river. Once it splashed so much water on to me that the boat struck sand and couldn't move. The water was too shallow. I had to take off my coat and vest and wring them out over the side of the boat before the water was deep enough for me to float off again.

I will now sing "Waiting for the Birch." Professor, mach geschwindt!



THE BATHERS.

"Foolish dog! I suppose he thinks, from our bathing-suits, that we really mean to go in the water."

The Editor's Chat.

(From *Anyold Magazine*.)

ALTHOUGH the present number of *Anyold Magazine* is the greatest we have yet given our family of three hundred million odd readers, we herewith announce that the issue for next month will surpass it in every way. We know you will wonder how we can go on beating our own best, but you don't have to, unless you want to, you know. How we can go on making ourselves look silly is our secret.

We are glad to announce that Horatio Wellington Smythe, the well-known author of that beautiful poem, "When Baby Rocks the Cradle," which made such a hit in our February number, has written an article on "The World's Great Poets" for our next issue. You, perhaps, did not know he had made such a hit. That's why we tell you now. Theodore R. Santsberry of Zanzibar contributes the most startling piece of fiction that this season has brought forth, under the title of "Three Screams at Midnight." Mr. Santsberry's tale is mysterious, poetic, romantic, exciting, and a delightful love story, and we feel proud of it, though we admit we have not read it. Besides these features there are stories and articles by such well-known and popular authors as Harry G. Love, Reginald Percival Siviter, Mrs. A. H. Dullwater, and many others.

We wish to congratulate our readers in having such a cargo of good things coming to them next month! The next issue of *Anyold Magazine* will undoubtedly be about the best thing in its line that has ever been put on the market! It's an awful thing to put out such a grand piece of work, knowing that we have got to beat it the next month. But sufficient unto the day, you know, etc.

FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

An Essential.

"**SIR**," says the eager visitor to the wise old man, "I am one of a number of people who are going to club together in a dinner. Each person is to take something for the dinner. Naturally, each person will take that which he or she thinks will be the chief feature of the repast. Now, what I want to do is to take something that everybody will want—something that will make the dinner a huge success. What shall it be?"

The wise old man thinks for a moment; then, turning back to his books, dismisses the querist with the words,

"Take a good appetite."

"**ABLUTIONARY** studio" is Bostonese for bath-room.

A Distinction with a Difference.

"**GODFREY**, tell me; which is proper—tooth-brush or teeth-brush? Now, think."

"I've always said tooth-brush, but I think I'll say teeth-brush hereafter," was the thoughtful little fellow's reply.

"Well, which would you say—nail-brush or nails-brush?"

Godfrey argued similarly, and decided in favor of "nails-brush."

Pursuing the matter a step further, the father said, "And which would you say—hair-brush or hairs-brush?"

This was too much for the son of the house. "Well, papa," he said looking at that gentleman's bald head, "I shall say hairs-brush; but if I were you I should say hair-brush."

Founts of Information.

"**WHO** is the best-informed woman in your city?" asked the visitor.

"Mrs. Dressalott," replied the native.

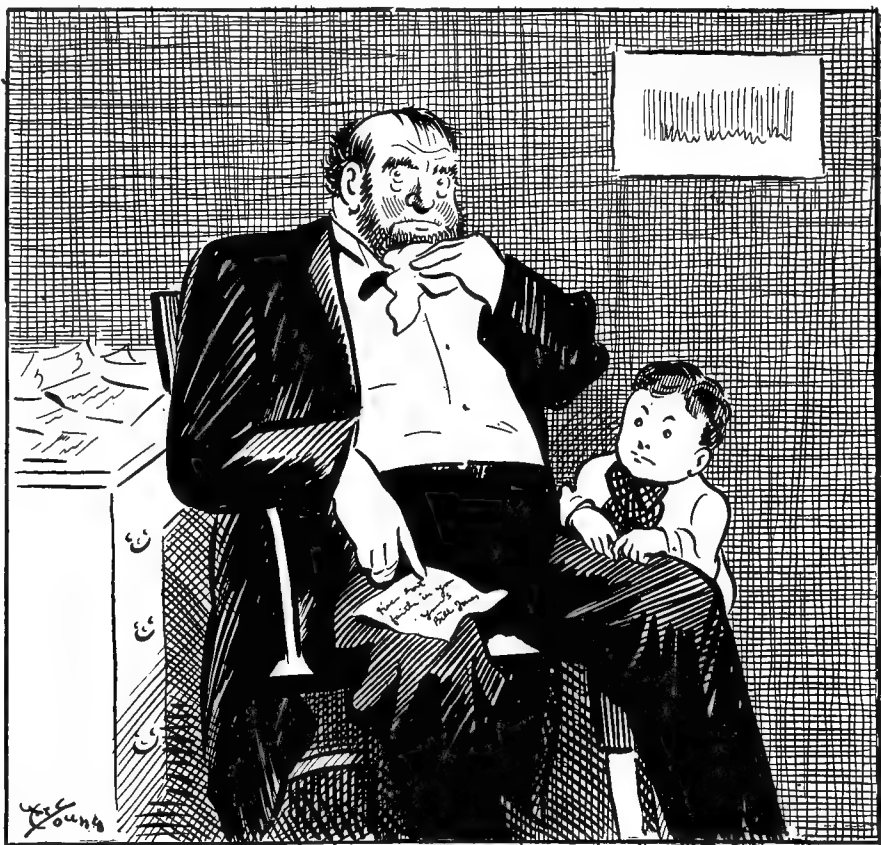
"Ah! is she a college-woman?"

"No; but she patronizes every dressmaker in town."

Imagination.

Mrs. Boreing—"Imagination! What is imagination?"

Mr. Boreing—"It is that faculty, my dear, which makes men believe that marriage is bliss."



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

LITTLE JAMES—"Pa, what is capital punishment?"
CONGRESSMAN (who has just finished reading a number of complaints from muck-raking constituents)—"Well, son, I think it means sending a man to Washington, D. C."

Mrs. Mahoney and the "Agint"

By Max Merryman

MRS. JUDY MAHONEY stood in the open doorway of the entry leading to her "tinnymint" in Doody's Court. She looked so placid, so guileless, so gullible, that the agent, who had a combination teakettle, potato-boiler and bread-toaster to sell, felt confident that it was a case of "easy fruit" he had before him. Approaching

Mrs. Mahoney, he said affably, after tipping his hat, "Good-morning, madam."

"Is it me you are shpakin' to, yang man?"

"Yes, madam; I have here a"—

"Have yeez, indade? Luk at thot, now! Well, well! An' where did yeez get it? Sure, an' if Oi was yeez Oi—be off wid yeez, ye botherin' yangwans! Whin it comes

to tin koinds av divilmint in tin minnits thim dago kids here in de coort takes de cake. Be off wid yeez or Oi'll ring for de cop!"

"I would like to show you something in which I feel sure that you will be highly interested. It is"—

"Is it so? Well, well! Who would av t'ot it? Here comes Honory Mulligan. Loike enough she would be plazed to see it, for she's the aiger eye thot loikes to see arl there is, an' de nimble tongue to tell av it afterward. Good-mornin', Honory. Here's a yang gintleman wid somethin' to. show yeez—God above only knows phwat. Yeez are out airly, Honory. Is Mulligan at wurruk the day?"

"He is, ma'am—glory be! A dollar an' sivinty-foive a day for eight hours an' de job loikely to lasht arl winter."

"Is it so? Luk at thot now! Shure, an' Mulligan was iver wan to land on his fate. It takes de loikes av him to make good tin toimes out av noine. Loike enough yeez will be movin' over on to Fift Avenoo now, an' nixt we know yeez will be hand in glove wid de Vanderbiltses an' de Carneggys an' arl dat gang, an' nixt we'll



THESE UP-TO-DATE FLATS CERTAINLY HAVE ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.



THE ONE THING NECESSARY.

HERBERT—"Well—er—if you married me I could at least give you all the necessities of life."
 ALICE—"But the only necessity of married life is a husband who can provide the luxuries."

see yeez in your own awtymobill—thot is, if it's a city job Mulligan has."

"It is, ma'am—glory be! It's a"—

"Ladies, I would like to show you a remarkably clever invention that every housewife should have. It will bring water to a boiling heat in thirty seconds, and"—

"Think av thot, Honory Mulligan! Wather b'ilin' in t'irty siconds! Thot lays over Biddy Noonan's gash range she's so chesty over; it's nothin' else she'll shpake av since iver she had it put in. De airs av her over her gash range! Wan would t'ink it was aquil to sivinty-foive dol-

lars in de savin's bank! An' her hintin' at how she's t'inkin' av puttin' in a tillyphone. Don't thot jar yeez? She was iver wan to be givin' herself airs, an' hadn't she de come-down though whin' she got her foldin'-bed wid de big lookin'-glass in it arl on paymints av fifty cints a wake, an' Noonan out av a job in two wakes afther de bed was put in. Yis; an' de men from de paymints shtore comin' in an' takin' de bed from de foive or six av us thot was sittin' on it whin Mrs. Noonan was havin' a shmall tay-parthy! Oh, but wasn't thot de come-down though! A paycock wid his tail feathers arl gone wasn't in it wid

Mrs. Noonan whin it come to atin' humble pie! Sure, an' she'd a good wide slice av it to ate thot toime, but she got over it soon, an' is now as airy as iver wid arl her talk about how she t'inks av puttin' in a tillyphone—Lord save us! To hear her go on about how aisy it would be to ring up' her grocer, an' she'd even de gall to tell a few av us who was havin' a cup o' tay wid Mrs. Murphy the other day thot a tillyphone would save her many a thrip to her dressmaker. Luk at thot nqw! De comfort some folks get out av nothing but wind is"—

"This interesting and useful household invention, ladies, is one that should be in every home. It saves time, labor, fuel and"—

"Is it so, yang man? Did anny wan iver! Phwat nixt will dey be invintin' Oi dunno! Did yeez see de agint along here one day, Mrs. Mulligan, wid a whole carpenter's shop an' a shoemakin' outfit, an' a corkscrew, an' a toot'pick arl in a pocket-knife, an' phwat did Julia O'Dowd do but put up a dollar an' a half for wan av de



HIS NEW TEAM.

VISITOR—"Well, well! What kind of a team are you driving, my little man?"

"Oh, I'm driving a spanking pair."

t'ings, an' her man out av a job an' her gettin' this scandalized milk free for her baby because she was too poor to pay for it. She said it was such a bargain she hadn't de heart to let it go. An' isn't she de great wan for bargains? Luk at her tin-dollar jacket marked down to ninety-nine cints she got over on Foort' Avenoo whin her ould man got a foive-dollar bill for carryin' a transperancy in de big political parade, an' they say he t'rew in his vote arlso for de foive dollars, but Oi dunno if he did. Oi'm not wan to repate for a fact anything Oi hear floatin' around in de coort. Annyhow, Julia saved a dollar from de wreck av de foive an' wint out to run down a bargain wid it, an' she got dis jacket at a foire sale marked down from tin dollars to ninety-nine cints, an' she come home wid it on her back, an' annywan wid a glass eye cud see it was t'ree sizes too shmall for her. Well, Julia wint to button it up toight to show some av us de iligant fit it was in de back, whin r-r-r-rip it wint up de back seam an' hung in two pieces from de collar, an' "—

"Ladies, if you will give me just a moment or two of your time I would like to show you just how this invention works, and I think I can convince you that"—

"Julia was iver wan to mek good de ould sayin' thot a fool an' his money niver tarry long together. Wid arl de free readin' at hand nowadays, an' that Andy Carneggy scatterin' liberrys around loike wather from a watherin-pot, phwat does Julia do but let a buk agint blarney her into payin' t'ree dollars in paymints av twenty-foive cints a wake for a book av poitry by some wan de agint carled de poet-begorryet of Oireland. Loike enough de agint tould a lie about it, for if anny wan can bate an agint reelin' off de lies let him shtand forth an'—where is that yang man? There he goes around de corner! Luk at thot now! To be off loike thot widout showin' us his taypot an' arl de oter t'ings in wan! Well, well! J'y go wid him. Good-by, Mrs. Mulligan. Oi've some bread in de oven thot nades me attintion. Loike enough it's burned some already phwat wid dat botherin' agint

kapin' me shtandin' here listening to his palaver. Phwat tongues these agints have in their heads!"

The Merry Minstrels.

"TWAS las' night," began the end-man when the sweet-voiced singer had concluded a pathetic ballad. "Ah was a-gwine home when Ah sees a big, black ghost."

"Hold on, Mr. Bones!" cried the middle-man. "Who ever heard of a black ghost? You should know better than to announce to this large and intelligent audience that you saw a black ghost. Let me inform you, for future reference, that all ghosts are white."

"Mistah Center-piece, yo' am wrong," protested the end-man. "Ah has seen blue, green an' yellah ghosts, an' pink an' red ghosts, an' "—

"Mr. Bones, your ignorance is amazing. But as you can't possibly prove your absurd claim that you've seen a colored ghost, our popular tenor, Mr. Hinote, will render that appealing bit of sentimentality, 'When Brother Jim Was Boarding with the State.'"

"Ah got proof—Ah got proof!" cried the end-man as the tenor arose to warble. "Ah knows dat Ah've seen blue, green an' red ghosts. Kase why? Kase ghosts am all shades. Dat's mah answer."

For Her.

"WHAT I want," pants the comic-opera star who had acquired a superabundance of flesh, "what I want is a vehicle for

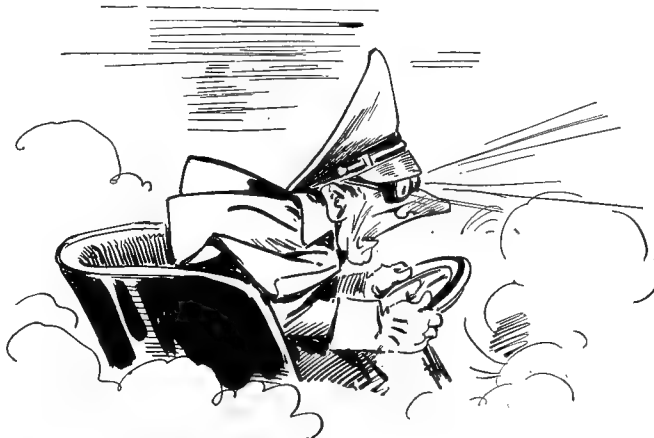
the proper display of my personality. I don't want any ordinary"—

"No, Miss Fatyette," interposes the playwright. "You don't want any ordinary vehicle. How would an automobile truck do, in these days of auto-drama?"

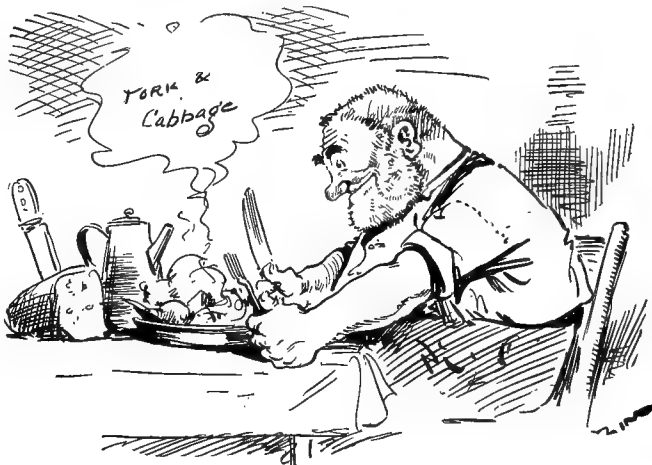
Profitable.

"WAS her summer boarding-house profitable?" "You bet it was! Her guests bought so many crackers that every grocery-store in the village paid dividends."

A CONTRAST.



The man with a bundle enjoying his wealth.



The poor devil without it enjoying his health.

The Pet Flea.

PET fleas have been introduced on the continent to some extent, and in some families have supplanted the dog, having wormed their way into the affection and anatomy of every member.

They are easily fed, very lively and affectionate, and almost human in their intelligence.

It is not well to start with an old flea. Secure an infant of good breed and bring him up yourself. In a short time he will become greatly attached to you.

He should be kept in the house during the cold weather, but on warm, sunshiny days he can go out for a good jump. In case the wind blows have a suitable blanket for him to wear.

Do not permit your flea to go out alone. He might be persuaded to go off with some dog, and you would never look into his eyes again.

If possible, see that your flea has three good meals a day. He will be better for it. Also keep water where he can take a drink when necessary. Many fleas are born with a terrible thirst.

Examine him occasionally to see that he is in good condition. If he wags his tail freely you may know he is all right.

TOM MASSON.



A Point in Ethics.

SOME men and women have a different way of saying the same thing when they are looking for houses to live in," remarked the real-estate agent.

"How do you mean?" inquired the listener.

"For instance: The man asks how far it is from a church and how near to a saloon; while the woman asks how near it is to a church and how far from a saloon. Now, why," concluded the agent reflectively, "don't they merely ask what distance it is from each of these places?"

The listener took the question home with him, to ask his wife about it.

What Might Have Been.

ALAS!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a car-load of brass fittings."

"In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge.

"Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

SOUND OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

GIRL—"I want a yard of ribbon."

MERCHANT—"Shall I give you some of this loud green ribbon?"

GIRL—"Don't make any difference; it's for a deaf woman."

Effect of Jealousy.

IT is such a good joke on the Pittsburgs," says the first lady.

"What is? That they are on the verge of a separation?" asks her friend.

"Indirectly, yes. You know, each of them has engaged a private detective to watch the other, and day before yesterday their two detectives put in the whole afternoon following them in an auto while they were riding in another one. It cost them forty dollars apiece to learn that they had taken an auto ride together."

Electric.

OH, what will bring that matchless light To your dear eyes?" said I.

"A matchless light? Why, sparking, sir!" The maiden made reply.



DEAF.

"Hold up, ye chump! This here's a field o' oats."

"Y-yell louder, s-so 's the darn skate can hear!"

It Was the Satchel's Fault

A Small Leather Bag That Might Contain Anything Causes a Misapprehension

By Emmett C. Hall

A FEW days ago, as a south-bound express pulled out of the Union Station, a young man dropped into a seat, and, placing the small black-leather case which he had carried upon the chair opposite, drew out a handkerchief and wiped the moisture from his brow. He had been compelled to run for the train, and had barely made it. Presently the conductor came by on his ticket-punching round and paused for a moment by the young man's side. He was a big, pleasant man, and seemed inclined to be friendly.

"Got your tools with you, I see," he remarked, nodding toward the little leather satchel.

The young man looked up with an expression of surprise on his face.

"You guessed it," he admitted.

"I am always glad when I can spot one of you on my train," the conductor continued. "Of course it isn't often that it happens that your services are needed, but it gives a kind of feeling of satisfaction to know that you are aboard. I have on two or three occasions had to stop my train at no-stop stations for lack of one."

"Must have been a rather important person if you stopped your train for such a purpose as that," the young man commented.

"Oh, no; I would do it for any passenger if the matter was serious," the conductor replied, as he moved off, leaving the young man considerably astonished.

"I suppose he was trying to guy me, but I'll be blessed if I could get next," he reflected, and retired behind a morning paper.

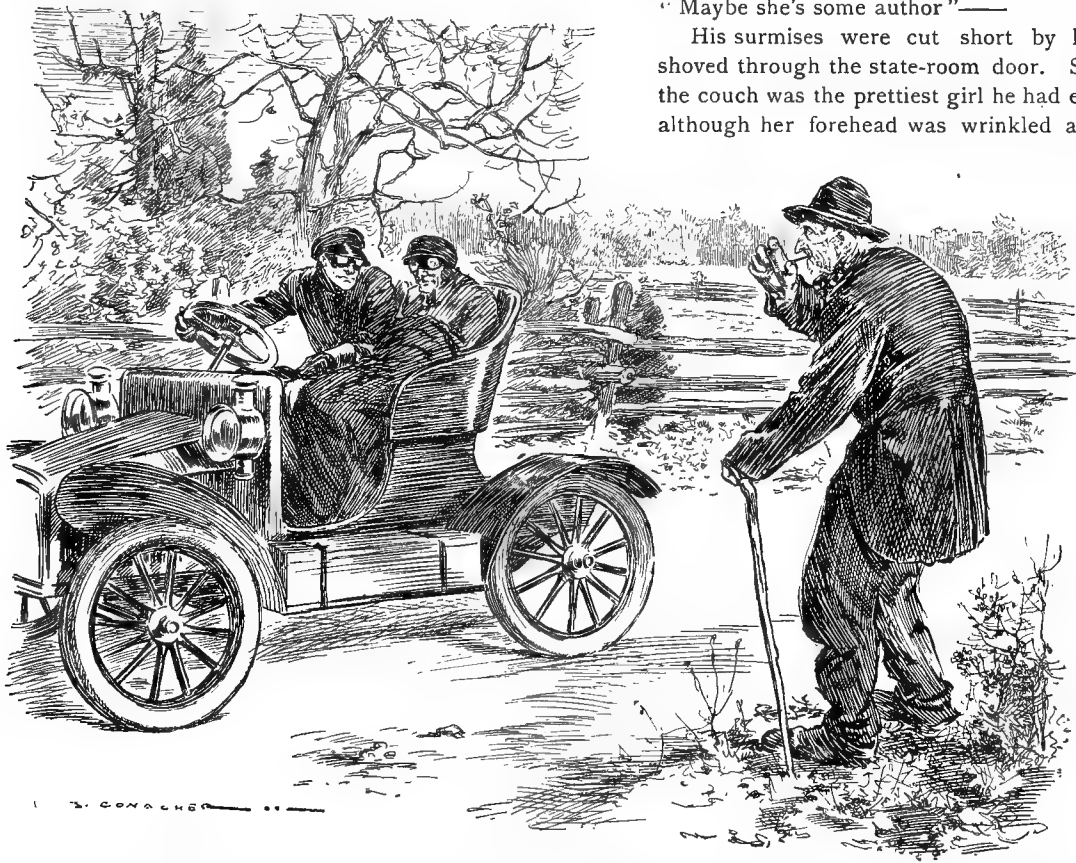
Some half-hour later the conductor again approached him, this time hurriedly.

"I say, come to the next car, will you, and bring your bag. There is some one who needs you," he said, and hurried the young man along with him. "It is a woman," he continued; "women never seem to take into consideration the fact that a car is bound to sway when it hits a curve. She is with her mother, and the Pullman conductor has let them have the state-room, so that you won't be seen by the other passengers."

"I wonder what I'm up against, anyway," the young man reflected as he grasped his little satchel more firmly.

"Maybe she's some author"——

His surmises were cut short by his being shoved through the state-room door. Seated on the couch was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, although her forehead was wrinkled as if with



IN HIS PRIME.

FIRST AUTOIST—"There's old Bill Simpson. He is always complaining about his health and thinking he hasn't got long to live; but he eats hearty, sleeps sound, and drinks all he can get."

SECOND AUTOIST—"Bill is right in the prime of death, so to speak."

pain or worry. An older woman was seated near, nervously fumbling at a hand-bag. The girl looked up with an attempt at a smile.

"I am awfully sorry to bother you," she said. "I know how annoying it must be to have people calling upon you when you thought that for a while at least, other people's troubles would not be thrust upon you."

"I—er—I am sure I will be very glad to be of any service," the young man stammered. He was evidently somewhat bashful, and looked about uneasily. "Where—er—that is, what is the trouble?"

She did not see the occasion for any embarrassment, but, inasmuch as it affected him that way, the girl could not help feeling a flush of the same thing, and turned appealingly toward the older woman.

"My daughter, sir," the old lady told him flutteringly, "wishes you to look at one of her—ahem—limbs. She thinks one of her knees is sprained." She regarded him severely, and both he and the girl blushed furiously.

"Oh, I say, madam, you know I couldn't do that!" he protested, backing toward the door.

"Look here, young man!" the old lady said sternly. "Of course I see that you are young, and are new at the business, but this is no time for foolishness. You look like a gentleman. I don't see how you can refuse a little service to a lady, even disregarding any other natural obligation."

"Oh, Lord!" the young man groaned helplessly, and looked appealingly at the girl. She, however, had turned her head, so that there was only visible a very pink little ear and section of reddened cheek.

"Well, if I have to, I suppose I must," he said, and swallowed hard. He took a step toward the girl. She grasped her light-gray skirt convulsively, then with a sudden determined movement drew it upward, leaving exposed a dainty, low-cut shoe and shapely silk stocking. He stooped over, and with shaking hands loosened a silver-clasped garter and folded the top of the stocking back to expose the white knee. He touched the joint gently, and the girl winced.

"Well, what do you think about it?" the old lady demanded.

"I—I think that it *is* sprained," he whispered.

"What shall we do, then?" she again demanded impatiently.

"I should certainly have a doctor look after it; perhaps there is one on the train," he answered, grasping his little black satchel and edging toward the door.

A look of blank astonishment came over the old lady's face.

"Aren't you a doctor?" she gasped.

"No, madam, no! I am a typewriter-repair man! Oh, good Lord!" he shouted.



FAT AND ANTI-FAT.

'SNOWFLAKE—"The doctor told me I would have great difficulty in getting my fat down, but I find it harder to get it up. Whew!"

"You wretch! You"—the old lady blazed, but he had fled. Yet, somehow, he can't get it out of his head that as he rushed through the car there came from the state-room a peal of silvery if suppressed laughter.

Modern Advertising.

DO you know why Smith got that position for which you failed to qualify—say, do you?

His hands and face and linen were perfectly clean. The man who had the selection of an incumbent for that place believed a neat man would do more work than a half-dirty one.

Do you know your skin has much to do with your business?

Skin is closely associated with most businesses.

It is with ours.

If you wash often enough you can always be busy.

We know a Chinaman who washes all the time, and makes a good living, too. His complexion is also very noticeable.

Have you a little ferry in your home?

If so, you can wash in it all the time when the boats aren't crossing.

The Skin-Scrub Co., Sinclairville, Ill.

(In answering advertisements please mention this article in the kindest way you can.) STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Damages.

Runabout—"Reggy's new automobile blew up with him on the first trip, and he sued the firm that sold him the machine."

Speeder—"Did he recover anything?"

Runabout—"Everything, I believe, but one finger and part of an ear."



LIKE OLD TIMES.

WIDOWER WILSON (*weeping*)—"Bless man w'ot invented (hic) talkin'-machines! Sheems just as if dear, sweet, gentle Mary was alive again." (*Hits himself three times on the back with a chair and goes to bed.*)

Hewitt—"That street-car conductor ought to go into bankruptcy."

Jewitt—"What for?"

Hewitt—"He can't pay the company over fifty cents on a dollar."

Spring-time.

THE pansy and the mignonette,
The lily by the lake,
The rose, the daisy, and the fern
Are ready now to wake.

The flowers all about bob up,
Bewildered by the shock
That breaks their slumbers when
they hear
The clanging four-o'clock.

A Relic.

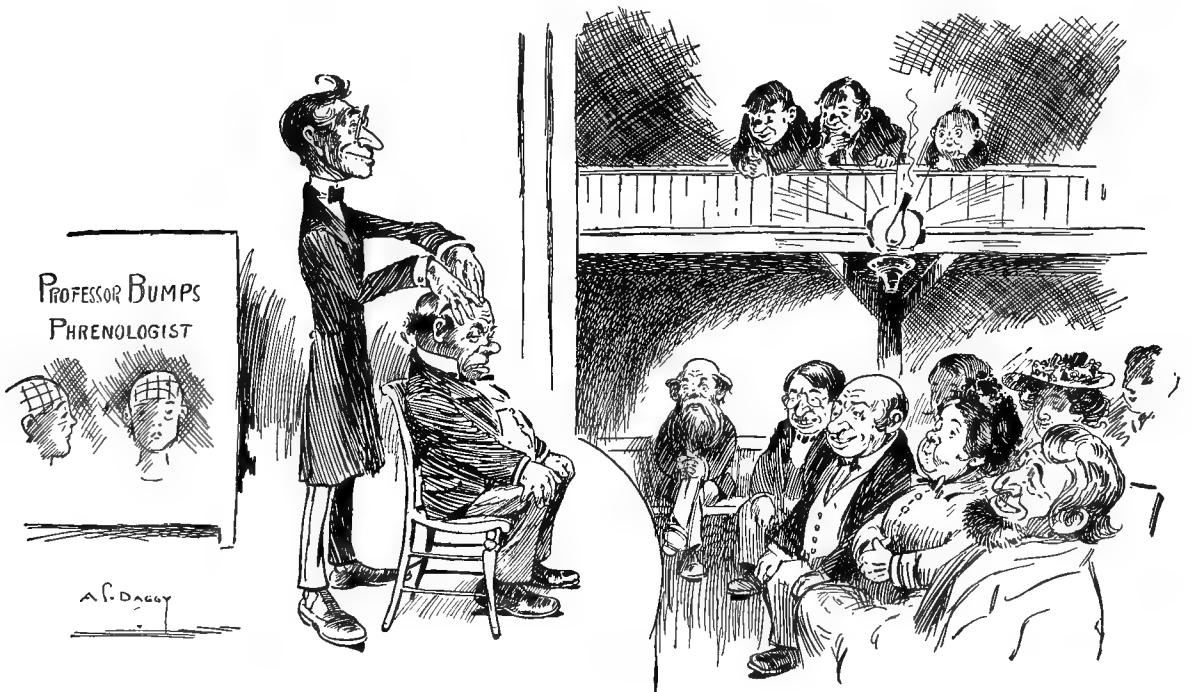
"I DECLARE," said the old-
maid boarder, "I never
saw such beautiful Easter eggs.
The coloring on them must
have been done by professional
artists."

"The one I just opened,"
growled the crusty boarder,
"might have been painted by
one of the old masters."

The Difference.

Sneedles—"I see a man
proposes to cross Niagara on a
wire, swinging by his teeth."

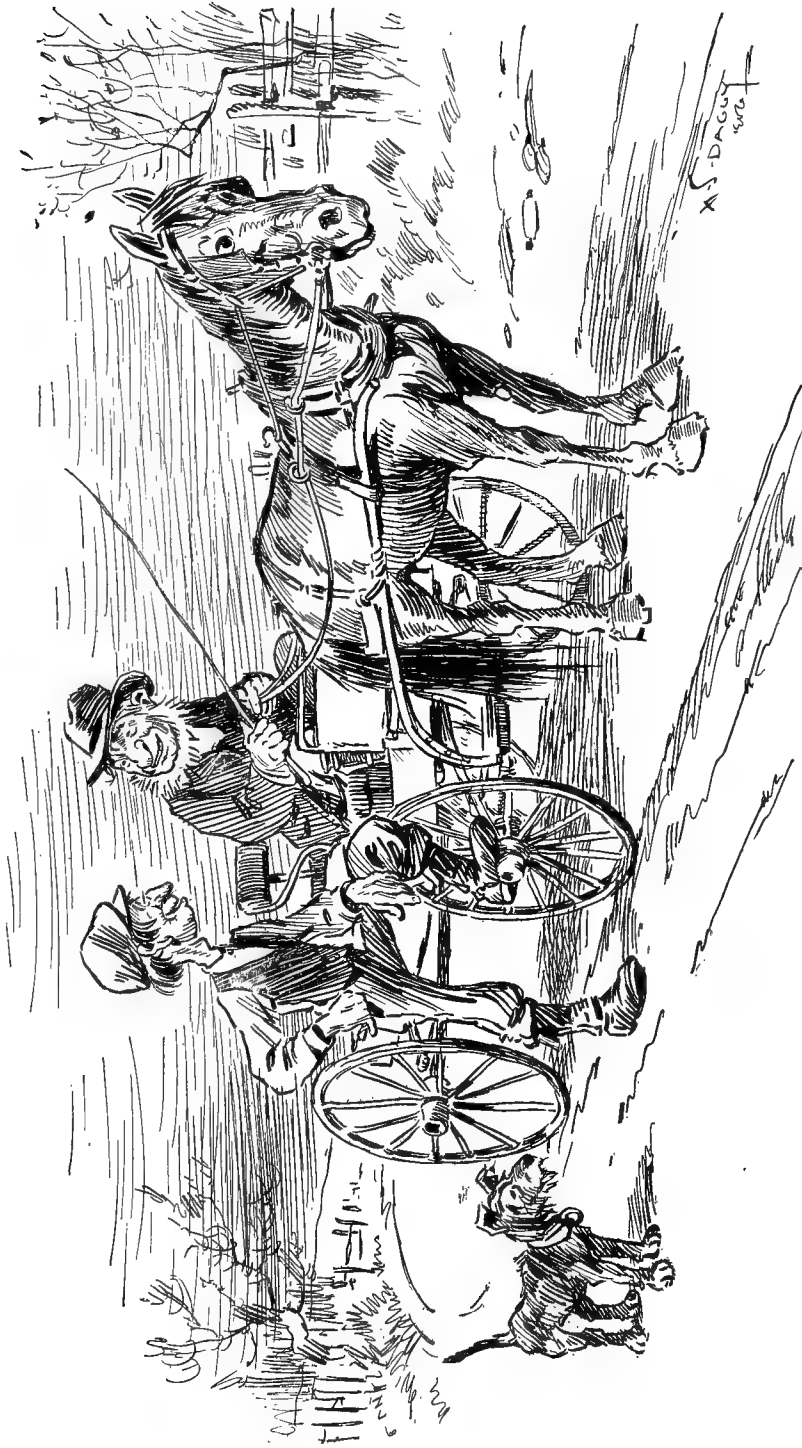
Gotham—"That's nothing.
I travel all the way from
the city-hall to Harlem twice
a day hanging from a leather
strap."



THE BUMP.

PHRENOLOGIST—"This man has the bump of 'foresight' very large. He can look far ahead and see what is going to happen."

JONES—"Not much! If I could I wouldn't have got married. My wife raised that bump with a broomstick."



IN DOUBT.

CY — "I say, neighbor, does yer horse git skeered at these here automobiles?"
NEIGHBOR — "Wa-al, he do git mighty narvous when them things come along; but one p'int I ain't jest sartin on—whether it's the machine thet skeers him, or them fellers with goggles on what's in it."

Henry's Amusement.

W

HAT are you reading that tickles you so?" asked Mrs. Penhecker.

"Nothing but the funny column in the paper," explained her husband.

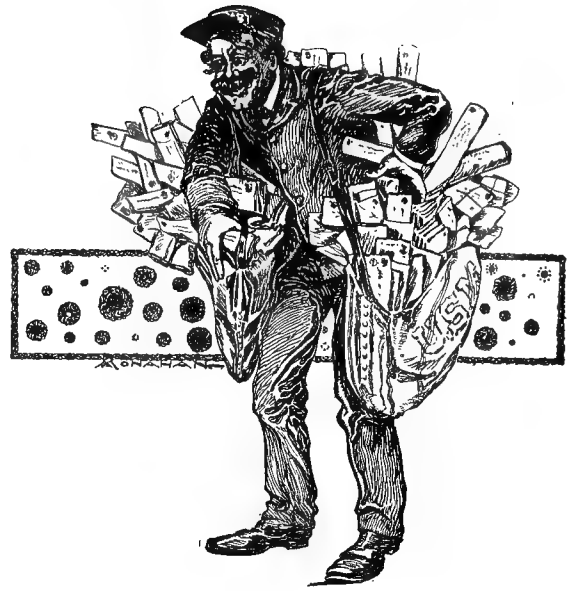
"Let me see it," said the wife, taking the sheet from his hands. Looking over it carefully, she said, "Why, there is no funny column in this paper. This page is all advertisements, too, except one item of news which



MISUNDERSTOOD.

MUGSY—"Fer two cents I'd knock yer head off!"

WILLY GUDBOY—"I'm sorry, Mugsy, but I haven't got the money—honest!"



HOLIDAY NOTES.

Physical culture by mail.

tells of a cruel man in Wisconsin who compelled his wife to shovel snow off the walks all one morning."

"I—I—I was just laughing over the advertisements," ventured Penhecker. "I was thinking how glad you would be to see so many bargains offered. I had not noticed the news item you mention."

But when he could not tell the names of the firms publishing the advertisements Mrs. P. fixed him with a baleful glare.



A CONSTANT REMINDER.

MRS. JONES—"If I should die would you ever forget me?"

MR. JONES—"I think not. The doctor says my dyspepsia is incurable."

On the Home Green

WETHERBEE FOSTER was a lawyer, and he was getting pretty well along through his thirties when he met Frances Elliott. He had never before permitted himself to fall deeply in love, because he had resolved early in his career that he would not marry until he had succeeded in building up a practice that would make it possible for him to keep a wife in comfortable circumstances. At last that happy result had been achieved. He had a good income, his reputation was established, and there was no reason why he should continue to live a bachelor's life.

He was captivated by Miss Elliott the first time she looked into his eyes, and he made no effort to stifle the feeling of admiration for her that became intensified within him day after day. The lady did not, on her part, seem averse to receiving the attentions he was pleased to bestow on her. She turned from the younger men of her set to smile on him. Eddie Stanwood, who had prior to the advent of Wetherbee Foster been permitted to utilize much of Miss Elliott's time, was compelled to stand in the background and look on while the lawyer enjoyed a monopoly of the lady's brilliant smiles.

Just before the matter had progressed to the point at which Wetherbee Foster could with confidence put the question which he had framed in his mind, one of his friends, in an evil hour, invited him out to play golf. It was as if he had been exposed to a contagious disease. Before he had played nine holes Wetherbee Foster was a victim of golf in its most virulent form. He at once joined the club, which did not happen to have a waiting list, and from that moment he talked golf, thought golf and dreamed of golf. Every moment that he could spare from business he spent on the links. His speech became a golf jargon. If he won a case he would say that he had brought his opponent in one down. If, while he was examining a witness, the lawyer on the other side objected and the court sustained the objection, Wetherbee Foster would say he was bunkered. When in opening his argument he found that he was not making a favorable impression on the jury, he would remark that he had sliced his drive; and if in cross-questioning a witness he failed to get him to contradict himself the golf-stricken lawyer would refer to the circumstance as a case in which he had missed his putt. If the jury disagreed it was a halved match; if in the middle of the trial he found he had made a mistake he would say he had topped with his brassie.

Thus matters went along all summer. Wetherbee Foster was golf-mad. But the golf season came to an end at last. The afternoons began to be short and cold; the Saturdays and Sundays ceased to be pleasant for outdoor exercise; and one day the lawyer's

thoughts suddenly reverted to Frances Elliott. He was conscious of an ecstatic thrill as a mental vision of her presented itself to him. How, he wondered, could he have remained away from her for so long? With a wild yearning to claim her as his own, he put his work aside and determined to go to her at once.

Having started, he could hardly wait to see her. He rudely bumped people out of his way on the sidewalk, and as he hurried along he tried to think of excuses that he could make for his long absence. When he reached the Elliott home he was let in by a servant, who agreed to go up stairs and ask whether Miss Frances would see him. Meanwhile, would he please step into the library? As he pushed the curtains aside he beheld Frances Elliott in the arms of Eddie Stanwood.

Wetherbee Foster took one look, threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "Stymied, by thunder!"

S. E. KISER.

If you have powerful enemies it's probably because you have some sand in your character.



SO AGED!

ETHEL—"Is Dolly's fiancé very old?"

EDITH—"Awfully! Why, folks are beginning to tell him that he doesn't look old."

The Brownsville Women After the Beef Combine—A Programme of Reform

FOR some time now I have been eager to put down the trusts, but I haven't known just how to go about it. Everybody knows that the trusts must be put down, because everybody says so, and that proves it. What we need to know now is how it is to be done.

There is no use in putting off the business any longer. This good year of 1907 appears to be the appointed time. It's an odd year, for one thing, and that is in favor of immediate action, for it's an odd thing to do, this wiping out of the trusts. And this is not a leap-year, and that is another point in favor of making trust-busting the order for this year. Just why this should be so I do not know; but take my word for it and you will make no mistake.

Just now some well-to-do people are contending that we have got to have the trusts, so that we shall not run out of rich men who can give us things—lakes for colleges, for instance, and pensions for professors, and funds to misspell the good old mother-tongue, etc.; but let us not be deceived by such sophistical nonsense. The one clear, peremptory, inescapable duty before us for this year is this: Put down the trusts. Let some gifted person come

forward and tell us how to do it, and that is all that we need to know.

I take pleasure at this point in bringing forward the women of the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. They have shown the way to accomplish this great work. The Brownsville women (may their tribe increase!) noted the high-handed way in which the beef trust was soaking the people, and they flocked together forthwith and solemnly covenanted to eat no more beef. So long as the oppressive meat trust sells chuck-steak and pot-roasts by carat weight, as precious jewels, these women will have nothing more to do with the meat-butchers. They have resolved to live on CHICKEN until the trust sees the error of its weigh, as it were.

You see, we have been going after the trusts with political weapons. The idea hitherto has been to hit these big fellows with the axe of the law—but the trusts own the axes. They temper the axe to the shorn lamb, as you might say. It remained for the women to show us that the trust is not a political but a dietetic problem. You want to hit the meat trust with a menu and not with a message from the White House. Put congress on the trail of the beef combine and you get only a gurgling laugh from the enemy. But let the combine catch sight of a procession of women moving, hatchet in hand, toward the chicken-coop—well, you'll see something doing.

Acting upon this valuable suggestion, I have arranged an anti-trust schedule that will be found very useful in the great conflict with the trusts which is now upon us. Those who wish to join with the Brownsville women and myself in the great work of throttling the beef combine may do so at once by adopting the following order of campaign:

How to Smash the Beef Trust.

First, we must organize breakfast, luncheon and dinner clubs. Our motto must be:

We can't afford their high-priced meat,
So let's all buy chick-en to eat.

This will advertise the animus of the campaign. The trust will know at once just why we've balked at meat. The combine will be quick to see what we are up to. Then we ought to have a popular song. No movement prospers nowadays without a popular song. Here's a sample verse, and I could add more, but I won't. [Tune, "Blow the good old bugle, boys," etc.]

Burnish up the stew-pan, boys,
And make the gas-stove hot.
We're chasing of the beef-trust, and
We'll never stop—no, not.
We're going to keep it on the run—
Give it an infernal lick-in';
And that's the reason why right now
We're goin' to stew this chick-en.

CHORUS.

Hurray, hurray for chicken fricassee!
Hurray, hurray for fry and broileree,
For salad, roasted, stewed, creole,
A la and Phil-a-del-phi-a!
For, anyhow, good chicken is much health-iah.



A JOKE ON THE DENTIST.

"Well, Mrs. Finnegan, how yer had yure tooth pulled?"
"Yis; an' begorra! th' joke's on th' dintist."
"How so?"
"He claimed to be wan av thim painless wans, an' Oi niver wor so nearly kilt in all me loife."

Here, now, is a scheme of trust-busting that proceeds on logical lines. If we are ever to be rid of the beef trust we must eschew politics and chew chicken, as you might say. What is a seventy-thousand-word message as compared to a seven-course menu? Here is chicken against chuck-steak, broilers against brisket, poultry against porterhouse, salad against sirloin, and fricassee against frankfurter.

When the French Queen Catherine was told that the people were without bread she manifested great surprise and said, "Why, then, do they not eat cake?" Historians laugh at the queen for this remark, but now they will see the queen was right. The way to make a trust look sick is to cultivate our appetites for chicken.

Members of breakfast, luncheon and dinner clubs are by no means limited to chicken—they may eat quail, pheasant, Delaware shad, duck—anything to beat the trust. Persons wishing to turn the cold shoulder (their own, not lamb) to the butcher, and not liking chicken, may order Rhode Island turkey—the kind the President gets every Thanksgiving. Then there is turtle and mock-turtle, and lobster and pâté-de-foie gras, and frogs' legs and grouse. Anti-trust menus will be furnished by any breakfast, luncheon, or dinner club. Rates on application. P. W.

Afraid They'd All Be Answered.

THE little girl came home to her mamma very much disturbed because little Susie, her neighbor, had a new baby brother to play with, while she, herself, was very lonely. Her mother comforted her and told her to ask God to send her a little brother, too. So the child began to pray for a little brother, and occasionally got impatient; but her mother told her to keep on praying and perhaps her prayer would be answered some day.

One day she was called into the mother's room, and her delight knew no bounds when the nurse took a wee thing up from the mother's side and laid it in her arms. But a moment later, when the nurse picked up another bit of humanity, the child almost dropped the one she was holding, and a startled expression came into her face as she said,

"Oh, mamma! is God going to answer all those prayers that I prayed?"



INITIATED.

"Grandpa, will you buy me an automobile?"
 "No, child. You are too young to run an auto."
 "No; I'm not. I have been with Cousin Will in his auto and watched how he runs it, and one day we ran over a man, and I know just how it's done."

The Worth of Experience.

"**N**OW that we have got away with the swag," said the first crook, "the thing to do is to find some safe place to live until the scare blows over."

"Yes," agreed the second crook, who was a novice. "Let us get a room where we will be safe from the police."

"Huh! I've got the right place. I know a lodging-house next door to a police-station."

Happy Solution.

"**M**Y DEAR," said the bridegroom the day after they had returned from their wedding journey, "I have a suggestion to make that I think will work to our mutual satisfaction and benefit."

"Now, John, darling," said the bride, preparing to weep at the slightest excuse, "remember, I never said I could cook!"

"Don't worry; it isn't about your cooking. It is about the letters you write and ask me to mail. It strikes me that we might be happier!"

"If I didn't write to any one? Oh, John, how!"

"Wait until I have finished, my dear. All I want to suggest is that you mail your own letters, so I won't be forever forgetting them, and in return for doing that I will sew all my buttons on. By doing so it seems to me we will overcome two obstacles to married happiness that have caused trouble since buttons and letters were invented."

And the little bride, having checked her tears, agreed to try the plan.



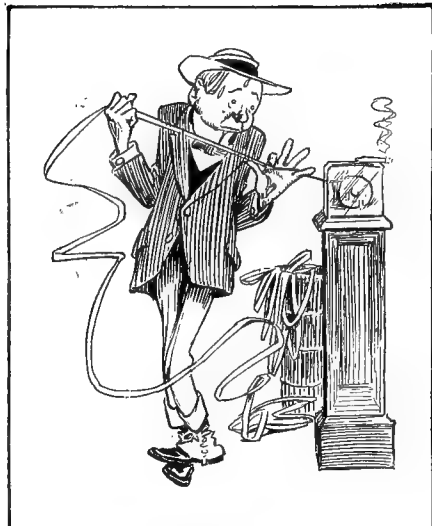
Reciprocity in Business.

IN a little town in northern Pennsylvania—Athens by name—there is a photographer's establishment on Main street containing the window-sign, "Tank Developer." Half a block farther on there is a sign across the pavement, "Gold Cure."

An Old Mossback.

"WAS Croesus a very rich man, pa?"

"For his time, my son; but I don't suppose he could be elected to the United States Senate to-day."



1. "I'm on the tapes, all right," said he.
(A ribbon-clerk he was, you see.)

To Be Taken as Directed.

A NORTHERN gentleman, while traveling through Arkansas, lost his way. On meeting an old darkey he asked the darkey to direct him to the nearest town. The darkey said,

"Ef yo' gwine by de road it am 'bout fo'teen miles. By de bridle-parth it am closer. But 'cross de fields it ain't no-where."

IT'S a mistake to call a nation corrupt when you mean only its politicians.



2. "I'll just take a turn at the game, I will."
(He financed a flyer out of the till.)

Matrimonial.

"DO the girls in your school have any training that will fit them for the duties of a wife?"

"Yes, Mrs. Blank. Every graduate from this institution is an authority on fairy-tales."

Shakespearian Citation.

Professor of English literature—"Can you cite any passage from Shakespeare which presages the coming of the automobile?"

Freshman—"Yes, sir. 'Curses not loud but deep.'"



3. "Dear me! these ribbons are different."
(Not the kind he was used to, he meant.)

Good Place to Leave.

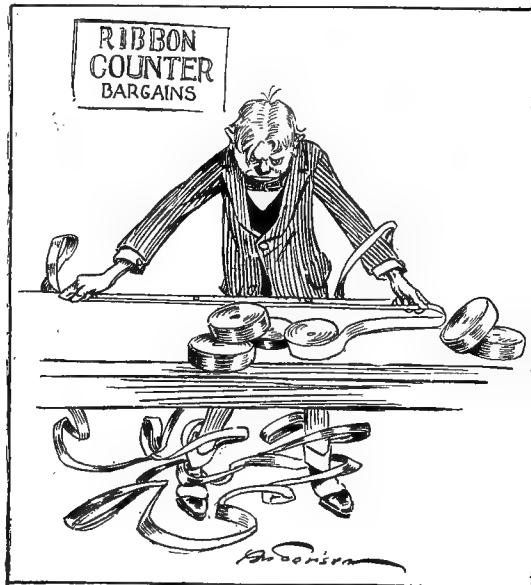
"YES, siree!" exclaimed the vigorous individual; "I came from Dangerous Gulch, Montana."

"That's very commendable," remarked the meek-looking man quietly.

Just Playing at Marriage.

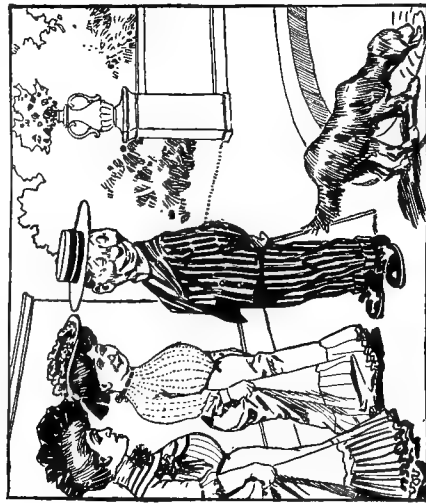
"WHAT did Tommy and Ethel quarrel about to-day, Jenny?"

"Indeed, ma'am, that was no quarrel. They was only playing being married."



4. Said he, "I've sold this ribbon short."
(After all, our Johnny was quite a sport.)

5. Then Johnny saw that he'd done wrong.
(So now he always sells ribbon long.)



ALGIE—"Oh, girls! what a lovely chance for a joke!"



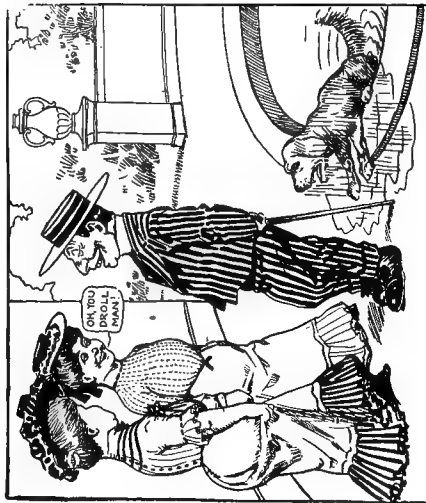
2.

—He, he, he! In you go! Ain't it tummy?"



3.

—Ha, ha, ha! Such a good joke on the dog!"



4.

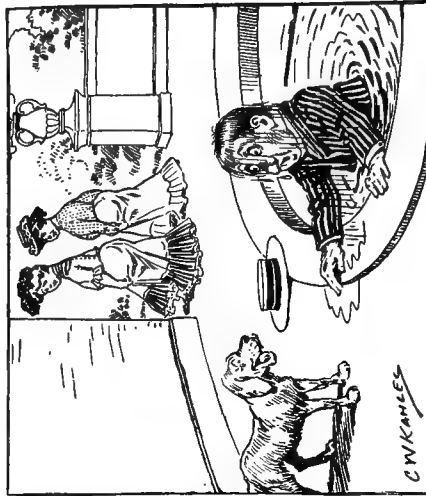
—Ya-as; when I went to college they used to call me the college wag."



5.

—! ! — ? ? — x x — !

OH, SUCH A FUNNY JOKE!



6.

CHORUS (*in the distance*)—"The wretch! Idiot! My new dress is ruined! The brute!" etc., etc.

It Didn't Work

By M. W.

HERE is something in the *Ladies' Guide* magazine that I want to speak to you about, Henry," said Mrs. Pettybone to her husband the other evening just as he had settled himself in his pet easy-chair for a long, quiet evening with some new magazines.

"It says, Henry, that many marital troubles would be averted and that there would be fewer divorces if husbands and wives were only franker with each other—if they would point out each other's faults in a spirit of perfect frankness and kindness instead of brooding in gloomy silence over them. I do think that is true. I know, Henry, dear, that I have failings that probably annoy you and you do not like to speak about them. Now, supposing that we be perfectly frank with each other hereafter. You tell me just the failings of mine that annoy you most, and I will do the same in regard to your faults. Are there any little failings in me that trouble you and that you have never said anything about to me?"

"Well—er—yes; there are."

"Well, now, will you not in perfect fairness and kindness speak to me about some of them?"

"Well, to begin with, you talk too much."

"I don't know that I talk any more than other women, Henry Pettybone! No; nor half so much as some women I might name. If you had such a wife as"—

"Then you think too much of your duds."

"My 'duds'! Can't you be a little more refined when speaking to your own wife, Henry Pettybone? And if I were a man with no less than thirty-nine neckties I think I'd say little about my wife's vanity! You have more fancy waistcoats to-day than I have silk waists, and you are fussier about which one to wear with this or that suit

than I am about the waists I shall wear with my skirts! When it comes to thinking about one's 'duds,' as you so elegantly term it, I think that you go a little ahead of any man in this town. You just count up the different suits you have and see if—but go on."

"Then you are so self-willed that"—

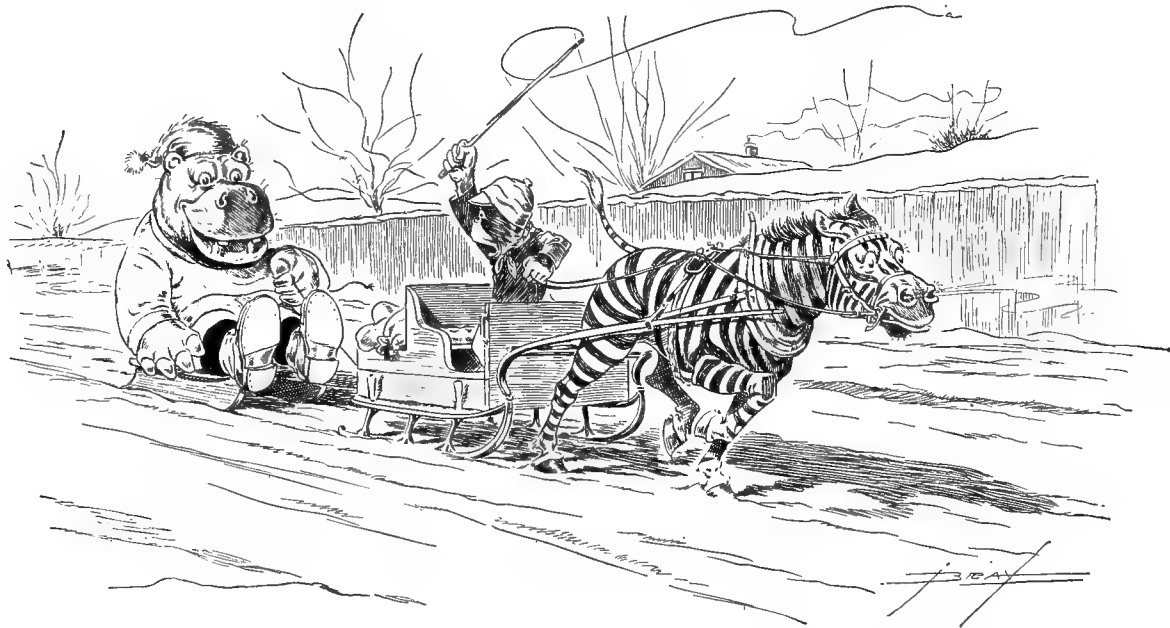
"Self-willed? I'd talk about any one on earth being self-willed if I were you! If there is in all the world a more absolutely dogged man than you are I pity his wife, Henry Pettybone! Self-willed? My soul and body! You cling like a barnacle to any idea that you once get into the little thing you are pleased to call your mind. I never saw your equal for out-and-out stubbornness, and yet you have the face to accuse me of being self-willed! Take care, Henry Pettybone! Don't go too far, or"—

"You asked me to point out"—

"I didn't ask you to insult me to my face, sir! And, what is more, I'll not sit here and be insulted by you, Henry Watson Pettybone! Some of my relatives told me that I was allying myself to my inferior when I married you, and I long ago discovered that it was true. Were it not for our children and the disgrace of it all I would apply for a divorce. Any jury that could hear your open and unwarranted abuse this evening would grant me a divorce without leaving their seats. I simply decline to sit longer in the same room with such a coarse and unfeeling person. Yes; I will go to my own room to escape further calumny and abuse, for if I stayed you would probably strike me before the evening was over! It was a sad day when I married you, Henry Pettybone!"

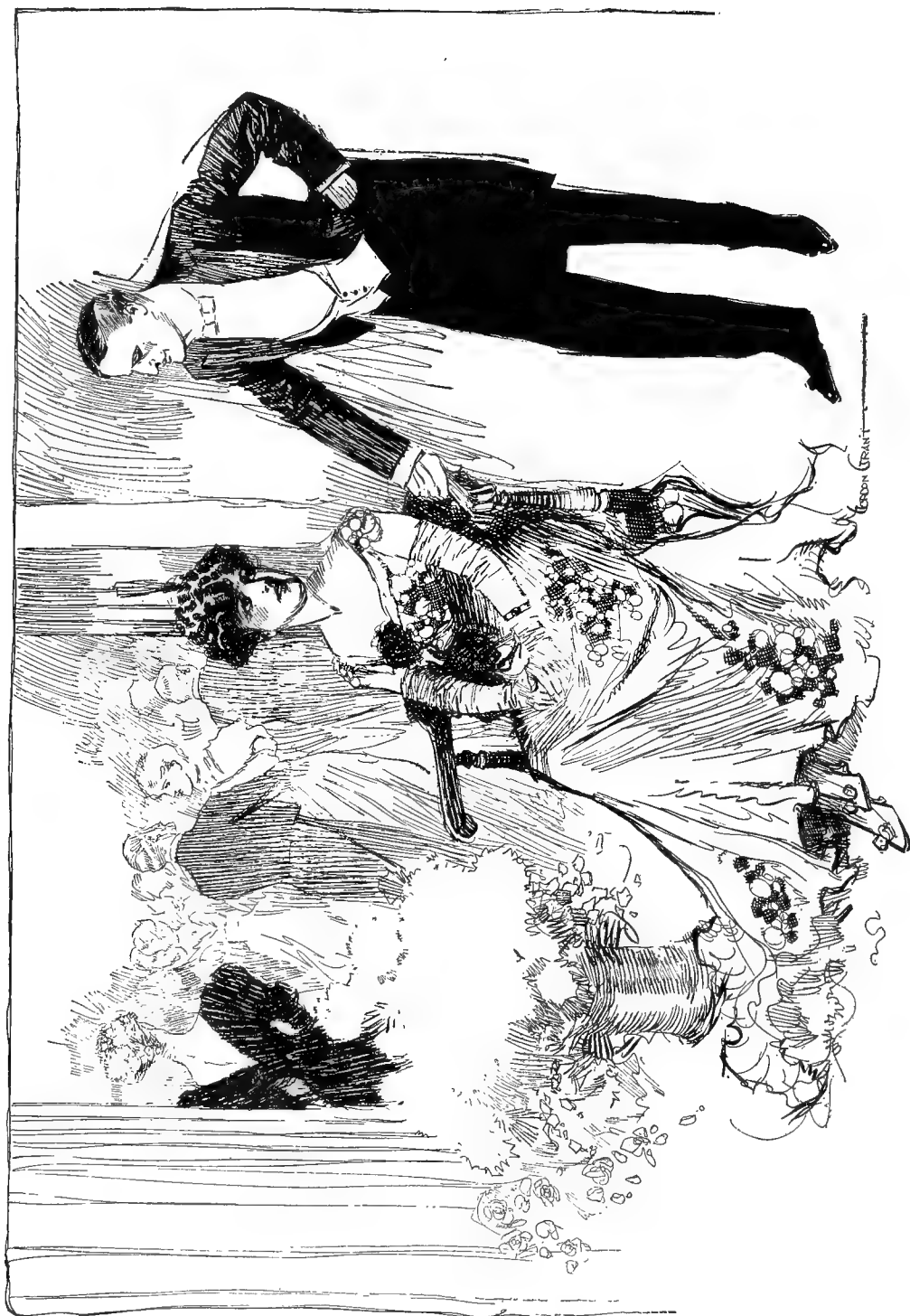
And Pettybone muttered something under his breath that sounded like,

"That's a fact."



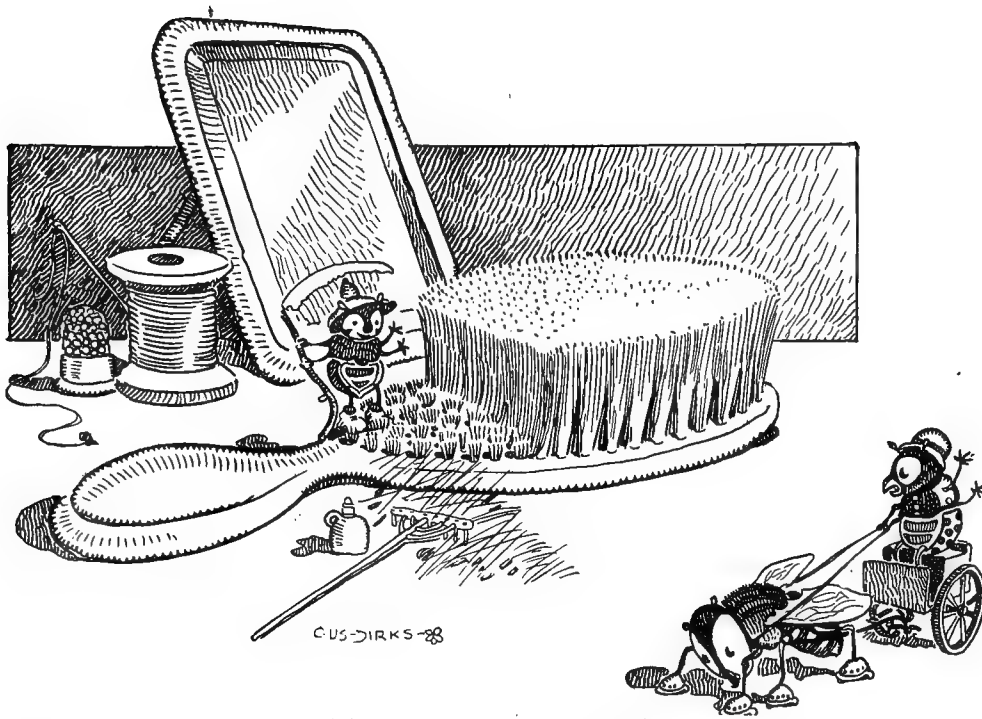
WHIP BEHIND.

FARMER MONK—"Let go my sleigh, you miserable young hippo! What do you think my horse is—a steam locomotive?"



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUSTED.

"If she considers him such a paragon, why won't she let him dance with any other girl?"
"She probably thinks he is too good to be true."



WHEN REUBEN CAME TO TOWN.

MR. RUBE BUG—"My goodness, Bill! but that's a fine crop of hay you have there—and so early, too."

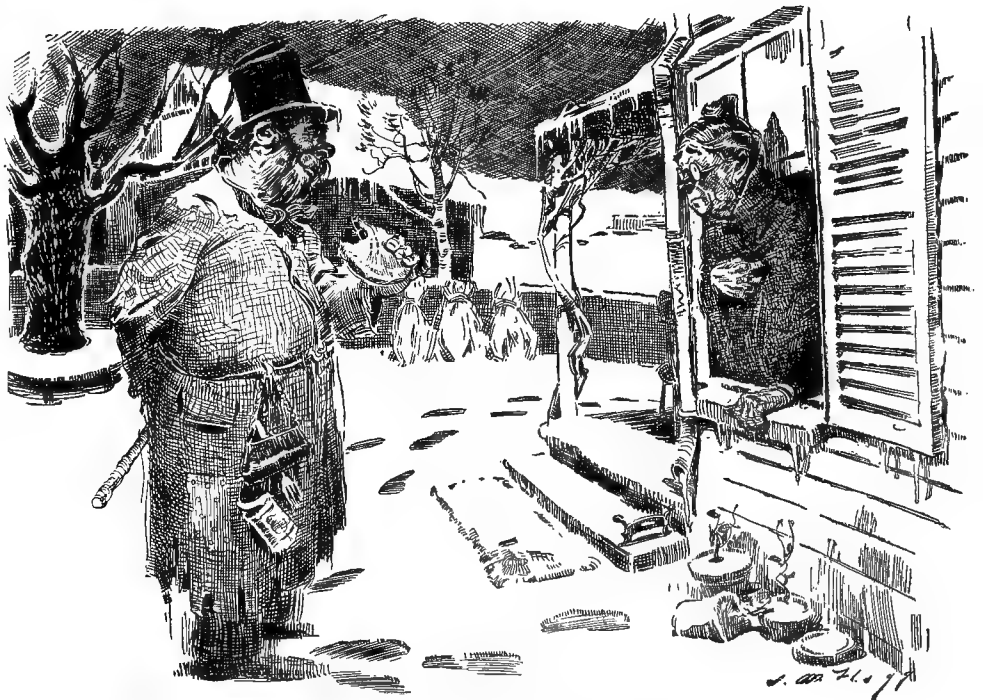
The Difference.

"AFTER all, how times do change!" said the sage of Kohack, deftly performing the strabismusmatical feat of casting a retrospective and regretful glance back into the past the while he fixed a severe and hypercritical glare on the foibles and follies of the present. "When I was young a man was rich enough to be envied when he had the leisure to shave his upper lip regularly, and part his hair at the back and brush it toward his ears, and found it within his means to paint his house every other year, and wear an ivory-headed cane on Sundays, and had an authoritative voice at the sessions of the school board, and occasionally pulled the nose of an opponent at town-meetin'; and there was to be found in his parlor a hair-cloth sofa as cold as a tomb and as slippery as Greenland's icy mountains, a marble-topped centre-table adorned with a batch of sad and soggy wax-flowers in a glass case,

and a lot of horned and freckled sea-shells on the what-not. If he possessed all these he was considered to be just about as rich as a man could possibly get to be, and was looked up to accordingly.

"But, nowadays—huh—if a man can't afford to wear side-whiskers and a prominent abdomen, and buy himself a seat in the senate, and be investigated for belongin' to a trust, and be spoken of as a magnate or some kind of a baron, and have a son who ought to be on the rock-pile half of the time and shot by the reform com-

mittee the rest of the time, and a daughter who is newspaperially accused of havin' designs on the peace and poverty of a foreign nobleman, and maintain a horseless carriage, he ain't even considered rich enough to be hated. In this day and age a man's got to be an automobillionaire, or he ain't in it."



POOR SUPPORTERS.

MRS. HANDOUT—"Poor fellow! have you no means of support?"

WEARY WILLIE—"No, lady. I wanted ter bring me sons up ter be jockeys, but me wife insisted on makin' poets out uv dem."



1.

Its Good Point.

"THAT'S a beaut of a hat," sarcastically comments the grouchy husband. "It looks like a last-year's bird-nest."

"Does it?" sweetly asks the gentle wife, turning so as to catch the effect of the back trimming in the mirror. "Well, it doesn't look like a last-year's hat, anyway."



2.

The Spring Style.

"THE new spring fashions," says the happy wife, who has just returned from a visit to her modiste, "show a great many changes. For instance, the dresses will not have any collars on them, but will be cut really low in the neck."

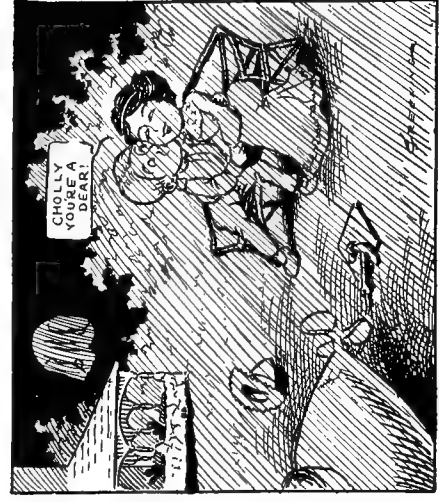
"Huh!" snorts the loving husband. "I know, though, that I will get it in the neck when the bill comes in. That style never changes."



4.



5.



6.

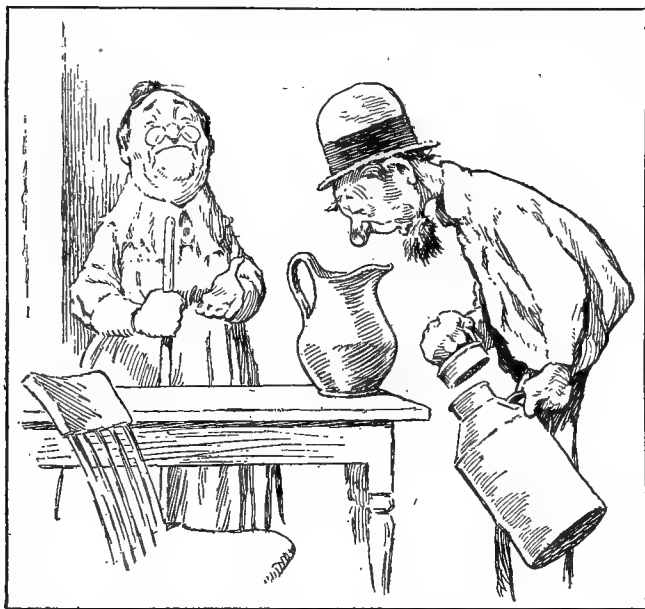
In the Care of Circumstances.

HE looked as if he might have been a baseball umpire. He was battered and bruised to such an extent that his best girl would have passed him by on the other side. The mud clung to the legs of his trousers, and his hat was ensconced in a cute little out-of-the-way corner in the neighboring subway.

"You ought to be more careful," said a bystander as he tried to conceal a smile at the man's appearance.

"Careful!" shouted the unfortunate man. "Say, listen to me a minute. I was crossing the street. An automobile was coming in one direction, a moving-van in another, a trolley-car from the east, a cab from the west, and there on the sidewalk was my tailor, who had recognized me and was waiting to throw it all over me for fifty dollars that I owed him. The auto threw me against the van, the van tossed me against the car, the car landed me against the cab, and the cab fairly deposited me in the arms of my tailor. Careful, indeed!"

And the crowd dispersed.



FACED WITH THE PROOF.

MR. SKIMMER—
"What, marm! signs of water in my milk? Now, I'd just like to know what they are?"

Nail This, Quick!

"WH Y has he named his motor Wilton?"

"Because it's his car-pet."

It Is.

AN aching tooth,
I rise to shout,
Is just about
The best thing out.



And Mr. Skimmer found out.

Golden Thoughts for the Young.

NOW, there was a little lad, once upon a time, whose parents would not let him play with the other children on the block, and this made him very sad, and he did not like it very well. So one day he ran away from home and went to play with the other children on the block, notwithstanding his parents' refusal to let him do so; and he had hardly gotten away from his own door before a big bear came and ate him all up. This teaches us always to put on our rubbers when we go out in the wet.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who did not like to have her hair combed, because sometimes her mother pulled a little when she was combing it; so one day, when hair-combing time came around, the little girl dashed out of the open window, and as her home happened to be on the fifteenth floor, she was miserably mashed to pieces. The moral of this is that we should always pay our rent when it comes due.

Once upon a time there was a little dog that was very fond of kittens, but he was on a diet, and his mistress would not let him eat many; so one day he went out in the back yard and ate fourteen at one sitting, and it made him so sick he was not able to be up for a long, long time, and his mistress did not give him any sympathy. This shows us that we should always speak kindly to the man that comes to collect our gas-bill.

Once upon a time there was a little canary-bird that lived in a pretty cage, but it was not satisfied, for it had an insane desire to make its home in the porcelain bath-tub. And one day it flew out of its cage and did make its home in the porcelain bath-tub, and when the hot water was turned on for its master's monthly bath it perished miserably. This, little children, shows us that when the price of coal goes up we should not swear, but should sing merrily, "Tra-la, tra-la," like a dear little birdie.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

A Desired Reform.

Mrs. Bloodblood—"I told the grocer that unless he stopped drinking he'd lose all his business."

Mr. Bloodblood—"That was a gentle hint for him to give up his bad weighs."

In Bostonese.

Little Chicagoan (visiting in Boston)—"Aw, fudge! You're bug-house!"

Little Bostonian (deeply shocked)—"Oh, such terrible and deplorable vulgarity! You should say, 'beetle-garage.'"

The Surfeit of Knowledge.

First New Yorker—"Have you ever indulged in a 'seeing New-York' auto ride?"

Second New Yorker—"No, sir. I've lived here too long to want to know as much about it as that."



WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

HIRAM—"A feller tried to sell me a gold-brick down to Noo York."

SILAS—"Did ye buy it?"

HIRAM—"Nope; but I told him I would ef he'd come out here an' take his pay in board."

“'Cordin' to de Resolutions”

By W. B. Crane

THE deacons and elders of the Chocolate Avenue Colored Baptist Church were gathered together in the Sunday-school room of the edifice to adopt the following resolutions :

1. We will give something.
2. We will give according to our ability.
3. We will all give willingly.

These resolutions were adopted, and Chairman Tompkins took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to contribute.

“Dis date of de month,” remarked Mr. Tompkins, “is rem'niscant of de fac' dat Krissmus is but ten days from hyah. Krissmus comes but once a yeah, breddren, an' de lil' lams of de Sabbat'-school mus' be duly 'membered. Step up an' sign, breddren !”

Many advanced to the table and handed in their contributions—some more, and some less.

Among the contributors was an old colored man, who was very rich—almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin.

“Take dat back again,” said Chairman Tompkins ; “dat may be 'cordin' to de fust resolution, but not 'cordin' to de second.”

The wealthy old darkey accordingly took it up and hobbled back to his seat much enraged. One after another came forward, and, all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the tablè, saying, “Take dat !”

It was a ten-dollar gold piece, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the chairman answered,

“No, sir ; dat won't do ! Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust an' second resolutions, but not 'cordin' to de third !”

The old capitalist was obliged to take up his money again. Still angry with himself, he sat a long time, until nearly all were gone. He then advanced to the table, and, with a smile on his countenance, handed Mr. Tompkins a hundred-dollar bill.

“Dat will do,” said the presiding deacon ; “dat am 'cordin' to all de resolutions, an' I wish you a merry Krissmus, Mr. Johnson !”

“Is Marriage a Failure?”

MARIA, the colored maid, had been neglecting her work shamefully. Her mistress remonstrated but in vain. Finally Maria's carelessness called forth a sharp rebuke. To soften the sting, the mistress added,

“Maria, I think you must be in love.”

Maria, who was resting ruminatively on her broom-handle, drew herself up and replied with great dignity,

“'Deed, ma'am, I'se a married 'oman !”

Advertising.

“WHAT is this story. I hear about Miss Beauless advertising for a husband?” asked the first person singular.

“It is almost that,” answered the other one. “She has taken to promenading the street with a cook-book under her arm.”

Flattering.

“HOW much postage will this require?” asked the young author. “It is one of my manuscripts.”

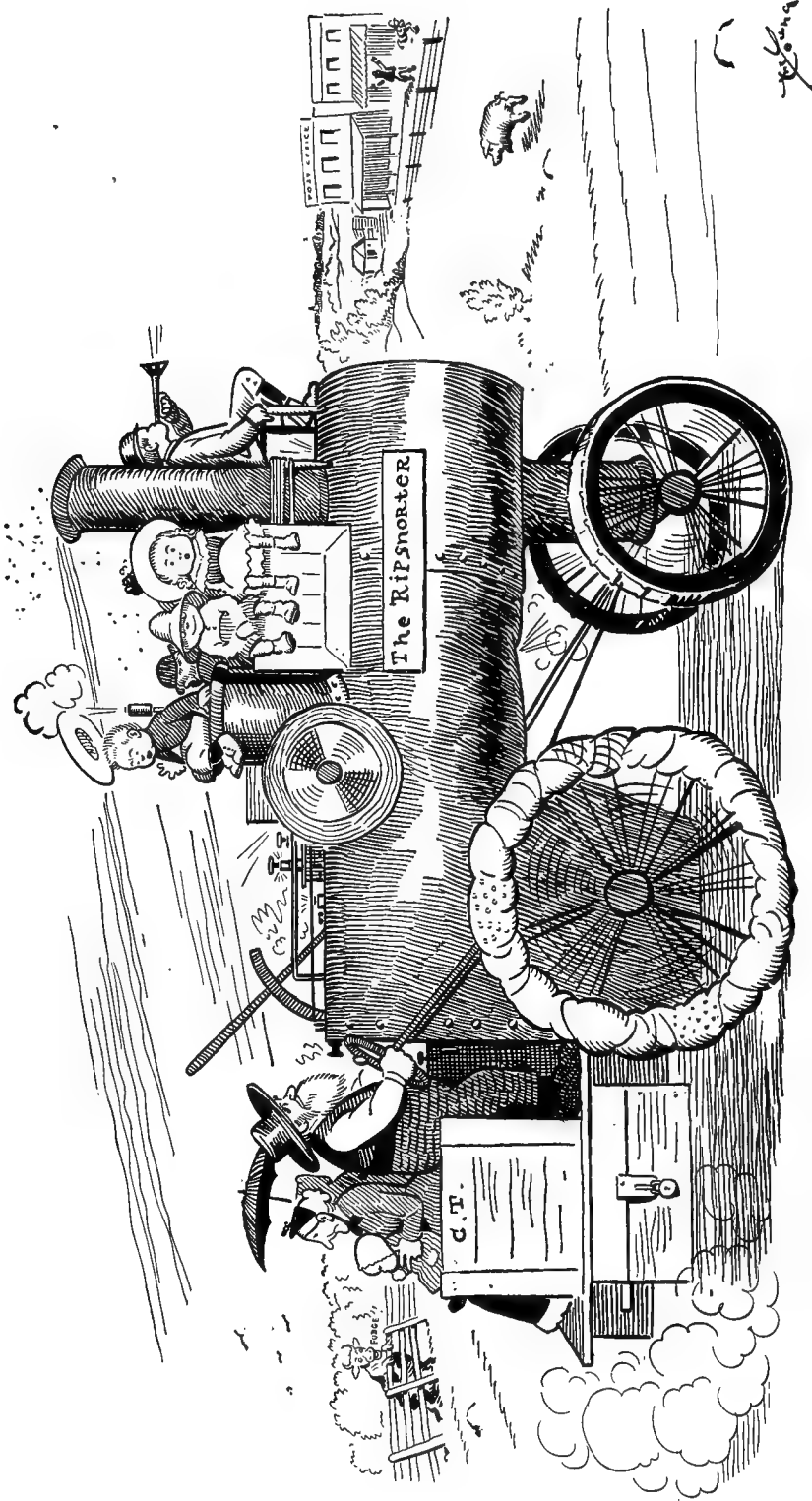
“Two cents an ounce,” answered the post-office clerk. “That's first-class matter.”

“Oh, thank you !”



SARCASM IN THE ROUGH.

FARMER STACK (to neighbor who works for him, but hasn't received any pay for three months)—
 “Joel, I cum over here to say suthin' to ye, but blamed ef I hain't fergot what 'twas.”
JOEL—“Mebbe you was goin' to tell me how fat I'm gittin' on the wages I hain't gittin'.”



THE STEAM-THRESHER AUTOMOBILE.

UNCLE CYRUS TINKER—"She hain't as stylish-lookin' as some o' them city ones, but, I gol! she makes as much noise as any on 'em."

Swift Justice on a Punster.

A PARTY of tourists was viewing the scene of the cholera's ravages in India.

"And," concluded the guide, "the superstitious natives believe that when night comes on the spirits of the departed still come back to revisit the scenes of earthly life, bringing with them again seeds of the dread plague that carried them hence."

"Ha!" exclaimed the wild-eyed traveler, who frequented the vaudeville houses when at home, "cholera in phantom—eh, what?"

And that explains why the bunch of tourists that visited the place next day found a new-made grave among the ancient tombs.

Political Weather-vanes.

Jim—"I guess 'Judge' Peters will win out fer congress. He's mighty populer—he's hevin' children named after him."

Josh—"Yes; but 'Colonel' McMann is a de'ned sight populerer. He's hevin' dogs named after him—not ter speak o' Bud Geer's new pacer colt."



A SLIPPER-Y CONSCIENCE.

"Mother, will you do me one favor?"

"What is it?"

"After this is all over please don't say that it hurts you more than it does me."

Explaining It.

"IT WAS too much education that landed me here, mum," said the burglar to the visitor at the penitentiary. "I had an assistant who was born in Boston. One night we had a good second-story job, but he queered the whole thing at the last minute."

"How do you mean?" asked the visitor.

"When I told him to climb up the down spout to get the swag out of the second story, he said, 'I refuse to do anything so paradoxical'; and just then the copper woke up and collared us."

A Tragedy in Tonopah.

"HOW was the man killed?" inquired the coroner, before viewing the body.

"He wuz shot in a quarrel over a game o' cards, jedge, fer cheatin," replied an eye-witness to the tragedy.

"Why, I was told that he committed suicide, but I wanted to find out how he did it."

"He did kill himself, jedge, but you see"—

"I thought you said it was a quarrel?"

"An' so it wuz. You see, it wuz this way. Hank wuz the gol-derndest feller ter cheat an' fight that ever wuz. He jest nachally couldn't he'p cheatin' in a game, an' he'd fight at the drop o' the hat. Hank wa'n't no coward, if he did cheat. So when he seen"—

"Whom did he cheat?"

"Himself, jedge. He wuz playin' solitaire."

Sad Occasion.

"YES," said the old man reminiscently, "when Santlie died they wuz unyversal grief. Th' whole popylation turned out to his funeral, th' business houses wuz shet, an' every meetin'-house bell in th' town wuz a-ringin'. Yes; they wuz twenty bells a-ringin', all tolled."

But the next funeral in that town was not so large.

Saint Agnes' Eve.

OLD wives would have us all believe
That if, upon Saint Agnes' Eve,
A maiden pure and sweet and fair
Shall, superlless, to bed repair,
Bright dreams of bliss and dear delight
Will fill the stretches of the night,
And visions of a husband's face,
With tender love, her couch will grace.
Howe'er it be, I'm very sure
That if a maiden sweet and pure,
To-night, or on St. Agnes' Eve,
Will but with faith my words receive;
If, brimming o'er with fond desire,
She'll, fasting, to her room retire,
And then, without a look behind,
Each thought of care swept from her mind
Consult her glass, there, true to life,
She'll see her future husband's wife.

J. FORSYTH SMITH.

ARE there not more men afraid of women than women afraid of men?

A Thanksgiving Toddy.

THE Kentuckian leaned up against the bar reflectively, almost moodily.

"What will you have, colonel?" inquired the bar-keep, observing that he was not uttering the thoughts within him.

"A Thanksgiving toddy, if you please," replied the colonel.

"And what's that?" said the bar-keep.

"A glass of plain water."

"Wha-wha-what!" gasped the dispenser of souses.

"I said a glass of water," repeated the colonel slowly; "w-a-t-e-r"—and the colonel spelled it out as if it tasted good.

In speechless amazement the bar-keeper served the liquid, and the colonel held up the glass to the light a moment and took it down.

"Give me a chaser of red liquor, quick!" he sputtered.

This was forthcoming on the call. Then the colonel assumed his normal aspect and the bar-keeper was emboldened to make inquiries.

"Why do you call it a Thanksgiving toddy, colonel?" he asked.

"Because," explained the colonel gravely, "I have to drink it only once a year, in memory of a dear uncle of mine who died in November, leaving me the fortune he made in the umbrella business."

W. J. L.

Woman.

IF YOU let a woman think that you think she will, she won't; but if you let her think you think she won't, she will.



MARKET TERMS.

"A run on canned goods."



WHEN THE ICE IS SAFE.

"Follow de lead, Chimney Cop! It's safe, all right."

Simplified Spelling.

TWO gentlemen, who are not altogether unacquainted with the location of one or more of the executive departments in Washington, were recently discussing the "simpletonized" spelling order of the President's; and as both are gentlemen of legal attainments, they naturally took opposite sides on the question of the practicability of the proposed reform, in order to have a good argument. One of them attacked the whole idea as absurdly foolish.

"It is most illogical and silly," said he, "and the board's list of three hundred words contains gross inconsistencies. They say spell 'fantasy' with an 'f,' but not 'phenomenon' nor 'philosophy.'"

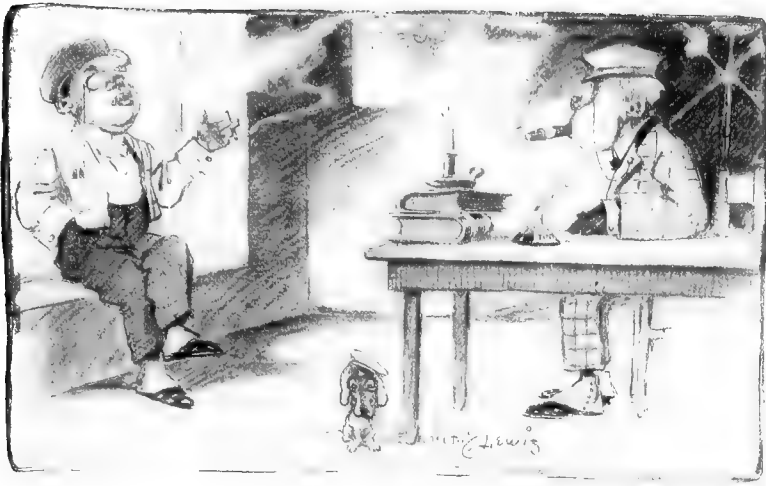
"Well," said his friend, "I can see some reason for not spelling the latter word with an 'f.' You know, most of the gentlemen on the board are doctors of philosophy, and they would very probably object to having 'D. F.' placed after their names."

Why He Traded.

RUSSELL had brought home several white mice and a small rooster to add to his collection of pets, which already was too large to please his mother. Mrs. Hathaway interviewed her small son, and asked him where he had gotten his latest acquisition. "I traded my gun and my typewriter for them," the boy informed her.

"Well, Russell, I want you to take them right back to Donald, get your gun and typewriter back, and tell him that your mother doesn't want you to have them."

"But Donald won't take them back," whimpered Russell, "because his mother doesn't want him to have them, either. That's why he traded with me."



HIGH-PRICED NECESSITIES.

BRIGGS—"The price of necessities is rising all the time."

GRIGGS—"I know it. My debts are higher than ever."

Her Choice.

"MAUDE," he began as he was preparing to leave her the other evening, "before I go I want to talk over a very serious matter with you."

"What is it, Bertram?" she asked.

"It's about Ted," he went on. "You seem to take more enjoyment in his society of late than in mine."

"Why, you jealous fellow!"

"I know I am, Maude, but I can't help it. I love you so. Lately I have noticed a great difference in you. You are not as affectionate, and I don't believe you miss me at all when I am away."

"Why, I—I"—

"You needn't try to deny it, Maude," he interrupted her, "for I know the truth. You don't miss me because you and Ted are always together. In fact, I believe you even hate to hear my ring now, as it may take you away from him for a few moments."

"You know that's not true, Bertram."

"Then, Maude, I'll put it to the test right here and now, for I cannot let things go on as they have. You must choose between us. Who is it to be—your own loving Bertram or Ted?"

"What!" she excitedly exclaimed. "Give up Ted? Never!"

"Very well, then," he bitterly said as he sighed and walked out into the hall and put on his hat and overcoat. "I'm not of a jealous disposition, and I'm called a fair-minded man by my friends, but I'm not the sort of fellow to share a girl's affections with one of those confounded Teddy bears. Miss Lighthouse, farewell forever."

And as he went out into the night and slammed the door after him she picked up the cause of all the trouble and buried her face in its wool and wept.

A. B. LEWIS.

The Modern Maiden's Wish.

He—"Yes, darling; if you will marry me I want to assure you that I can support you in the style to which you have been accustomed."

She (pouting)—"But I want to be supported in a style to which I am not accustomed."

A Strapping Youth.

KNEELING at her tiny feet,
Shod in dainty shoes,
For a pleasure so complete
Who'd a chance refuse?
As she lingers on the ice
And to give awaits
Joy to some admirer nice
Strapping on her skates.

Careful not to pinch her toes,
Nor to bruise her heels,
Though a fellow freeze his nose
Or an ear congeals,
Naught can chill his bliss to hold
Those wee pedal mates,
Though he shivers with the cold
Strapping on her skates.

A. M. TOOHEY.

The Ormsbee Tin Cup.

FORMER Governor Ormsbee of Vermont for many years had business calling him to a small village not far from his Brandon home, and driving over and back he made it a practice to stop at a spring for a drink. He frequently left a cup there, so that he would have it to use on his next stop, and almost as frequently did the necessary article disappear. He spoke of this to one of his friends, remarking that he wished whoever took a drink from his cup would leave the small tin utensil behind. Upon his next visit to the spring he found a cup of generous dimensions, on which was painted,

"This is Governor Ormsbee's cup;
Take a drink and hang it up."

This cup did not disappear.

Rejected.

First magazine-editor—"Here's a bully story, but it doesn't appeal to the women."

Second magazine-editor—"Let's use it. It's so unusual that it might make a sensation."

First magazine-editor—"No. I'm afraid it's too good to print."



THE TIME-LIMIT OF LOVE.

CHOLLY (11 p. m.)—"Will you love me when I'm gone?"
ETHEL—"Yes, if you go before twelve."



SURPRISE.

MIKE—"Och, Pat, yez missed a foine funeral by not goin'." CASEY had a shwells Dootch band an' forty-seven carriages."
 PAT—"Oi didn't know he left so mooch life insurance."



HER PROTECTOR.

I'm glad that I no longer fear
The dark stairways and halls,
Nor tremble as the shadows flit
At evening 'long the walls.
The bogey-man will not come forth—
You see, he doesn't dare;
For I am now protected by
A big, brave Teddy bear.

Correcting His Statistics.

"**A**SSURE you, lady," began Panhandle Pete as the farmer's wife came to the door with a scowl on her face, "I ain't no common tramp. I'm a gent author wot's writin' a book uv his travels round de world."

"You don't look much like an author," she coldly replied.

"No, ma'am; but I'm dressed up dis way so as ter study de life, yer see. I'm doin' a world-tour on a bet, an' if yer'll give me a little assistance I'll put yer in de book."

"What's the name of the book?"

"It ain't named yet, lady. I'm jest takin' some interestin' notes as I go on me way, an' den some day I'll set down an' put 'em all tergether."

"You fellows tell such tales," she suspiciously remarked as she looked him over.

"Dat's wot dey do, lady," he replied as he took out pencil and paper and began to write. "'Scuse me while I put down dat a kind an' beautiful lady, meanin' you, gib me some ideas fer me book an' den inwited me in an' gib me de finest spread I had on de hull trip. In course, dat's only fer de book, yer know, an' yer needn't gimme only four or five turkey-sandwiches an' some roast beef, an' a couple uv mince-pies an' a pitcher or two uv cider. I got some interestin' notes here, lady. So far on de trip I've had 362 pieces uv punkin-pie, 892 pieces uv mince, 116 dogs hev bit me, 262 kind ladies, includin' yerself, hev"

"Wasn't it you who was here working the book-swindle about this time last winter?" she interrupted him with.

"Me? No, ma'am. I wuz jest startin' on me trip

Elucidated.

"**W**HAT does this report mean by saying that 'the shorts were caught in a corner and squeezed'?"

"Why, it means that they sold what they didn't have to buyers whom they had to get it back from at a higher price in order to deliver it to them."

He Was Just Wondering.

"**H**ENRY," said Mrs. Peck, "what are you thinking about?"

"I was just wondering if, when women are on an equal footing with men, Santa Claus will wear a corset."

about dat time an' biddin' me old gray-haired mother good-bye. Ah, lady, yer should hev seen de tears she shed as she parted from her only son. But, as I wuz sayin', de feed yer gib me will"—

"Just a moment. There's a little mistake in your figures, I think."

"As—as ter how, lady?"

"Why, as to the number of dogs that have bitten you. You said 116, didn't you?"

"Y-yes, lady."

"Well," she said as she came out into the yard and started toward the barn, "you want to change that, because Carlo will make the 117th. Here, Carlo! Here, Carlo! Carlo! Carlo!"

But Panhandle Pete had leaped the fence at the very first call and was half a mile down the road before the dog caught sight of him.

A. B. LEWIS.

Two Muffs in One.

SHE sat between her two lovers in the trap. George was driving, and Edward was pressed closely against the rail. The night was dark, but the horse was old and knew his way. This gave George an opportunity to hold the reins in one hand, and also to slip the other into the lady's unoccupied muff. Presently—well, two hands were tenderly pressing each other.

The end of the drive came at last, and a sweet small voice whispered,

"When you two gentlemen have quite done with my muff perhaps you will be kind enough to let me have it."

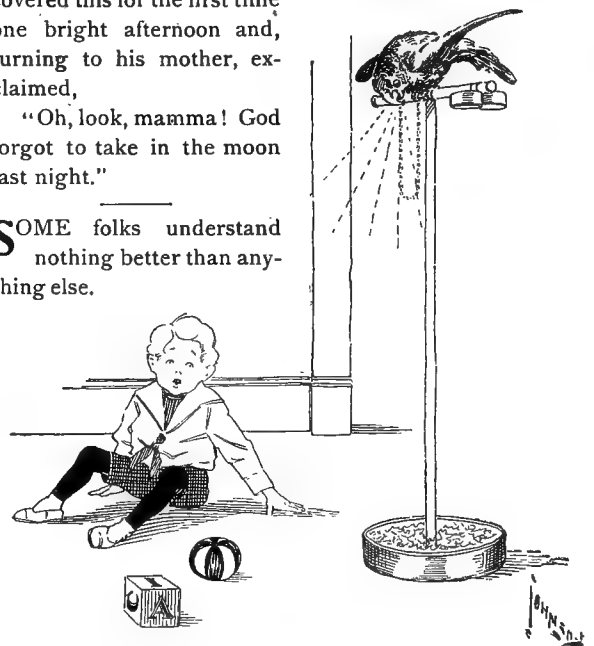
Then did two sworn enemies alight from the trap with thoughts that could scarcely be expressed coherently in presentable language.

The Moon Surprises Bobby.

WHEN the moon is in its last quarter it frequently shows in the sky during the day-time. Little Bobby discovered this for the first time one bright afternoon and, turning to his mother, exclaimed,

"Oh, look, mamma! God forgot to take in the moon last night."

SOME folks understand nothing better than anything else.



IN DANGER.

LITTLE HARRY—"Mamma, mamma, come here, quick! Polly is trying his best to learn me how to swear."

Struggling Young Author's Tale of Woe.

LET a struggling young author, with a yearning to be among the literary elect, tell his tale of woe. Since the modern, struggling young author must eat, I hold down a pen-pushing job daytimes and write stories at night.

Some months ago I had a short story accepted by a well-known magazine, to be paid for "on publication." My hopes rose. The magazine had the reputation of paying large sums—especially when the stories were of an unusually high order of excellence. Mine were such; I knew it. And, besides, *she* said so. That settled it. I *knew* I'd get a hundred dollars, anyway, for the story.

Now, I had long set my heart on an evening suit and the "trimmings" that went with it. I drew on my scanty bank-account for seventy-five dollars and invested in evening clothes. I was still twenty-five dollars to the good on my story.

That evening I called on my girl and told her of my success and expectations. She said I was too modest—that one hundred and fifty dollars was not too much for the story, and she thought I'd probably get two hundred. Alice has a level head, and I *knew* she was right. I *was* too modest.

I could not wear those nice evening clothes at night before my friends and shabby business clothes by day. Forty dollars was spent the following day on a business suit. Since my story was now to fetch two hundred dollars, I was still eighty-five dollars ahead.

To have an excuse to wear my evening clothes I took Alice to the theatre. Now, one can't take one's girl to the theatre without having a little supper first; and it's a pretty stingy man who won't take her for a bite to eat after the show, "just to see the crowd." This cost me twelve dollars. Seventy-three dollars "velvet" still left, however.

I had long set my heart on a certain gold watch at a famous jewelry house, which could be obtained for only fifty dollars. With my new clothes this would give me an air of breeding and affluence that nothing else could. I got it. There were now *twenty-three* hypothetical dollars left. *Please note the number.*

My story was published this month, and to-day I received a check from the publishers for twenty dollars!

GEORGE T. MOFFATT.

Breezes from the Canal-Zone "Vindicator."

NICE winter weather. We predict that it will be down to ninety before our next issue.

Bill Shonts has bought a new steam plow. Bill is certainly one of our up-to-date agriculturists.

Doc Gorgas caught another stray mosquito last week. Doc wants us to warn neighboring republics to keep their mosquitoes on their own premises or he will do them damage.

Roads around La Boca Dam are in bad condition.

Ted Roosevelt, who was in town recently and who called upon "ye editor" while here, has written a piece about his visit. Ted reports that he is much pleased with the ditch his hired man has been digging. Drop in again, Ted.

Subscribers must pay up! This promises to be a severe winter, and we need mosquito-netting, duck pants, and soda-water. Ice taken in exchange for subscriptions.

A party named Bigelow has been circulating stories about some of our prominent citizens which have caused the wildest indignation. Watch out, Poultney, or we'll tell why you left Panama in such a hurry.

Our esteemed fellow-zonesman, Emanuel Silvestra, is down with a complication of yellow fever, malaria and smallpox. Hope to see you out soon, Em.

The baseball game between the Panama Hatters and a semi-professional team from Colon resulted in a defeat for the Semi-colons by the decisive score of nine sunstrokes to five. The Hatters claim the 120

Degree Championship of the Zone.

Farmers from over Gatun way report heavy damage from the long dry spell. The oldest inhabitant remembers nothing like it. No rain for almost eleven hours.

Certain evil-minded miscreants attempted night before last to steal the Culebra Cut. They are known, and if they try it again the *Vindicator* will mention some names. Our commissioners did not go to the trouble of acquiring this cut merely to have it abstracted by some vandal who probably would not know what to do with it if he succeeded in getting it safely away.

DON P. MILLS.

For Art's Sake.

"ARE you an advocate of the city beautiful?"

"I am. If I could have my way every trolley-pole in town should be made as lovely as a barber's sign."



POOR OLD MAN!

AUNT MARY—"So you've really been happy in your married life, Jacob?"

UNCLE JAKE—"Of course. Why, we've never been rich enough to have a divorce."

Where G. W. Was Shy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, so
history saith,
A sportsman true was he,
And yet he never in his life
A fisherman could be.

He never to the brookside went
To cast the bait or fly.
He lacked the angler's chiefest
gift—
He could not tell a lie!

Too Bad!

Lawyer—"What are you
kicking for? You got only a
year."

Fair client—"It might as
well have been twenty. By the
time I get out I will be forgot-
ten, and then I can't go on the
stage."

He Knew.

Winterbottom (delivering a
temperance oration) — "Yes,
gentlemen, I know *from per-
sonal experience* that in the city
of Bangor, Maine, you can get
a drink of whiskey on every
street corner!"



THE AGE OF FADS.

MRS. CRAWFORD—"In what way is your little boy
too delicate to attend the public schools?"

MRS. CRABSHAW—"He isn't strong enough to carry
home all the books the children have to study."

Journalism.

EX-TREE! All the latest news!
P'lice at work on murder
clews!

Big elopement from Cohoes!
Knock-out drops! a hot prize-fight!
Man held up in broad daylight!
Croker says New York's all right!
'Nother bank has gone to smash—
Teller skipped with all the cash!
Rich man poisoned eating hash!
Crime, insanity, and booze!
Comic section for the blues!
Ex-tree! All the latest news!

One on the Colonel.

Barnett—"Colonel Blower
showed me a bible that saved
his life during the war."

Garnett—"But did you
notice that he carries it in the
hind pocket of his trousers?"

The Latest.

"HE has arranged for the
very latest attraction
for his circus next season."

"What is it?"

"A group of trained auto-
mobiles."

CUPID is but a sorry marksman, and would save a lot
of time by using a rapid-fire rifle.

A NEW Prince Albert and a silk hat are more potent fac-
tors in drawing young men to church than any minister.



ON THE LAST DAY'S SKATING.

PARSON JONES—"Once there was a little boy who went skating on Sunday. Now, do you know what terrible thing happened
to that little boy?"

BOY—"Y-es, sir. I s'pose his folks made him go to church three times the next week to pay for it."

Preparing the Route.

“JAMES,” said the member of the four hundred to his secretary, “I am about to be married. I wish that you would write to a hotel in London, engaging rooms for three weeks ; to one in Paris, engaging rooms for a month ; to Monte Carlo, securing apartments for two weeks ; to Nice, Vienna, and Rome, one week each ; to St. Augustine, Florida, and Asheville, North Carolina, one week each ; then secure apartments at the Waldorf-Astoria for two months. Then engage room and board at the best hotel in Sioux Falls for six months.” ;

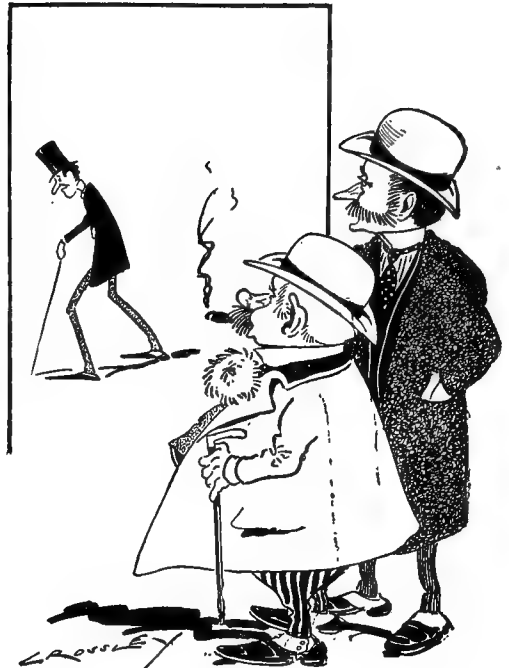
“I wish you joy again,” murmured the polite secretary.



WHAT AILED GEORGE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, SR.—“Why, what ails you, son?”

GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR.—“Here it is my birthday again and I can’t think up a single new joke for it.”



TOO BAD.

JOHNSON—“How did he go broke?”

JACKSON—“Bent on pleasure.”

Wondered What She Meant.

Charley Litewate (to his chum)—“What the deuce do you suppose Miss Cutting meant just now, Gawge?”

George—“Why, what did she say, Cholly?”

Charley—“Why, when I asked her if I might be her valentine she said, ‘Sentimental or comic?’”



AN OUTRAGE.

OLD LADY—“Oh, heavens ! that baseball hit me right in the eye.”

SMALL BOY—“W’ot a bloomin’ shame ! Only fer yer eye dat would er bin a home-run.”



THE NEEDS OF SOCIETY.

'RASTUS—"Viola, bring me mah whetstone. Ah'll sho' hab ter hone dis razzah befo' Ah goes ter de club ter-night."

Some Desimplified Spelling.

THE colonel was simply infolonel. He said it would be Gould to traid on the rights of the whights.

"No man," said the raid-hot colonel in his diolonel diatribes, "whose blood is not mood can chose to weigh what I say and pronounce one word as absord as any he ever hord. One may oneder because one color is dolor than another that it is a sign of something less fig'n. Oh, ye who knoh the truth give tongue and longue to its proclaiming. Why do yo sy when sighs are not wighs? Let no pain or ache mache you quache. Though you may be lough, rise higher and inspigher the sacred songs of justice to all. Who is whe that says the choir is a loir? His own lies show his sies; he cannot disguise his luise; his eyes despeyês those leyes and tell on him; one may buy a luy, but not the uy."

And much more of the same sort, from which it may be inferred that having herred the colonel's werred, the whites still had some rites which were bound to be respected. And the blacks? Well, take an acks to them. Also the infernal cernal.

W. J. LAMPTON.

A Dis-stink-tion without a Difference.

"HARK!" said the first buzzard. "Doth not something edible assail my nostrils with its perfume?"

"You must be getting hard of smelling," scornfully said a younger buzzard. "That's only the breeze from a cold-storage plant."

Whereupon both turned pale with nausea and took a fresh chew of pepsin-gum.

SOME women marry to mend a man's ways—but all they ever mend is his clothes.

Deserved.

GIFTERS was always a very popular man, and consequently viewed the approach of the Christmas season with deep gloom. It had come to be his almost daily custom to repair to the attic immediately after dinner and examine and re-examine with a morbid avidity the heap of articles which had been presented to him by his friends at Christmas days of the past. In Gifter's nature was a well-developed strain of thrift, and his pain was exquisite when he reflected that in almost every other attic in the land was a similar pile of useless and mouldering Christmas presents. So deep had become his gloom that it was almost with a sensation of alarm that Mrs. Gifters heard him whistling as he came up to the steps one evening, some two weeks before Christmas day. In one hand he carried a brown-paper parcel, which he placed upon the library table.

"What have you in this package, John?" Mrs. Gifters asked, pinching a small hole in the paper.

"Christmas presents," was the noncommittal reply, as John lighted his pipe.

By this time Mrs. Gifters had removed the wrapping-paper and discovered a neat package of small printed cards. Selecting one, she read:

"Having for a long time wished for —, I have purchased it, and as in all probability you would not care for it, anyway, I will not make you a present of it. You are requested to act likewise regarding the article which you had intended sending me, which you no doubt wish to keep and which I probably would not want. With the season's best wishes, I am, very truly yours,

"JOHN GIFTERS."

Mrs. Gifters gasped in horror.

"You don't mean to say you intend to send those things out?" she demanded.

"I most certainly do," Gifters coolly replied, producing a package of envelopes, a list of names and a sheet of stamps.

For the first time in her life Mrs. Gifters was too much affected to even talk, but sat in a stony silence while Gifters finished his job and went out to the letter-box.

A few days after Christmas Gifters came home with a somewhat heavy box under his arm. As there was no paper wrapper in which she could pinch a hole, Mrs. Gifters got the scissors and pried off the top, exposing a plush case in which lay a tall silver tankard.

"What a beauty! Where did you get it?" she exclaimed delightedly.

Gifters silently turned the cup over and pointed to the inscription:

"To Gifters
from his friends as a token
of their
admiration and gratitude."

B. C. HALL.

Political Dangers.

Howell—"It is hard for woman to understand politics."

Powell—"I should say so! My wife asked me to-day if a candidate who was scratched at an election ever had blood-poisoning."

A Three-cornered Affair

By Tom Masson

I TOOK in the situation at a glance. Helen had two fellows on the string.

It was pretty hard to come two hundred miles to find that out—especially when, a month before, I had bid Helen good-bye at the station in town, and there was a look in her eyes—well, that seemed to be for me alone. It had given me a comfortable feeling all along, and especially as Helen's letters seemed to exhale a certain atmosphere of disconsolateness—just as if she really missed me.

Yet here was the solemn truth. I hadn't been in Balington Inn an hour before I knew it.

Of course she met me at the station. I took it afterward that she had to be ordinarily decent—especially as I had come two hundred miles to see her, and her alone. For Helen knew how I hated inns and all kinds of conventional resorts.

She greeted me, indeed, quite cordially. She really seemed quite glad to see me. But, then, Helen has a way of being pleasant to every one—I thought of this quite bitterly that night as I made up my mind to take the first train in the morning back to town. Of course I didn't go. For when the morning came I had determined to stick it out another day. Certainly I wasn't going to let those two chaps get the best of me so easily as that.

We came into the inn from the station on the buckboard. It was a two-mile drive. The road was the kind called corduroy—and we got some heavy jolts. Still, I managed to take Helen's hand, and she didn't seem to mind. After all, at that moment it seemed quite worth while to have come all that distance. There was the first embarrassment that always comes to lovers long separated—but our eyes told volumes. I was glad also that we were surrounded by forests. There would be chances for me to have Helen all to myself in such a wilderness.

I had scarcely registered, however, before, as I turned around, I overheard a buzz of conversation. The two had come up. Helen introduced them rapidly.

"Mr. Pollard, Mr. Castleton. Mr. Bertrand, Mr. Castleton."

They nodded cheerfully. I could feel myself growing uneasy.

"Say, Miss Helen," said Mr. Pollard, "can I have the first dance to-night?"

"And," broke in Mr. Bertrand, "I claim the second."

These two chaps were immaculately dressed in white-flannel suits. They were apparently cast in the same mould.

I didn't dance myself—I hated it. Her answer made me desperate.

"I suppose so," said Helen. She looked at me as if to get my sanction, or as if she had really done something of which she expected me to approve. At any rate, I didn't approve. I could feel myself growing warm with rage. To think that I had come two hundred miles only to find that the girl I counted on was as fickle as that.

"I must see about my room," I said, and broke away and went up stairs.

When I came back they were all three sitting together. It was in the front hall. Helen got up.

"Shall we all go for a walk?" she said. "I want to show you the surroundings."

"Let's," said Mr. Pollard.

"Let's," said Mr. Bertrand.

There was an old-fashioned, apparently genuine tomahawk over the mantel. I could have taken it down gladly and brained these two Willie-boys on the spot. And to think Helen had invited them to go with us!

But I controlled myself. At the first opportunity I would tell Helen what I thought of the whole affair—and



"THEN I UNDERSTOOD."

especially what I thought of her—and that would end it. Then I would go back to town and begin life over again.

We walked in pairs—Mr. Pollard and Helen, Mr. Bertrand and myself. Bertrand talked like a phonograph. I answered in monosyllables.

It was not until just after dinner, however, and before the dancing began, that I had an opportunity to get Helen alone. I came face to face with her on the piazza.

"Oh," she said, "Jack, dear, I've been looking for you."

"And I for you," I said sternly. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" she inquired innocently.

"Why, of these two chaps following you around. Do you suppose I came up here to make love to them?"

"They are awfully nice."

"I'm glad you think so. I've my humble opinion—they are two first-class chumps."

"Now, Jack"——

"I'm going back to-morrow."

"You mustn't. They like you so much. Mr. Pollard said"——

"Hang what he said!" I exclaimed. "Don't you see they are in the way? Besides, you have treated me pretty badly. You've got to choose."

Helen put her hand on my arm. "Now, Jack," she said, "be nice to them, won't you? I have a particular reason for asking you. You know they are in reality very nice fellows—they come from splendid families. And have you noticed how well dressed they are, and how nicely they look together? Really, you would go a long way before you found any handsomer young men than Mr. Pollard and Mr. Bertrand."



" 'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?' SHE DEMANDED."

I stared at her in utter amazement. Could this be the girl I loved—the girl I had always thought so genuine and true?

At this instant the music started up. A voice came out of the darkness. It was the dulcet voice of Pollard.

"My dance, please."

I strode away in the utmost disgust. What was to be done? I went down toward the lake to think it over. Here I had come all this distance, and at a time when business really almost made it necessary to stay at the office, to find that my whole opportunity of seeing Helen was being usurped by these chaps, whom I had come to detest. The worst of it was, I could not tell for the life of me which one she really cared for. That, however, did not really matter. That she cared for either of them was bad enough. Somehow it seemed to me in the nature of a disgrace.

Well, what was I to do? I thought it over for half an hour, sitting on the lonely boat-house that night, and then I made up my mind that I would stick it out. As long as I was there I would make the most of it. I would go my own way and have the best time I could. It isn't my nature to mope, and I set my teeth together and swore that I wouldn't let the prettiest and sweetest girl I had ever known get the best of me for the sake of two human fashion-plates.

I got up the boatman and told him to get me a canoe. Just then I heard voices.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Helen. "I've been looking for you everywhere. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going out on the lake," I replied doggedly.

"What! at night?"

"Yes."

"How jolly!" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Pollard.

"Delightful!" cried Mr. Bertrand.

"Let's make up a party," said Helen. "Come, Jack; take us all. You row so splendidly!"

They piled in, and, there being no help for it, I went along.

The next morning I determined, however, to circumvent them. As long as I couldn't have Helen alone I would get along by myself. Besides, I was full of rage to think Helen would permit such things. Evidently it was all off between us, in spite of what she had 'given me to understand in the days gone by.

I got up early and, having fortunately brought along my pack-basket, determined to start out on a long tramp.

The cook of the inn provided me with a steak, potatoes, a broiling-iron, and other accessories, and I had just packed them in the basket, put the straps over my shoulders, and was starting off, when I heard a cry from one of the upper windows.

"Oh, Jack!"

It was Helen's voice. She had seen me from her room.

"Wait a moment and I'll be down."

Of course I had to wait. There was nothing else to do.

"Where are you going?" she demanded as, almost breathless in the hurry of dressing, she came out from the porch.

"On a tramp—all day."

"I thought you came up here to see me."

"You are otherwise occupied."

"Oh, Jack, now, please!"

I readjusted the basket. "Good-bye!" I said, and started off.

"Jack, you don't understand. I"—

More voices. Pollard and Bertrand, dressed in golf-clothes, suddenly appeared.

"Be nice to them, for my sake," whispered Helen.

Once more I dropped the basket.

"Off on a tramp?" asked Pollard.

I nodded.

"How jolly!" exclaimed Bertrand. "Were you going, Miss Helen?"

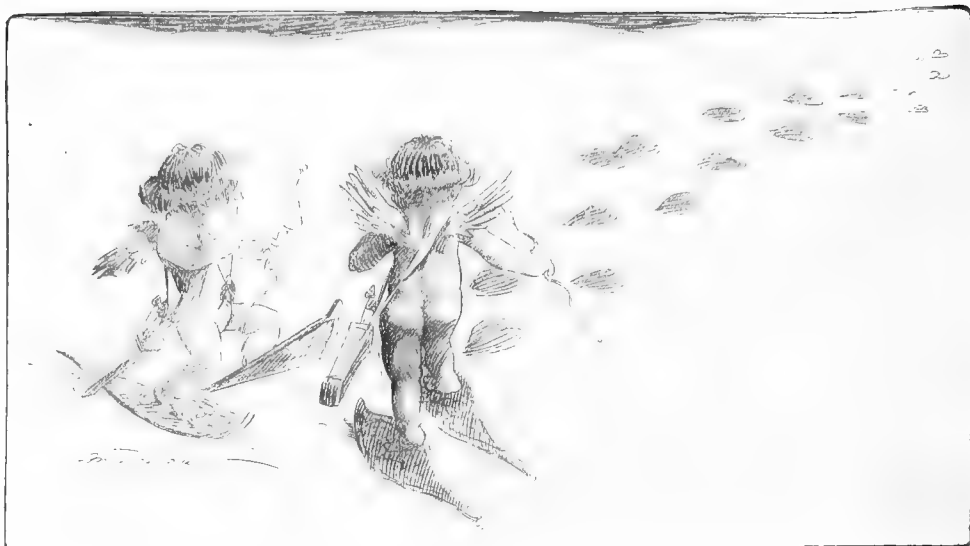
"I wasn't asked," said Helen with a pout.

"You know," I said, "you could come along if you wanted to."

Helen suddenly laughed and her face lighted up.

"Let's all go!" she exclaimed. "We'll make up a party. I'll get a chaperon. Come, Mr. Pollard; you help Mr. Castleton repack his basket—for of course we'll need more things."

"Won't it be fun!" cried Pollard.



ON THE TRAIL.

"Simply grand!" exclaimed Bertrand.

It was no particular fun for me to cook the dinner for two such chappies as these, but I got even with them by making them wash dishes, though I am bound to say they made no objection.

That night we were all tired and went to bed early. But I woke up at midnight, and, thinking it all over, and Helen's cruelty, I made up my mind to give the affair up. The next morning I made my arrangements to leave on the first train.

I took an early breakfast; then I started down to the lake for a last look. On the way back I came face to face with Helen. She betrayed anxiety.

"I've been looking for you everywhere!" she cried. "Surely this is not true—you are not going? The clerk told me."

"Yes; I am."

There was a rustic seat in a by-path, and we both sat down.

"You've been horrid to me," said Helen, "ever since you came. You haven't"—

"I haven't been any worse to you than you have been to me," I replied.

Helen began to cry softly. "You told me once," she said, "that—that you loved me."

"I do," I replied. I was beginning to feel rather queer myself. "Of course I love you, Helen," I said. I had to put my arm around her then. It seemed the most natural thing to do. "Haven't I told you I loved you?" I went on. "Haven't I said that you were the only girl I ever thought about? Didn't I come two hundred miles so I could be with you?"



DIFFERENT NOW.

"Bobbie, can you tell me why George Washington was such a great man?"

"Yes, sir; he got to be President without ever telling a lie."

"But that was very long ago, my son."

And when I got here what did I find? That I couldn't even get near you."

Helen looked up and smiled through her tears.

"Don't you understand, Jack, dear?" she said.

"I wanted to tell you before, but"—She blushed.

"No," I replied bluntly; "I don't understand.

What is it? Why do you tolerate those—those"—

Words failed me.

"Why, because they are so smart-looking and handsome, and have such perfect manners. Only, Jack, dear, from the way you have been treating me, I was almost afraid that it really wasn't going to be necessary to cultivate them."

"Necessary!" I repeated. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Why, Jack," replied Helen, "have you, or can you have, the faintest, remotest idea of how hard it is to get good-looking ushers nowadays? Look at Bessie Billings's wedding. What awful-looking things she had. And don't you see, Jack, dear, why I want to keep on good terms with Mr. Pollard and Mr. Bertrand?"

Then I understood.

Not as Bad as It Might Have Been.

"POOR Nipsley! It was a terrible blow to him." "Nipsley? I haven't heard about it. What's the matter?"

"It was very sudden. He's all broken up. I saw him yesterday, and he told me he didn't know how he could get along without her. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't have believed before it happened that he'd have taken it so hard. He hasn't been able to attend to business or to"—

"Say, for heaven's sake! why don't you tell a fellow about it? What's the old boy's trouble?"

"His wife's dead."

"Oh, Lord! I thought from the way you spoke that somebody must have come along and hired his typewriter girl away from him."

"TH' empty waggin," said Uncle Josh this morning, "allus rattles most, b' jinks!"



IN AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

"The diamond is the hardest known substance, I believe."
"Yes—to get."

Had Stayed the Limit.

Saint Peter—"Hello! what do you want?"

Female angel—"Let me out. I'm going away."

Saint Peter—"What's the matter? Don't you like heaven?"

Female angel—"Oh, it's a fairly good place; but I've been here for two weeks and must have a change. You know I was a cook before I died."

That Cherry-tree Story.

"THE fact that Georgie could not lie Does not appeal to me,"

Said Ibsen Browning Emerson
Of Boston, aged just three.

"It showed his small ability—
Imagination poor.

He'd make no great impression now
Were he alive, I'm sure.

Had he remarked, 'I *will* not lie,'

It would have shown he could
Yet would not. Then I might admit
His claim to being good."

"SHE made him sign the pledge when they were married."
"I always heard that marriage affected a man's spirits."



EVIDENTLY HONEST.

MR. SPORTLEIGH—"Were you ever kissed before?"
MISS ANTIQUE—"No—honest."



DID HE TELL THE TRUTH?

1. LITTLE GEORGE.—“Thy favorite cherry-tree father? Why, I chopped it with my little hatchet.”

A Boston Idyl.

HIST, hark! It is Saturday night in Boston, Massachusetts, and the sacred codfish is sound asleep on its lofty roost under the great golden dome of the state-house, with its head beneath its fin.

Hist, hark!

A raucous snore arises from the Beacon Hill apartment of one of the descendants of the Mayflower and, floating out upon the circumambient atmosphere, falls to the dank, dark earth with a dull thud. It is too heavy to float further.

Hist, hark!

Faint and far away across the common rise the first amethystine streaks of the purple morning, and the tremulous notes of welcome from a Plymouth-rock rooster vibrate upon the mists. At this moment a solitary stranger in the city might be seen heading hungrily for a restaurant where meals are served at all hours. He enters and takes a seat at the nearest table. A waiter formally approaches and the stranger gives him an order eagerly.

Hist, hark!

A sound of blows, of hoarse shouts, of pleadings for mercy, of a terrific struggle, and all is still.

nothin' but a dern chump that didn't know no better'n not to order pork and beans for breakfast on Sunday mornin'. But I guess we've learnt him a lesson that he won't forget.”

And from the city, near and far,

A voice rose like a rising star:

“Betcher life!”

As to Valentines.

Biggs—“Silly custom this of sending valentines, don't you think?”

Boggs—“Worse than that—it's dangerous. It often leads to matrimony.”



2. PATER WASHINGTON.—“I can pardon a grievance, my son, but I can't a liar. You never chopped down that tree with that five-cent hatchet.”

Hist, hark!

A wreck and ruin and desolation in human form is shoved out onto the unresponsive sidewalk and falls up against a dingy green hydrant.

Hist, hark!

A portly and portentous policeman warily advances from the shadows of a comfortable doorway. He kicks the bunch of rags and peers into the door of the restaurant.

“What's this here?” he inquires in a voice of authority.

“Oh, that?” responds the waiter cheerily. “That's

DIDN'T HURT THE TREE.



WHEN Georgie's hatchet did its work

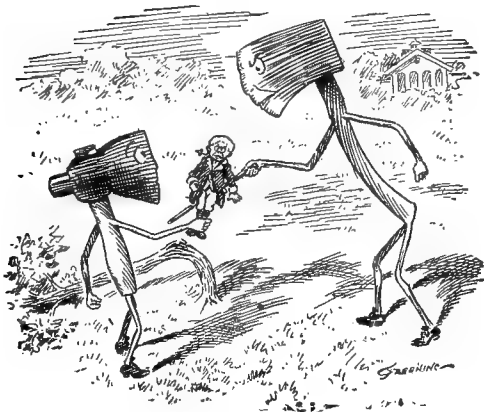
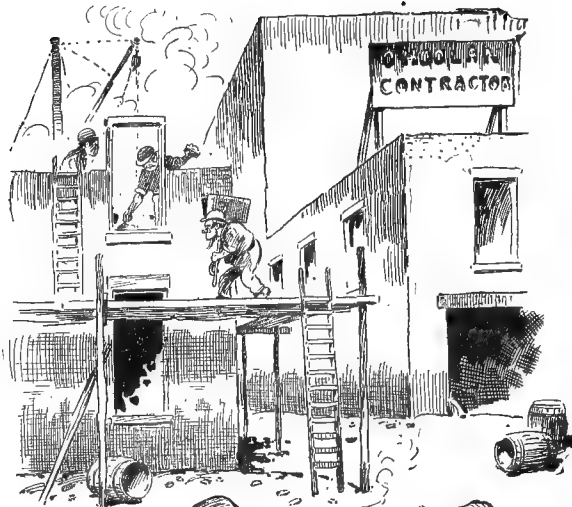
He quaffed of sorrow's cup;
And though it caused him great alarm
He really did but little harm;
For though young Georgie chopped it down
His father chopped it up.

IN THE HOTEL RESTAURANT.

First guest—"Well, here's our waiter at last. It wasn't any use to tell him we were in a hurry."

Second guest—"No. It's no use being in a hurry unless you can make it contagious."

WHEN the doings of providence suit us we call it fate; when they don't we call it misfortune.



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

FATHER—"Who destroyed that cherry-tree?"

JOHNNY HATCHET—"I cannot tell a lie, father. I did it with my little George Washington."



BETTER YET.

CASEY—"Cassidy kin carry a 'load' loike a Tipperary gintleman. He kin carry a hod av bricks tin shtories widout dropping a brick whin he's full to th' brim."

COSTIGAN—"That's nawthin'. Dolin kin go to th' polls whoile dhrunk an' vote th' virry ballot he *intinded* to vote."



ONE ON HIM.

WEARY—"We'se got a good joke on Raggles. He's awfully chesty about his new 'raglan'."

WILLIE HOB0—"Is dat so?"

WEARY—"Yes; but de blame fool don't know it's a *bathrobe*."



A COMPARATIVE PICNIC.

CALLAHAN—"Poor Casey is worried to death. After losin' both arms an' wan leg be the trolley-car he be took down wid appendicitis an' pneumonia, complicated wid angina pectoris an' muscular rheumatism, an' whin he gits out av the hospital they be goin' to thry him fer murderin' Jerry Hogan tin mont's ago, an'—"
 COSTIGAN (*disgustedly*)—"Shure, an' Casey has nawthin' to worry about, an' Casey has nawthin' to complain about. Casey isn't married. These fool bachelors make me sick wid their imaginary throubles."



MUSCLE.

"Have you been 'gyimming,' Bertie?"
 "Yeth; and getting stwong. Cawn't woll a cigawette now without bweaking the papah."
 "Stunning!"

A Conductor's Scrape.

AMONG the passengers who boarded a St. Joe train one hot summer day was a negro woman of nineteen or twenty years old, weighing fully three hundred pounds.

In her arms she bore a frisky little negro about two years old.

The mother's face fairly glowed with pride and happiness, and she had no sooner taken a seat and removed the baby's cap than she turned to a woman behind her and said, lifting her baby to his feet,

"Yas-sum, he kin walk; peartest chile you ever seed. Jest see 'im!" setting the bowlegged little African on his feet in the aisle as she spoke.

The door stood alluringly open, and with eager babble the little darkey trotted toward it.

Alarmed for his safety and afraid to go after him, the mother called in strident tones,

"You, William McKinley, come back here to your maw!"

"William McKinley" trotted on.

Hastily baring and patting "William McKinley's" milk reservoir, his anxious "maw" exclaimed,

"You, William McKinley, come here and git yo' dinnah! Look—here 'tis!"

"William McKinley" kept on his way toward the door.

Prompt action was necessary to save "William McKinley." Catching sight of the ticket-collector just behind her, she cried, in tones shrill with anxiety,

"You, William McKinley, come git yo' dinnah, or I'll give it to the conductah!"

JENNIE O'CONNER.

His New-year's Gift.

IT was New Year's Eve, and the great trust magnate, thoroughly tired out from cutting coupons and counting his money, had gone to bed early. And as he slept he dreamed that hundreds of women and children of workmen crowded about his bed. Some menaced him, some shed tears of sorrow, and the wails of others were ringing in his ears as he awoke with a start. The dream was so vivid that he peered around the room, almost doubting that he was awake, and as he recalled the bitter words and sorrowful looks his conscience was awakened.

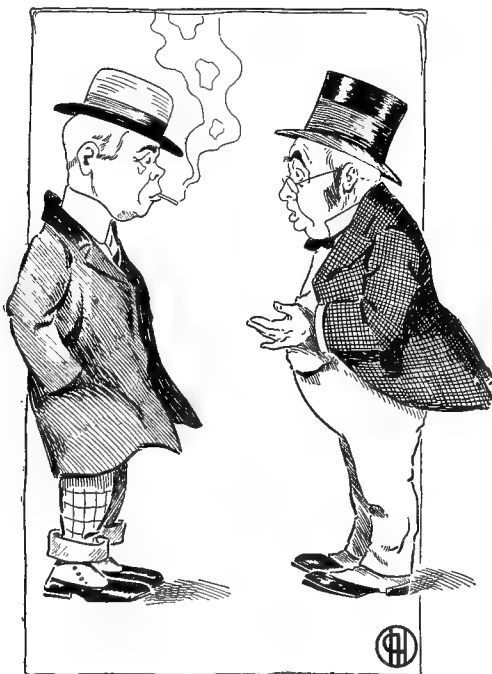
"Have I been too grasping and avaricious?" he asked himself as he wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead. "Well, perhaps I have, but I did not think so. They threatened me—they cried out against me; but I will show the world that I am not the base and heartless creature I am said to be. Yes, there is yet time," he continued as he looked at the clock and saw that it lacked half an hour to midnight and began to dress hurriedly. "I will start the new year by doing something to be remembered by mankind for many years to come."

Ten minutes later he was at the telephone and giving the following order to his manager: "Give each man, woman and child in my employ a package of chewing-gum as a New Year's gift, and let it be known that they can look forward each year to a present of this kind."

And then he returned to bed and slept so soundly that it took four servants to get him up next morning.

Try It.

IF in your business you fail and lose your shekels fair,
 Don't get despondent or downcast—assume a million-air.



THE LOGIC OF THE CASE.

THE YOUNG ONE—"The old man said he wanted to get her off his hands, and yet he wouldn't listen to me when I spoke of marrying her."

THE WISE ONE—"Probably that's the reason he wouldn't listen to you."





VOICE.

To Professor Brander Matthews.

WORDMAN, spare that word,
Or start an awful row!
In youth its sound I heard,
And I'll protect it now.
It was my father's switch
When I was but a tot
That made my spelling sich.
Thy pen shall harm it not!

That old familiar word,
Whose glory and renown
O'er land and sea were heard—
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Wordman, forbear to stun!
Cut not its hidebound ties.
Oh, spare that aged one
Now yelping to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful aid;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters stayed.
My mother spelled it so—
So father did demand.
Forgive this foolish woe,
But let that old word stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling—
Strong is thy spell, old friend!
They shall not do a thing
To clip thy old tail-end.
Old word, the storm still brave!
And, wordman, leave the spot.
While I've a word to save,
Thy pen shall harm it not!

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Alas! Wild Rose.

THINGS are always happening which illustrate that "the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." A romantic couple by the name of Rose named their little daughter Wild. And truly Wild Rose seemed to justify her name. She was shy and graceful and beautiful. For years the parents enjoyed all the romance and poetry of the name. Then they awoke to the fact that young women often change their last names, and that any other combination than the present one would be likely to leave very little of the beautiful.

At last the very worst came. She married Charley Bull.

The Long and the Short of It.

"WHAT is meant, pa, by 'the long and the short of it'?"

"I don't know anything about the long, but the short of it is after Christmas."

She Trimmed Him.

"HAVE you heard how Hawks was trimmed?"
"No."

"The courts have ordered him to pay \$25,000 for breach of promise to that pretty little manicure lady he used to tell us about."



REGRET.

"My boy, if you don't go to school you'll surely regret it."
"That's the reason I ain't there, mister. The teacher said when I came back I'd regret it."

Nuts and Raisins.

IF the women had to pay for filling them they, too, would wear socks.

No man ever lost a pretty friend by giving her a pair of gloves that were a size too small.

Discretion is the better part of valor. Also it may take the form of a set of asbestos whiskers.

Happy is the husband and father who knows, as he proceeds to ask grace, that the bills are paid.

A white Christmas is likely to make a fat graveyard, if the whiteness is due to a lavish use of cotton.

It is poor policy to overeat in order that there may be no leavings to serve during the rest of the week.

It is not polite for a gentleman to present a pair of stockings to a lady whom he has known less than three weeks.

The boy who has the finest Christmas-tree can still see something on almost any other tree that he would like to trade for.

The only real fun some women get out of Christmas is in taking their presents back and exchanging them after it is all over.

NOWADAYS, when a dinner is given in a man's honor, it's hard to tell whether he is a guest or a victim.

The Bar-keeper's Tales

By Charles Cormac Mullin

EVERY seasoned "bar-keep" has a little packet of fond recollections of gone-by days, when artful dodgers and clever plebeians got away with a drink or two, leaving a bunch of chagrin behind for the drink-dealer to nibble on.

"I admire a good clever chap's way of tapping me for a free drink once in a while—if he does it in a clever way," began the "bar-keep," being in a reminiscent way; "but when a dub rushes bareheaded into my place and gasps out that there's a woman dying on the next-door pavement, and 'for God's sake give me a glass of stimulant to fetch her!' and rushes out again, halting on the sidewalk just long enough to throw the swig into his own throat and toss the glass into the gutter, there's no cleverness in it. What's worse, this happens quite often and you can't take time to investigate the case.

"On the other hand, I'm willing to let the other kind of poachers squeeze one of my bottles now and then. One of these came in a while ago. My bar was pretty well lined with customers at the time. In a gentle voice the one referred to called for a little of my best tea. I complied with his request. He encircled a pretty stiff drink of the 'tea,' and calmly cast his eye along the line of fellow-men. Then he leisurely took from his pocket a thin card-case.

"'Would you accept stamps for that drink?' he asked, opening the receptacle.

"'Sure!' I answered, for stamps were often given in payment at my place.

"Immediately the fellow put back his card-case, stepped to the rear a couple of feet, and in plain view of all my customers stamped first one foot then the other against the floor. The result was I had to set 'em up for the house.

"Another time," went on my narrator, after a faint chuckle, "a nervous-acting young man walked briskly into the place and called for a whiskey on the double-

quick. Every few seconds he'd switch his windows toward the street.

"'I've got a skittish nag out there and she ain't hitched!' he informed me, again turning his windows streetward.

"I hurried along the order. He gulped it and called for another. I repeated the dose. He had hardly throttled that one, when he glanced out again, cried, 'Look out, there goes the nag!' and rushed out.

"I took one peek out into the street—for nothing excites me more than a runaway horse—but the only runaway animal I saw was my late customer.

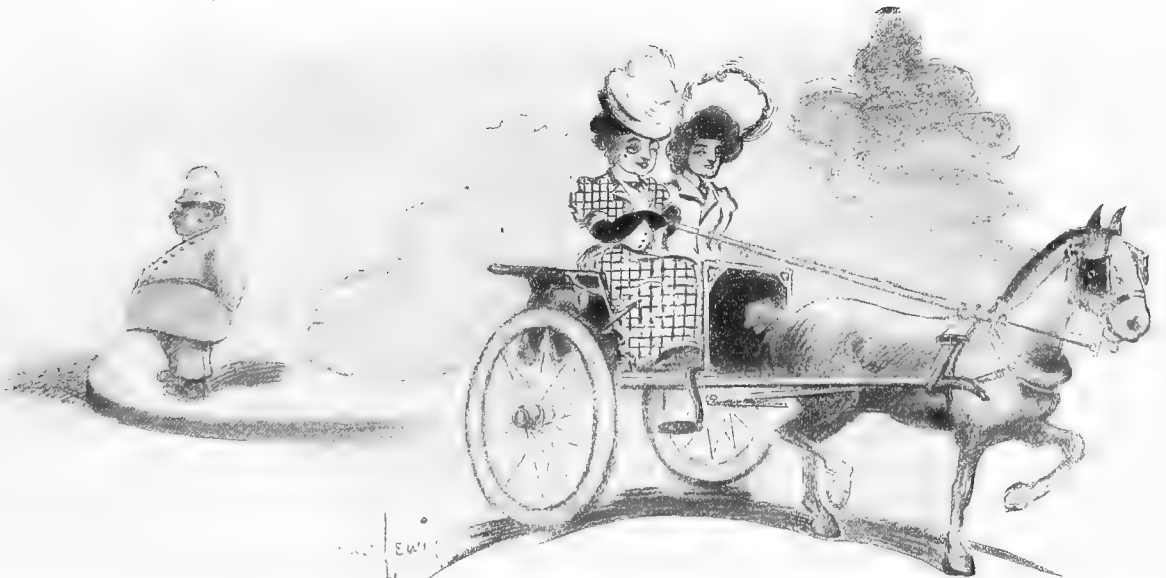
"The monotony of this be-as-jolly-as-your-customers business was again broken some time later. One morning a young chap with lithe step and jaunty air came in whistling the latest popular ditty. Between measures he ordered a cocktail. He fairly broke into warbling as I mixed his beverage. 'Don't forget the cherry,' he interposed before starting on another verse. When I set the cocktail before him he contemplated it with his head on one side then on the other, allowing his whistle to slow up and softly die away. Then he tossed it off.

"'Just fill that glass with aqua puris to run after the other, please,' he politely requested, putting down the empty glass. I started to raise the ice-water pitcher. 'Have you seen Mr. Rice this morning?' he then inquired, as I poured out the water.

"'Mr. Rice? Now you've got me, young man!' I rejoined, for the minute thrown off my guard.

"'Probably you don't know him by name,' he added, 'but you can't forget his gait. He's got funny legs and walks like this!'

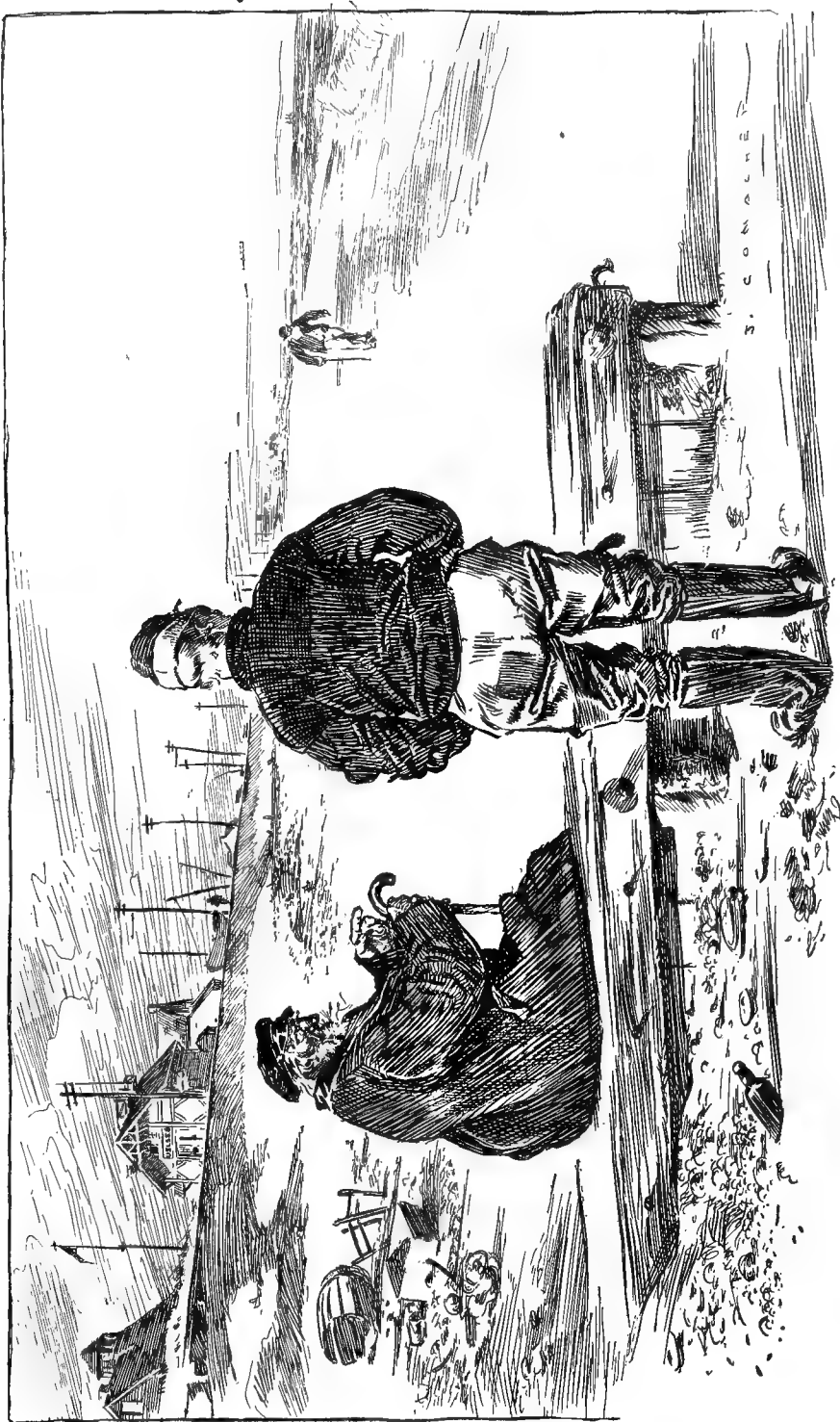
"Thereupon he waddled along the floor, his legs warped like, with me gazing at the imitation; and before I realized that he was Mr. Rice himself he had waddled out into the street and away!"



THE ROAD BUILT ROUND HIM?

THE LADY DRIVER—"Don't you think the scenery round here is grand?"

THE LADY GUEST—"Indeed! The boulevard winds so gracefully around the prominent sights of the city."



A CLEAR TITLE.

"Here comes ole Cap'n Hank."
"Huh! What wuz he ever cap'n of?"
"You young fellers is all-fired smart, ain't ye? Dod-ding it! thet thar man driv the 'bus up tah the Ocean Haouse afore ye wuz bawn."

ANOTHER KIND OF ATLAS.

Amy — "Anyone would think you had the earth on your shoulders."

Fred — "Would that I had, that I might lay the world at your feet."

THROWN TOGETHER.

Egbert — "Know her?"

Filbert — "Yes."

Egbert — "Quite well?"

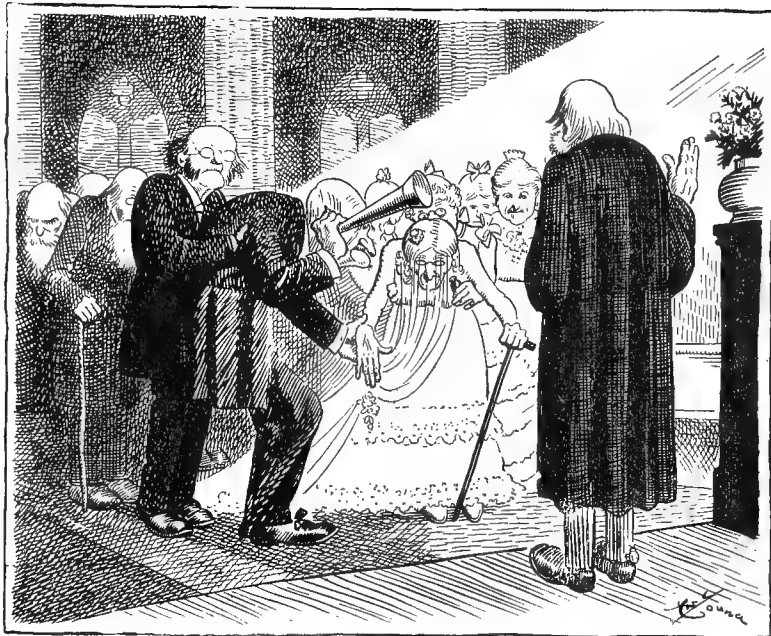
Filbert — "We were thrown together from the same automobile."

ONE OF THEIR TRIALS.

Customer — "I suppose you photographers have your own troubles."

Photographer — "Indeed, we do. Why, some of our customers act as if we were responsible for their looks."

THE presence of fine raiment brings forth every detail of politeness in an ordinary man's nature.



It is not so many years ago that a girl was considered of a marriageable age when she became sixteen or seventeen years old. If she married then or shortly afterward, it was not such an unusual thing. Twenty-five years ago girls generally married at nineteen, while to-day the average is closer to twenty-three. — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

At this rate about a hundred years from now people will be able to put off marrying till they are old enough to die, and it won't make any difference whether the new life is a mistake or not.

AT THE CLUB WINDOW.

Staylate — "Perhaps your father objects to me on account of my shortcomings."

Miss Weary —

"No; I think it's because of your long stayings."

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Mrs. Dooley —

"Sure an' yer baby never cries at all, at all."

Mrs. Rooney —

"No, we jist blows th' whistle an' he shtops to wanst."

NOTHING NEEDED.

Passer-by (as drunken man collides with him) — "What do you want?"

Tippler — "Nothing. I've got all I can carry now!"

"SHE boasts that she is thoroughly up to date."

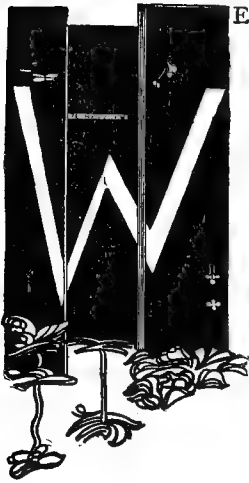
"She isn't. She is eight years behind in the matter of birthdays."



HIS ONLY DIFFICULTY.

UNCLE JOSH (with incandescent lamp) — "Yes, 'Mandy, everybody uses these lamps up to New York, but I can't git the blamed chimblly off to light it."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.



WE HEAR many stories of the queer manner of speech of some of the volunteers who have been in the camps and in the field, but none expressed himself with more quaintness than the Indiana captain who called on a lady in Kentucky and apologized for his long absence by saying:

"I would have come to have sawn you sooner, but I had to went away."

It may be, however, that the negroes can excel all others in their capacity to say things oddly. A colored lad, a servant in a house, was asked how he liked a young-lady visitor.

"I like her right well," said the boy.

"Do you think she is pretty?"

"Well, she ain't 'zackly pretty, but she'll



ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

THE COW (*wonderingly*)—"Why, what's the matter with them? There's plenty here for three."

dew well 'nough whar dar ain't no better at."

And so a negro woman, asking what time it was, was told it was six o'clock. "Lan' sakes! I didn' know it was so sune as dat."

But the charming girl in South Carolina has a queer way of using the verb "to do." It is said that when she wishes to protest forcibly to any proposition she makes this verb do double duty. For instance, if a gallant gentleman asks to kiss her she says, "Oh, do don't."

"Is Charley Huggins going to marry Miss Brisk?"

"He is, if he doesn't watch out."



MR. BASS—"You are very superstitious, Miss Perch!"

MISS PERCH—"I always think Friday a very unlucky day for us."

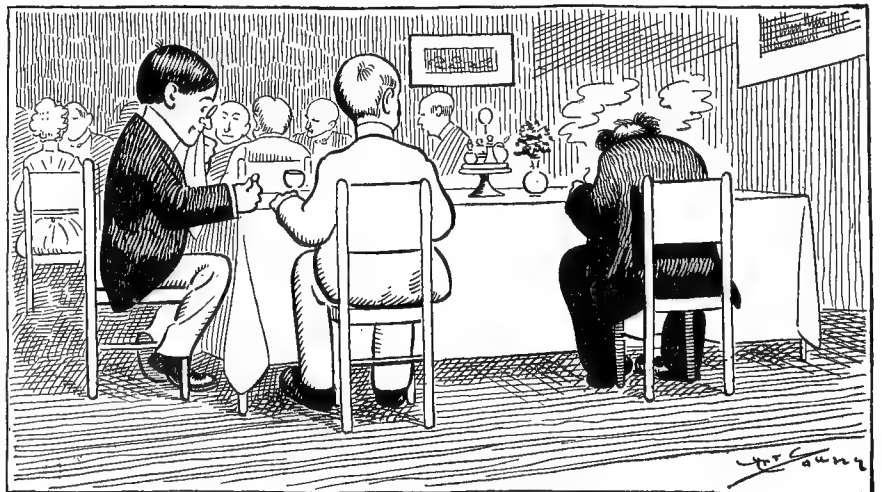
THE DOCTOR'S VALENTINE.

I know if it were mine to choose
(And I would be quite willing),
I'd look for what would meet your views,
And pick out something killing.

A PRACTICAL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Warwick—"Professor van Spook has become one of the most earnest theosophists I ever knew. He has set his head on being able to separate his soul from his body. He says he can imagine no greater pleasure than to put his body to bed for a few hours, or even days, and allow his astral being to visit other localities and climes."

Wickwire—"Yes; I never knew a man to dislike to go through a siege of house-cleaning as much as the professor."



"The new guest over there must be a harp-player."

"Why?"

"He's so successful picking strings out of the hash."

Bee Talk

By Jack Robinson

SOME years ago I sailed from New York to Savannah on the palatial steamship *Le Grande Duchesse*, or *Ze Grande Duchese*, whichever her name is, for I think she is running yet, though she stopped when we got to Savannah to let us get off.

It only took fifty-six hours to run down, but then I had a first-cabin ticket; I presume it may take longer in the steerage.

But fifty-six hours is quick time when you come to think of it. Just about long enough to the New York and Boston round-trip, though there's a good deal of difference in the two trips. One makes a noise like the Atlantic Ocean and the other makes a noise like the Sound.

Friendships mature quickly on shipboard, and fate ordained that I should "become acquaint" with a Mr. Verris, who lived up P'kepsie way, and I understood him to say he was a bar-keep. "Is it a first-class saloon?" I asked; but he looked at me reprovingly. "Bee-keeper,"

he explained. "I have heard of mad dogs," I said, "but I didn't know bees went dippy"; then remembering that my book on traveling etiquette, or, the "Man-of-the-World's Manual," says we should profess a light, good-natured, if even superficial, knowledge of everything, I added, "Do you milk them yourself? and how much maple-syrup does a good healthy bee give down?" But he strode haughtily over to the port side and refused to enter into conversation with me again.

But he had confided unto me that there is big money in bees, and all the way from Savannah to Jax. that bee idea kept buzzing in my thinker. I resolved if I ever went north again I would save my money, buy me a bee, quit work and no doubt in time might get into hen-culture; thence perhaps to live-stock, and perhaps finish up with an Arabian horse-ranch, like Mr. Davenport. He started life with nothing but a buffalo and the stub of an old lead-pencil, and look where he is to-day!

Cruel circumstance drew me north the following spring; thence the scene rapidly shifted to the strenuous West, where I had to work so hard to make my own living, the idea of providing for another mouth than my own was out of the question. How could one afford to buy honey for a bee, when he was only getting dilute corn-syrup on his own wheat-cakes?

In Chicago I tarried long. But nobody there seemed to know anything about bees, their habits, food, drink or how they should be bedded down nights. Would I like to go into the mushroom business? A fellow offered to rent me a room and show me how to mix up my own mush. There are lots of mushroomers in Chicago, especially in winter.

Then one day I crossed the lake, and in an evil hour dropped into Grand Rapids. Now, Grand Rapids is a very good place of its kind; if you don't mind the smell of glue and the smoke and the noise and the sawdust, and can worry along with the people, it's not so bad.

Theosophists tell us that we owe our luck—good, stony and indifferent—to Karma. Karma is something in Hindu like Kismet in Turkeese, or Turquoise, whichever you call it. It means Fate. They claim our fate depends solely upon the kind of Karma we made in our last incarnation. This time I was born of poor but honest parents, but if ever I lived on earth before I must have been a "holy terror," for I had to live and work three long years in Grand Rapids before I got all that dirty old Karma wiped off the slate. In my leisure mo-

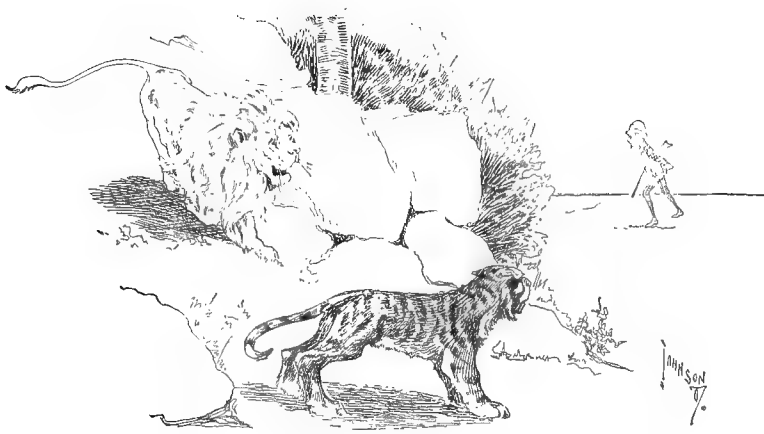


THE DESCENT OF MAN.

HUGH MCGREGOR (*who has been imbibing as usual*)—"Do ye ken John McGregor, wha keeps the grocery-store?"

HIS FRIEND—"Your son, John McGregor? Why, of course I know him! What is the matter?"

HUGH MCGREGOR—"Why, he kicked me oot o' his store just noo. But A'll show him—A'll show him A' kem from a better family than ever he did."



A SLIM OUTLOOK.

THE LION—"What is the outlook for a good, hearty supper?"
THE TIGER CUB—"Just at present it is very slim."

ments I would inquire about bees. But nobody in town seemed to know about bees. Would I like to buy a house and lot and some second-hand lead-pipe?

Destiny at last gave a shove, and I hied me to the Pacific slope on a thirty-three-dollar settler's ticket, get your grub catch-as-catch-can at the tank stations. We stopped over in Denver a couple of days.

But no one in Denver seemed to know anything about bees—unless, perhaps, there might be a mine named the Busy Bee. Now, would I like a few yards of fresh mining-stock, right off the cylinder press? Five cents a share, and sure to go to six. They print it in rolls like wall-paper in Denver. When they have got all your money they show you the border.

I said, "No; if I can't have a bee, g'way 'n let me bee."

So in time we got over the Ridge and stopped at Oakland Mole, where we took ferry over to 'Frisco. As the good ship bumped into the ferry-piling I saw some strange creatures perched on the warehouse roof near the wharf, and asked a fellow-voyageur if those were bees. He said no; they were California sea-gulls, waiting for an earthquake to come along.

"Ah! My word!" I responded, making a noise like an English tourist who sees something for the first time but won't let on. "Yes," he continued; "they know if a quake comes along they will get a bite of something to eat out of the relief fund. Marveling, I strode rapidly up Market Street and got a free drink of water at Lotta's fountain. Little did I reckon that I would afterward understand those gulls, and be glad of three San Francisco sinkers for a nickel—or two, if you take coffee.

But we glided down the coast line and dawdled all winter in Los Angeles, but nobody there seemed to have bees to sell. Would I like to buy an orange-grove—or, say, an ostrich-farm? As I do not speak Austrian I declined.

Ah, me! the whirligig of Fate! The remorseless Wheel of Time! Last summer found me in Maine, lying face up gazing at the apple-blossoms, in a Mexican hammock that was never any nearer El Paso, Texas, than a five-and-ten-cent counter; and everybody knows that in El Paso everything is two bits, or four bits, or six bits, as the case may be. The first time I heard this odd expression, I said haughtily but not unkindly, "Sir, do not say two bits, say two bites; it's more grammatical." But Arizona Joe reached for something shiny with one hand and his lariat with the other, muttered some Castellano words that I could not find in my Spanish dictionary afterward, and I dropped the subject hastily and climbed back aboard the Overland. I wished, when it was too late, I had asked him to lasso me a bee.

But as I lay in the hammock, quietly musing, all at once I heard a strange, buzzing sound, which grew rapidly louder, like an electric-car skimming along the pike, and some strange, winged shrub alighted suddenly on my resolute chin; and when I tried to brush him off he turned on me savagely, drew a

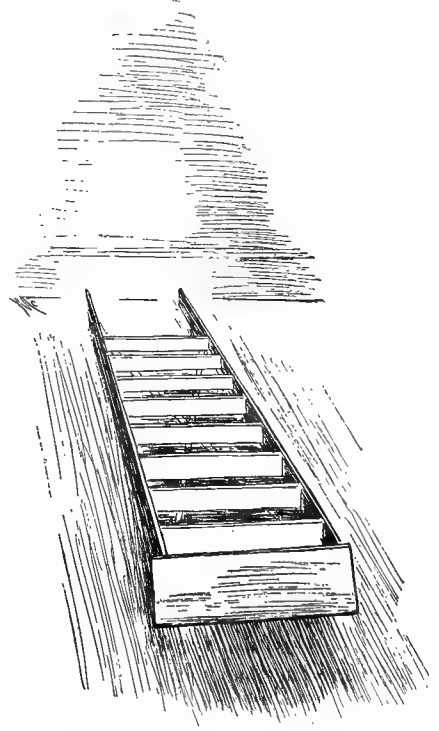
sharp, Eytalian dagger from his hip pocket and stabbed me extremely severely repeatedly.

I had never seen one before, but all at once I had an instinctive and intuitive hunch this must be a live bee. "Help! Help!" I cried as I pluckily held on to the assassin. "Help! Help! Assistance! I have caught a bee."

Joel, the hired man, came running, armed with his trusty hoe.

"That hain't no bee, ye gol-durn Rhode Island goat-eating loggerhead," he said; "that's a yellow-jacket—a Maine hornet."

But some day I shall buy me a bee, if it takes my last cent.



THE PORTRAIT SAVED HIM.

"Jones always said that some day I would be glad I had his portrait of Maria."



THE ORIGINAL HEIRSHIP.

The Congenial Couple

By W. D. Nesbit

FIRST YEAR.

“SHALL we go walking this afternoon?”

“If you wish, dear.”

“Probably you would rather go driving?”

“Not unless you wish to, dear.”

“I would as soon ride as walk, if you would rather.”

“I would as soon walk as ride, if you would rather, dear.”

And so on, and so on, until:

“Why, it is after six o'clock now! So we will just settle down and be comfortable here at home.”

SECOND YEAR.

“Wouldn't you like to move to a larger house, dear?”

“It would be nice. Shall we go to the east or west side of town?”

“Do you prefer the east or the west side?”

“If you prefer either the east or the west it will please me.”

“But I want to go wherever you will be best satisfied.”

“I would as soon live on the west side as on the east, if you prefer.”

“Don't consider me at all. Either the west or the east, as you wish.”

“But you must decide.”

“No; I want to decide the way you would decide.”

And so on, and so on, until:

“Bless us! It is so late in the fall that we cannot find a house vacant.”

THIRD YEAR.

“I don't know whether to get a blue or a green dress.”

“Which do you like the best?”

“Which do *you* like?”

“I want you to get whichever you prefer.”

“But I want to please you.”

“I like one about as well as the other.”

“Then possibly you would choose some other color for me.”

“Oh, no, dearest. Get what you like.”

“Now, really, would blue, or green, or some other color be more pleasing to you?”

“It all depends on which color you would like.”

And so on, and so on, until:

“I believe it is so late in the season that I will not get a new blue or green dress until next year, but will try to decide on a new hat.”

FOURTH YEAR.

“We must have the house painted.”

“Yes; shall we have it trimmed lighter or darker than the body?”

“Lighter, if you like it.”

“But maybe you would prefer darker.”

“No; if you want it light we will have it that way.”



A STRAIGHT TIP.

"Waiter, bring me some broiled lobster and a glass of milk."
"Beg pardon, sir; but we don't serve lobsters with milk."

"But if you want it dark I want you to have it so."
 "But your preference is for the lighter trimming, is it not?"
 "Not if you prefer the dark."
 "If you want the lighter trimming, that is what I want."
 "But if you wish it trimmed with the darker, I want it so."

And so on, and so on, until:

"The painters say they will not guarantee the job if

VALENTINES WE NEVER SEND.



1. TO THE BUTCHER.

To send us leather may be funny,
 But you can whistle for your money.



2. TO OUR DAUGHTER'S BEAU.

You addle-pated little runt,
 Some other home you'll have to hunt.

they paint the house this late in the year."

(Fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth
 years the same.)

NINTH YEAR.

"If you want a divorce I will not object."
 "Now, my dear, if you want the divorce you get it."
 "No, indeed. If you wish to apply for it I will not stand in the way."
 "But I want you to please yourself about it."
 "And I want you to be exactly suited.
 So you apply."

And so on, and so on, until they
 both die.

The Meanest Mein Host.

"I GUESS," said the man who always
 tries to talk like a monologue, "that
 the meanest hotel man lives in Pennsylv-
 vania. I won't name the town."

"I stayed at his place all night, recently, and when I
 went to pay my bill in the morning I complained that his
 food had made me restless in the night, and that the bed
 was inhabited otherwise than by me. When he handed
 me my bill he had added two dollars for 'a horse and
 buggy.'

"What do you mean?" I asked in surprise. "I had
 no livery rig. Where does the horse come in?"

"You had a nightmare, didn't you?" he asked.
 "Yes," I said; "but, buggy?"
 "The bed," he answered calmly.
 "I paid."

Merely a Spook.

THE palmist had read the hands of the other members of
 the club with a fair degree of accuracy. He had said
 that Ames, the organist, was musical; that Blashfield,
 the painter, had artistic ability, and that the extraordi-
 nary length of General Manager Merritt's
 second finger denoted very great executive
 power.

But when the reader of hands reached
 Harmsworth, the mayor, it was plain that
 he was puzzled.

"Go ahead," urged Harmsworth. "The
 last chap that read that palm said that I
 was pugnacious, conceited, hot-tempered,
 dishonest and flirtatious. Surely you can't
 do worse than that."

"It isn't that," returned the palmist,
 eying the palm perplexedly. "That isn't
 what bothers me."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Harmsworth.
 "Is it bad enough to necessitate my wear-
 ing gloves as a precaution against getting
 found out? Speak up, man!"

"Why," returned the puzzled palmist,
 "according to your life-line, you've been
 dead at least fifteen years."



3. TO OUR WIFE'S FAMILY.

Perhaps you think I like you all—
 That I'm a grocery-store.
 But feed yourselves! Clear out!
 Don't hang 'round here no more.



4. TO THE COOK.

Had we another for your place
 We'd fire you hast-i-lee.
 We really hate you since you put
 That pepper in our tea.

Directions.

THE little Johnson boy had just finished a large Thanks-
 giving dinner.

"Mamma," he said, "you may undress I and put I to
 bed, but don't bend I."

"The Old Man's" Burden.

Briggs—"The Highblowers keep sixteen servants."

Griggs—"That's a good many people to work for."



DEFORESTATION.

PARSON—"It's too bad, the cutting down of the woods that's going on!"
FARMER—"But see what examples we've had! Washington cut down the cherry-tree, Lincoln split rails, and Roosevelt's handing out a big stick to everybody."

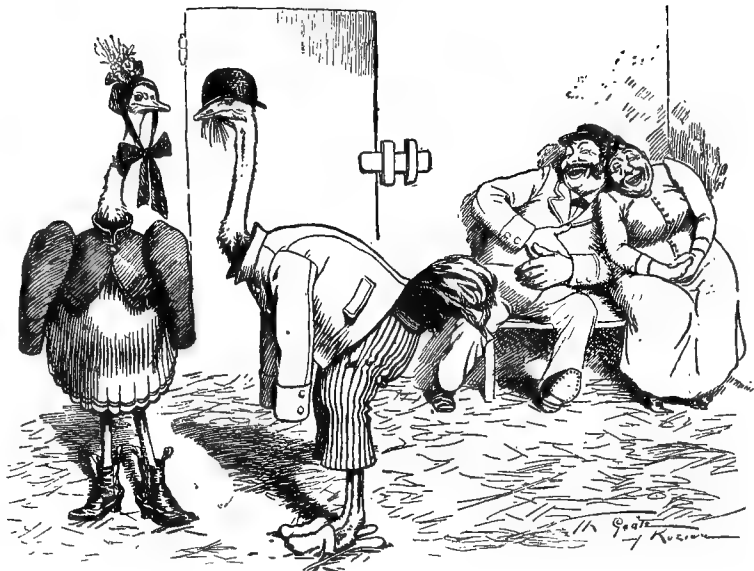
The Modest Cigars.

A PRINCESSA and La Duchess, two cunning lady cigars, found themselves side by side in the display window of the tobacconist.

La Princessa eyed her companion with a touch of haughtiness, such as was meet from one of her rank to an inferior.

La Duchess gave La Princessa as good as she sent, for that matter, because La Duchess knew that her companion had been raised in America and acquired her title by marriage with an old Cuban family.

But just when they were ready to pass slighting remarks about each other, a rude man stopped at the window.



The keeper and his wife tried to keep the ostriches warm during the cold snap by putting clothing on them.

Then the eternal woman manifested itself in each of them, and they became sisters, by the mysterious bond which draws all women in times of stress.

"Fancy!" exclaimed La Duchess.

"Isn't it dreadful!" moaned La Princessa.

"To think," they both wailed, "of our being seen in public in our wrappers!"

"Miss Dimplemore says that you

are very clever," said the young woman.

"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Cayenne calmly. "Did she say it by way of intimating that I am not good-looking or to suggest that I am unamiable?"

DISASTROUS TEMERITY.



1. HUNTER—"I got nearer to you than I expected. Now I'll nail—"



2. —(Biff!) Great Scott:—



3. —If I ain't up against (whack!)—



4. —P. T. Bayrum's escaped trick-boxing kangaroo!"



THE MODERN LOVE-LETTER.

"I've brought your letters back. Where are mine?"

"They are in my safety-deposit vault at the bank. I regard them as my share of the assets of our joint enterprise thus far, and shall keep them. You know, love-letters are often equivalent to gilt-edged securities in these times."

Historical Happenings Hysterically Handled

Hen. Hudson

(Illustrations adapted from the most expensive art works before the public)



William J. Lampton reading one of his yawps.

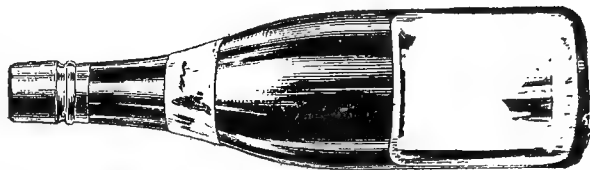
AT HALF-PAST FIVE one Saturday night, in the year 1609, after Hen. Hudson had received his week's wages from the Dutch East India Company, he set sail in the full-rigged Half Moon, or half full in the Rigged Moon—our memory isn't clear on this point—to find the secret passage into a Jersey City saloon on a Sunday.

Owing to the fact that Hudson never ran for a political office, we know nothing of his early life, except that at the age of fourteen he caused his parents a great deal of alarm by threatening to become a poet. In time, however, the village parson persuaded him to turn from such a downward course.

When asked later on what had prompted him to want to be a poet, he said that one day he had walked into the back kitchen-door of his majesty's castle and there found William J. Lampton reading one of his yawps to the Irish cook. It seemed so easy, he said, that he fell an easy victim; but, thanks to the parson, he was saved in time.

Most of the information given herewith was handed to the author by Hen. Hudson just before he expired—Hen. Hudson, not the author. He told me it was to be his posthumous biography, but I told him that I didn't think so. Not because that was my personal opinion, but because I didn't know what posthumous meant, and don't know now.

After sailing many days and nights and between times, Hen. did not find the passage he was seeking—some one had evidently mislaid it. But he wasn't disappointed, and he was glad that he could point his ship southward, for the weather was very cold, and they had to get into heated arguments all the time in order to keep warm. There was only one sailor—named Juet—who did not mind the frigid atmosphere, and it was learned that before sailing he had lived in a steam-heated flat and become accus-



Hen. Hudson's spy-glass.

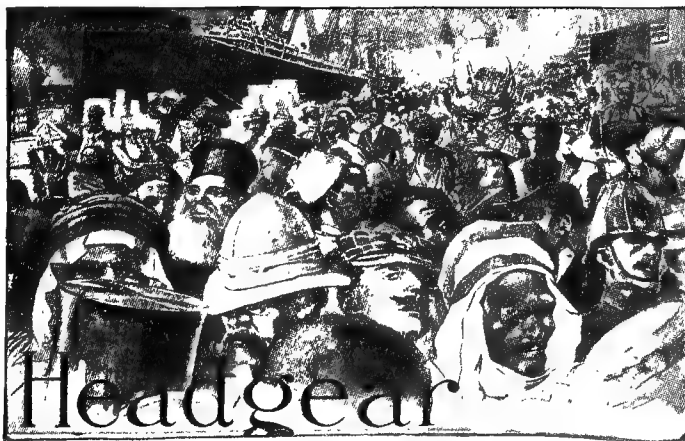
tomed to suffering from the severe cold. After sailing a few days Hudson took up his spy-glass for the purpose of taking a peep at the surrounding country. By the odor that permeated the air, he thought he was nearing the Newark bone factory; but later he learned that an ignorant sailor had caulked up a leak in the ship's hold with limburger cheese. On looking around he saw water in front of him, water behind him, water all around him; but he was consoled when he thought that there was something stronger under him—he was standing directly over the ship's wine-cellar. He told his pilot that he wanted to get to the Hudson River, that body of water the lower part of which is used for concealing tunnels—tunnels that were built for New York people who were ashamed to be seen going over to New Jersey. "The river is about as long as a President's message," Hen. added; "and rises in the Adirondacks a few hours earlier than we do when we're up there, and— (Dear reader, we have gotten into the river before we had a right to. Let us wade to shore before we drown.)

Hudson's trip was not adventurous to the river's mouth—he knew it was the mouth because it couldn't keep still—and before commencing his memorable trip of discovery Hen. landed at the Battery, where he was met by the entire staff of LIBRARY who welcomed him to America, that "land of the fee," as one of the jokesmiths said.

After resting a few days at the St. Regis, Hudson started up the river, after which he had been named. He was greeted with cheers and fireworks on both sides. Just opposite West Point the big guns of the fort were

pointed out to him. He laughed defiantly, claiming that such pieces of ordnance couldn't blow a man to a glass of beer.

Hudson landed at Albany, and while walking through the parks surrounding the state capital he came across the skeleton of a woman. The skeleton was complete in all details, and it was stated on authority that the woman was seeking a political office and had passed



LIBRARY's staff welcoming Hen. Hudson to America.



Hen. Hudson laughing defiantly before a huge gun at West Point.

away waiting for a job. He hurried back to his boat, as he was to discover the river. at six o'clock, according to the programme, and it lacked just ten minutes of that time. Getting to the head of the river, he stood on the

bow of the ship, and, amid a throng of enthusiastic rooters, he pointed to the vast expanse of water, saying, "In the name of Holland and Hoboken, I name you the Hudson River." He had hardly finished when the boarding season commenced.

F. P. PITZER.

A Bunch of Hits.

BROTHER ROOSEVELT'S fame may almost be said to have been begun by a "round robin" and finally established by a "square deal."

The reason the Democratic party cannot unite is because confusion will not fuse.

Times have become dull with Carrie Nation. She used to do a smashing business.

"All men are actors," says the immortal Shakespeare. Some exhibit very depraved characters, too.

A Democratic organ says the party will go on swimmingly. It is certainly in deep water.

The telescope is said to reveal traces of inhabitants on the planet Mars. It deserves to be looked into.

It seems to be the prevailing opinion in Massachusetts that the leather trust deserves to have its hide tanned.

France finds some of her political fences down in consequence of the pope's bull having wandered into the inclosure.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Perfect System.

"IF YOU go by our route," said the insisiently persuasive railway agent, "you will certainly find your journey absolutely free from any annoyance or unpleasantness whatever."

"I dunno," objected the contemplative tourist. "There's a whole lot of bad wrecks nowadays."

"Ah!" exclaimed the

agent, unfolding a bright new time-card, "you will see that in our new schedule, which goes into effect to-day, we have arranged time and place for each wreck, with daggers to indicate delays on account of hot-boxes, and stars to show the points where the train will merely be ditched."

Strange—Until Compared.

Yankee tourist—"Ye say this burg's called Ballycroft-on-the-Tyne? Why, what strange names you Englishmen call your towns!"

Original settler—"Yessir; an' where does you come from, may I arsk?"

Yankee tourist—"Oh, I'm from Keokuk, Ioway."

The Modern Shylock.

"PLEASE wrap up all my purchases," said the grouchy customer.

"Why, I've done so," replied the cash grocer.

"Beg pardon, but you haven't," retorted the g. c.

"What have I left undone up?"

"That thumb of yours that you weighed up with the butter!" snorted the g. c. "I want it for dog-meat. Wrap it up!"

Unsportsmanlike.

SINCE the traction question has come to a boil in Chicago, business men have begun making typically large wagers on which can get to his office soonest by the existing facilities. Walking has been ruled out as a means on the ground that to walk is to take an unfair advantage.



HER DECORATION DAY.

"Pa, when is Decoration Day?"

"According to your mother's idea, it's Easter Sunday."



A TOSS-UP.

"Say, mate, any more food left?"

"Aye, aye! captain; one biscuit yet that your wife made."

"Well, mate, let's go odd or even to see who's got to eat it."

The Plumber and the Milliner.

IT WAS a few days before Easter, and the millinery-store was crowded with customers as a roughly-dressed, middle-aged man entered the place and inquired for the proprietor.

"What is it you wish?" asked the busy milliner, who had been brought down three flights of stairs to see the man who wore the look of mystification on his face.

"Why, ma'am," he said as he awkwardly removed his cap and fingered it nervously, "I jest wanted to ask ye a few questions. Is it true that some of them little hats in the winder out there are as much as \$100?"

"Yes; the price-marks are written plainly enough."

"My! but jest to think of it!" he continued in tones of astonishment. "Them's the highest-priced ones, though, I suppose, ma'am?"

"No; we have higher-priced ones than those in the window."

"Is it possible, ma'am? More than \$100?"

"Certainly. That bonnet you see up there is \$250, and the one over there is \$300. But please state your business, as we are very busy to-day."

"Why, I ain't exactly in to buy anything, ma'am. I saw your prices, and, bein' a pretty good one myself to charge, I thought we might talk a little about it. But you got me beat all to"—

"State your business at once, sir!" angrily interrupted the milliner.

"I'm—I'm a plumber, and ye

needn't fly off the handle, ma'am, for we are jest about in the same line, and"—

But the woman turned on her heel and left him, and he finally shuffled out of the store to look in the window again with a look of great admiration on his face. A.B.L.

Helpful Suggestions.

"I CAN'T decide," she said to the milliner. "I just don't know what to do about a hat. I'm of two minds about it."

"Then take two hats," suggested the milliner, "and please both minds."

No Attention to Her Now.

"YOU know Smith used to pay marked attention to Miss Jones. Well, he has ceased paying attention to her."

"How's that?"

"They're married."

Progress.

BLACKSMITHS forge ahead.

Money-lenders advance daily.

Real-estate men gain ground.

Gamblers get the upper hand.

Tailors press forward.

Feminine Wiles.

Stella—"I always get to the theatre last, so as to be talked about."

Bella—"And I always get to the club first, so as not to be talked about."

"DID you have a good time at the zoo?"

"Beastly."



ALL HANDS;

Or, his first experience with the manicurist.

Of Course He Has Written a Book.

"A CHICAGO professor says women and negroes are on about the same level intellectually."

"Have his publishers announced how many thousand copies the first edition will consist of?"

Just What It Was.

Passenger—"Does this train stop anywhere for dinner?"

Brakeman—"Nah; it don't."

Passenger—"Then I understand, for the first time, why it is called a 'fast' train."

Away Ahead.

"I TELL you," said the railway manager who had been reading up on astronomy, "the planetary system is away ahead of ours."

"Whose system is that?" asked his assistant.

"I mean the suns and stars and comets and things. Why, say! I was reading last night that they have been running on their orbits for thousands of years and never had a wreck, never had to wait for connections, never had to sidetrack, never were delayed, and never had one of them annulled. Hanged if I understand it! They must have a block-system that beats ours."

Science.

"IF a man had an arm long enough to touch the sun and burn his fingers," said the professor, "he would not feel the pain for five thousand six hundred and ninety-two years."

"And for how many thousand years could he be heard swearing about it, professor?" asked the anxious student in the second row.

START the day with a kiss and it will close with a cake-walk.



"My son, if these pictures of girls you must have in your bedroom, although I deplore them, I insist upon placing my own in the group just to act as a chaperon for them."



THE TRUANT.

FATHER—"Why do you loaf around here all day?"

SON—"Well, I wouldn't if they didn't make the school hours so long."

Considerate Foresight.

The office-boy—"Den youse fires me widout givin' me a chance ter resign?"

Employer—"I do. Get out!"

The office-boy—"All right. But I'll leave me address, where youse kin send yer apology in case dis affair turns out to be a Tillman joke er a Swettenham jest."

HE that rideth a hobby oft getteth his bumps.—
Jeremiah of Joppa.



DIFFERING TASTES.

MR. SQUIRREL—"All the nuts I gathered last year are full of worms."

BIRD—"What will you take for the lot?"



TRIAL MARRIAGE.

"I realize that I am not good enough for you ; but will you take me for a husband?"

"Yes, George. You are good enough to begin on, anyway."

In Magazinedom—An Announcement.

ON the thirty-seventh of next month our distinguished editor, Hennery Quills Fallden, will celebrate his two-hundred-and-third birthday. Think of it ! Ever since the old reliable firm of Carper & Brothers was established in Spanking Square, four hundred and ninety-one years ago, there have been only two editors of our dear old popular magazine, *Carper's Monthly*. Mr. Fallden practically grew up on printer's ink, and his devotion to the magazine which he so slowly and conscientiously edits is so well known as to require no comment here. But let us pause a moment and review his remarkable career—a career so full of reminiscences that we have urged upon him to put them on paper. Early in the spring, by the way, these reminiscences, under the alluring title of "Carper's as I Have Known It ; or, Two Hundred Years in the Easy Chair," will be brought out by us in four hundred and one volumes, Japanese vellum, deckle-edge, with various portraits of Mr. Fallden and his big easy-chair, for the small sum of eighty dollars per volume. Every contributor to good old *Carper's* is of course expected to send in an order. If he doesn't, watch out !

Mr. Fallden has been a force in the literary world for a long time, and his judgment on MSS. is said to be infallible. He can tell at a glance a poem from a novel, and knows intimately the various kinds of cereals on the market. His favorite, however, seems to be the Mrs. Humpty Reward variety, though he is very fond of that manufactured by Mary E. Pilkins-Screeman.

In order that Mr. Fallden's birthday may be fittingly celebrated, we shall give him a lemonade banquet in

our sumptuous dingy offices in Spanking Square, forty-four blocks from the subway, but just a stone's throw from the elevated road. Cinders from the latter will be served, and Colonel George Nerve will deliver the principal speeches, interrupted by loud applause from Mark Mane and William Scream Howls, etc. Mr. Richard Potson Bewilder will of course read a poem, but no one need listen ; and Carolyn Bells will deliver a jingle.

All hail, all hail, to the dean of all editors, Hennery Quills Fallden !

RANDOLPH FORBES.

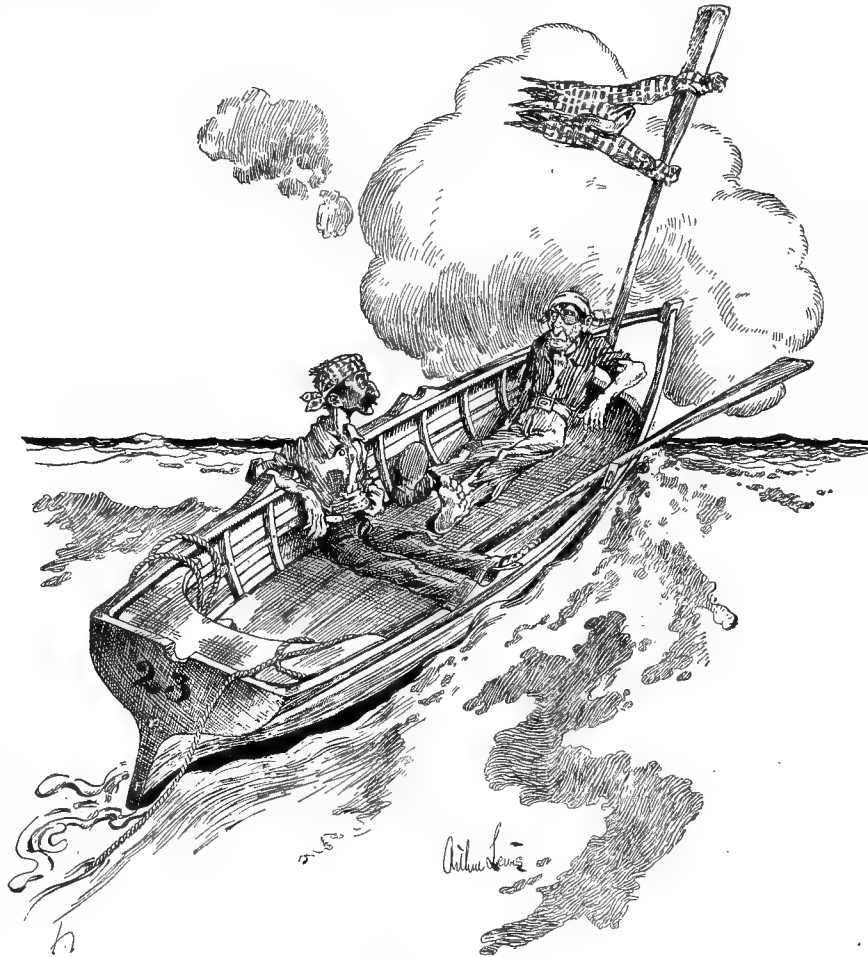
A Shocking Charge.

WASHINGTON had just succeeded in erecting a battery at Dorchester Heights.

"Now," the great leader sighed, "if Ben Franklin were only here we might be able to charge this battery."

Realizing that electricity was yet in its infancy, Washington decided to charge the British instead. History is unkind enough to say that the redcoats were greatly shocked.

THE modern grafter is often a paragrafter.



AWFUL !

ED. SCUPPERS (*college-bred*)—"This is getting fierce. Fourteen days of this same empty void." (*Groans.*)

TOM BULWARK (*not college-bred*)—"I don't know nothin' about empty voids, matey ; but if it's anything like empty stummicks it must be hades."

Hurroo!



TIS a great day for America—
On every bush and tree
The mocking-bird is singing sweet,
“Old Ireland must be free.”

Hurroo! The bands are playing, and the mud is two feet deep,
And German music wakes the Gael's long, hibernating sleep.
The big grand marshal loudly gives the order to “fall in”—
He's like a Russian general, for his mother was a Finn.
His aids are Isaac Silverstein, of good Mulcahy stock,
And Domenico Silvestro—you can bet he's no sham rock;
For he drill's the real article—his mother's a McQuade.

These are the boys that “fear no noise”—the Irish on parade.

Hurroo! From Ballyhooly, Mullingar and Garryowen,
Kilshandrumbeg and Drogheda, Killala and Athlone,
The brave gossoons to Irish tunes, with sauerkraut flavored fine,
Are marching gallantly and striving hard to keep in line.
To-day the proud Corkonian walks beside the wise “Far-down”
'Neath the green flag of old Ireland—the harp without the crown.

Sure, if the Sassenach could see, 'twould make him sore afraid—
Such a formidable army is the Irish on parade.

Hurroo! The pretty colleens laugh and cheer along the way;
“Shin Fane” and “Faugh-a-ballagh” are the slogans of the day.
See the wily politician with a shamrock on his coat.
He rides in state and throws the bate to catch the Irish vote.
The corpse of poor old Ireland he'll drag around next fall
At the ignominious cart-tail in the cause of Tammany Hall.
He waves the whiskey-bottle—'tis the emblem of his trade.
Alas! they're in the boss's grip—the Irish on parade.

'Tis a great day for America—
On every bush and tree
The mocking-bird is singing sweet,
“Old Ireland must be free.”

EUGENE GEARY.

Those Happy Years.

“**F**OR five years his married life was ideal,” said the friend.

“For five years only?” asked the other.

“Yes. During those years he was lost with a polar expedition.”

Pity the Poor Millionaire.

THE multi-millionaire looked sad. To the body of men who had approached him for a large donation he said:

“I am sorry to refuse, gentlemen, but even I feel uncommonly poor to-night.”

“Doubtless,” said the spokesman, “we have come too late, and you have already given away vast sums to some other charity.”

“No,” said the multi-millionaire, and this time real tears stood in his eyes; “not that. My wife has been buying a new hat.”

The Other Words.

“**Y**OU do well to complain that I make life miserable for you!” said the wife. “It sounds well when I recall how, when you proposed to me, you begged and begged of me to say one word and you would be happy forever.”

“Yes,” blurts out the harassed husband; “but you didn't stop on that one word!”

“What Shall We Say?”

“**W**HAT is the delay?” asked the prosecuting attorney of the foreman of the grand jury. “Haven't you indicted those corporation men?”

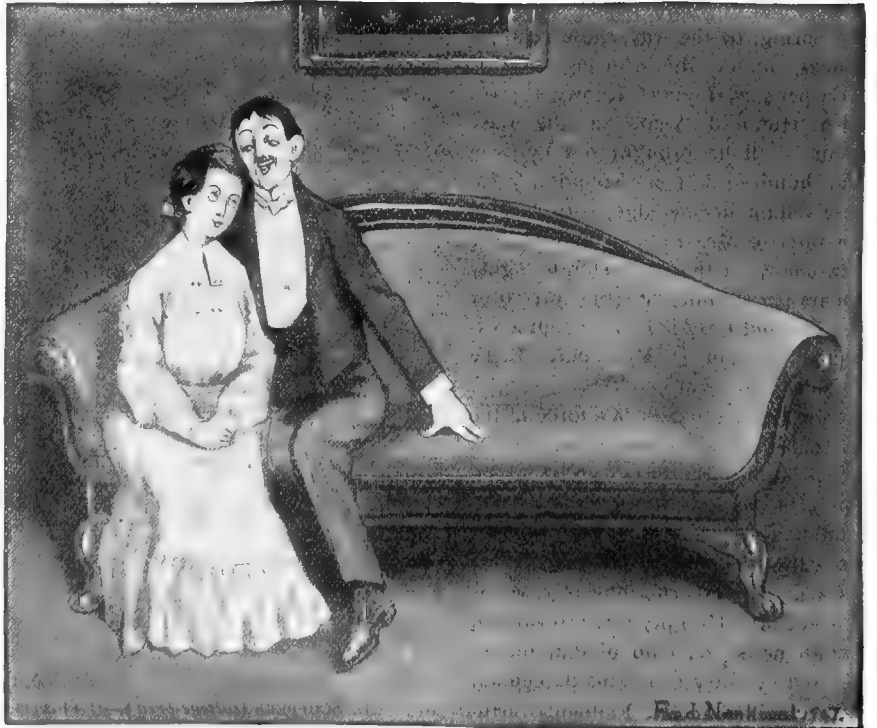
“Yes; we indicted them an hour and a half ago,” responded the foreman. “But the jurymen are in a deadlock over the wording of the apology that must go along with the indictment.”

Making It Easier for Him

THE conventional husband was making the conventional spring-bonnet remarks.

“After I have worried all winter over the money I was trying so hard to save,” he said, “I find that you have spent it all for your new hat.”

“Yes,” replied his sweet young wife. “I want to relieve you of as many of your worries as possible.”



A CLOSE CALL.

How To Put New Life into Old Hopes

THE new year gives rise to new hopes and a fresh determination to realize on old hopes that for one reason and another have grown shopworn. Of the two, the latter are the more hopeful. An old hope is apt to be more satisfactory in every way than a new one. A new shoe has more lustre than an old, but it has a horrible stiffness and a creak. So with a new hope—it may have the shine, the front, the noise of a new besetment and advocacy, but there is none of that restful intimacy and mental composure that go with the old hope that has dwelt long, even if wearily at times, with you. A better parallel is to be found in the new wife as compared with the old. The new wife may for a time appear to be several hundred per cent. ahead of the old wife, but even the most bigamously disposed discover presently that this is a mistake. Hence we find so many second marriages Ruth-and-

Naomilessly sundered in order that the husband of the second part may somersault backward out of the fire into the frying-pan again. Persons moderately well wedded should be very careful about interfering with the status quo. Those who have been married the most know how difficult it is to recover a status quo which has been tampered with.

It is much easier to revamp an old hope than it is to acquire a new one. Consider how uncertain a new hope is. First, you are not sure of finding it; next, you cannot know whether it will pan out or utterly disappoint you; and, finally, it is bound to give you a lot of trouble just because it is new. An old hope has no mystery about it. You know just how it has behaved in the past, and you can come very near to calculating its orbit in the future. And what a good stock of these comfortable old unreal-

ized hopes there is on your hands! There is the hope for wealth. It was shelved long ago, and now it's a poor, battered thing, reposing in joyless desuetude in a junk-pile in some corner of your soul. Better haul it out, old man, and burnish it up a bit. It's a bad thing to want to be rich; but you need a little badness in you—pure gold isn't a practical metal. Every man ought to aim to have about a million. Million is little enough for any man with a large family.

Then there is the hope for success. It's a darned good piece of soul-property—and this ain't no magazine hot air, either. If that hope has got frayed out and rusty, just go at it and put new binding round the edges, with pleats of the same, and press something hot on it. Slick up the success hope by all means. Dream that you are going to own four acres of the earth yet, and give lakes to colleges and pensions to professors, like other successful people. And then there is the hope that you are going to get married and be happy—but this article is already too long, and, besides, maybe you are married already. Anyway, don't fool away this glad new year with new hopes. Pick out the best from the old bunch and give them another show.

P. W.



JUDGING FROM HIS SHAPE.

"Uncle!"
"Well, m' boy?"
"Are you a trust?"

A Job for the Assistant M.D.

Patient (dismally)—"Doctor, I am tired of living."

Celebrated m.d.—"Then I'll turn you over to my young assistant."



A LATE DISCOVERY.

NUWED—"Man never realizes the joys of life until he marries."
KNORR—"And then it's too late to return to them."

'Twas But a Dream.

WEARY WILLIE stood in the road and watched the Easter parade go by, and when the fashionable folk had passed out of sight he sat down on the curbstone and began to cry as if his heart was breaking.

"Here, you!" exclaimed a policeman who happened along. "What kind of a jag is this you've got?"

"I ain't jagged, boss," replied the weeping hobo as he wiped his eyes on his tattered old coat.

"Then what ails you?"

"De sight uv dose swells brought back de old times ter me."

"Why, you're crazy!" said the policeman. "You were never in that class, and well you know it."

"Wuzn't I ever like dem?" asked Weary Willie.

"Certainly not. You've been a bum and a soak and a gutter-snipe all your life."

"An'—an' wuzn't I never a rich gent dat lived on Fift' Avenoo an' rode in me auto, an' went ter church wid me b'iled shirt an' me high hat on?"

"Never in your life."

"Gee! den I ain't got nothin' ter feel bad about, after all," chuckled the tramp as a broad smile came over his face. "Yer know I must hev dreamed den dat I wuz once dat kind uv a guy, an' me heart wuz flutterin', an' I wuz feelin' like a lost dog in a blizzard, when yer came along. So I wuz always jest a good old bum, eh? Well, dat takes a big load off me mind."

And Weary Willie shambled off up the street, whistling as he went.

A. B. L.

Utterly Incongruous.

"**A** H!" said the pen-
sive maiden as

Lent was almost over, "listen to the weird wind singing its sad requiem about the angles of our humble home."

"Requiem nothing!" said the young man beside her. "Who ever heard of a requiem sung in March-time?"

Whereupon the young woman was silent in the presence of a musical knowledge superior to her own.

Real Modesty.

"**W**AS your marriage a failure?"
"No; but my wife's was."

Don't Bacilli.

RONALD'S father is a well-known bacteriologist, and the small son shows that he grasps the meaning of a few familiar terms, for upon coming to the table one morning he asked his mother if she thought the cereal had germs in it.

"Germs! Ronald, of course not. Don't be silly."

"That's just what I mean—bacilli," was his instant rejoinder.

His Ingenious Method.

"**O**H, BUT didn't Oi hov th' divvle's own toime lasht noight!" mourned Finnigin as he dived into the Franklin stove after a pinker coal for his

pipe. "Th' divvle's own toime did Oi hov thryin' t' git wid Maloney, as wint t' town wid me in th' mar-rnin'. Yez see, we got separated, th' two av us, an' git together agin we cudden t' save th' sowls av us. Iverywhere Oi wint an' ast wuz Maloney there Oi wuz towld he'd jisht thot minyit gone. At lasht wan mon towld me he had seen wid's own oyes Maloney shtartin' aff home. Wid thot Oi shtarted toward home meself, thinkin' av the long, forlorn-some walk befoor me, an' wishin' fer th' coompny av me frind. At th' fur-rst moile Oi met Clancy an' ast 'm had he met Maloney, an' he hadn't. Thot puzzled me shtill more, an' Oi wuz thot confused an' bewildhered thot Oi didn't know what t' do.

"At lasht Oi hit on th' injaynyus plan. Oi wud run a quarther av a moile t' overta-ake 'm in case he wuz ahid. Thin Oi wud shtop an' rist tin minyits t' let 'm catch up wid me if he wuz behoind. But in

shpite av all me precautions," sighed Finnigin as his coal got to going good, "Maloney bate me home about a quarther av an hour."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

No Chance for Him.

WHEN poverty comes with one fell swoop, One place there's still where young love "stands pat." No chance there's for him to "fly the coop" In the kitchenette of a Harlem flat.

"**D**ID you have a good time at the zoo?"
"Beastly."



THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.







Doubly Occupied in Winter

'ROUND an ol'-time fireplace,
 Jes' my love an' me together,
 Shadows flittin' o'er her face—
 Oh, the blissful wintry weather!
 Maybe you kin think o' things
 Still more sweet; but naught's so jolly
 T' my mind as this—I jings!—
 Poppin' corn an' courtin' Molly.

Furnaces fer some may do,
 'Lectric lights an' parlors splendid;
 But the when an' where an' who
 I'd prefer are better blended
 Fer an honest love's delights—
 Doors are barred t' melancholy—
 Fore the back-log winter nights,
 Poppin' corn an' courtin' Molly.

Maybe squeezein' Molly's han',
 Golden grains t' white are floppin'
 Whisperin'—fer, understandin',
 Corn ain't doin' *all* the poppin'—
 Askin' her t' be my wife.
 Shucks! live on your lives o' folly.
 Let me spend *my* lowly life
 Poppin' corn an' courtin' Molly!

ROY FARRELL GREENE

Wrecked It.

"WHIZZLE got him a new auto," said the first man. "Had it made after his own ideas. Had it equipped with a collapsible table and chairs and a small cooking-range, and a pantry stocked with things to eat, and a little shelf of books, and a condensed piano, and a folding-bed, and"—

"By gracious!" interrupted the other man, "I'll bet he simply lives in it."

"Not much. He hadn't any more than got it till his wife took a notion it was time to do house-cleaning in it."

Arctic Attractions.

"I CANNOT imagine," said the woman with the short sleeves, "why in the world the Esquimaux live in their country after they have learned what is to be had and seen in civilized places. Just think! They have no theatres, no hotels, no trains, no street-cars, no shops, no schools, no churches, no clubs, no yachts, no scandals—they positively have nothing that we have."

"Possibly that is the reason they stay where they are," ventured the man with the dinner-jacket.

Had To Skimp.

"MY DEAR, my dear!" exclaimed the man, lifting his hands in amazement, "surely you are not going to wear such an outrageously low cut dress! It will be scandalous!"

"Well," replied his wife sadly, "it's the best I can do. You have put me on such a beggarly allowance that I couldn't afford to buy any more goods for this dress."

Maybe She Was a Governess.

"FREDDIE," she cooed as they sat on a park bench and watched the sun go down; "Freddie, do you know what it was that the wife of the governor of North Carolina said to the wife of the governor of South Carolina?"

"No, precious," he said as he drew her closer to him. "What was it?"

"That it was a long time between hot sodas," she replied with a shiver.

And he took the hint and they started for the nearest drug-store.

Confusing.

"THE proprietor of the circus discharged the snake-charmer."

"What prompted him?"

"Why, he's a hard drinker, and as long as the snakes were around the grounds he couldn't tell which were hers and which were his."

A Give-away.

"MR. TAFFEIGH is a smooth-faced young man, isn't he, Matilda?"

"Why, I thought it felt—I mean"—

"Matilda!"



Fie, Georgie!

SHE lifted to her rosy lips
A luscious cocktail cherry
And musingly she said,
"Oh, Georgie, you were very
Impulsive to have axed your tree
So 'twould bear no future floaters
That might become Manhattan fads
Of liquid cheer-promoters." A. M. T.

An Unhealthful Habitation.

THE Bodley brothers built two houses exactly alike side by side on similar lots and installed their wives therein. The brothers, being partners in business, received equal shares of the income, and each was the father of two children. But here the equality ceased. The wives of the two men were so different in taste and temperament that each had her own circle of friends and her own way of furnishing her home. These differences gave rise to much jealousy on the part of Mrs. John Bodley.

"Elizabeth's right down queer and extravagant," confided Mrs. John to an interested neighbor; "and she's always digging up the past, besides, and calling her rooms by strange names."

"What do you mean?"



STURDY OAK AND CLINGING VINE.

THE WIFE—"At the meeting to-day of the Ladies' Society of Psychical Research, we discussed woman's dependence on the stronger male personality."

THE HUSBAND—"Yes, my darling"—

THE WIFE—"And, William, I never before so forcibly realized what a little clinging vine I am!"

"Why, last year," returned Mrs. John, "she furnished what she called a Louis catarrhal library, and now she's set her heart on having a Louis quinsy dining-room."

Laconic.

"Is the proprietor in?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir," replied the office-boy.

"Is he in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will he be back soon?"

"No, sir."

"To-night?"

"No, sir."

"To-morrow sometime?"

"No, sir."

"Did he leave any word for Mr. Brown?"

"No, sir."

The stranger looked at the office-boy sharply.

"When did he go?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Didn't say when he'd be back?"

"No, sir."

"Well, where the dickens is he?"

"At the undertaker's."

"What's the matter?"

"He's dead."

DWIGHT SPENCER ANDERSON.



ILLOGICAL.

"Teddy, is there no school to-day?"

"Sure! Yer don't suppose jest 'cause I'm playin' hookey dat dey'd close up de school, do yer?"

One Sure Thing.

Mrs. Rooney—"If ye had ten million darlers, Patrick, how would ye lave it?"

Mr. Rooney—"Well, Oi wouldn't lave it in me pants pockets nights, ye kin gamble on thot!"

WHEN a fault gets the better of a man, it is naturally his own fault.



A SUBURBAN CONVENIENCE.

THE GAY COUNT—"Name some of ze suburbs which are so convenient to ze great city of New York."

THE COUNTESS (*American*)—"New York's most convenient suburb, I think, is Dakota."



A FUTURE.

"Dat chile'll sho' make some o' dose fightahs draw de cullah-line."

A Odd Affair.

TWO men stood in the street watching the air-ship.

"That's odd," said the one.

"Singular," replied the other.

"I said odd."

"And I said singular."

"Odd!"

"Singular!"

They glared at each other.

"You're a fool!" exclaimed the one.



THE SPEED LIMIT.

HE—"There go the Highflyers in their 16-horse-power motor. I've heard that they're living beyond their income."

SHE—"That's right. I'm told they're even living beyond the income they would like to have."

"You're an idiot!" screamed the other.

"An odd fool!"

"A singular idiot!"

Then they laid off and began to clean up on each other. In the police-court next morning explanations were requested and cheerfully given.

"I said it was odd," remarked the man with the black eye, "and he insisted it was singular. We couldn't agree, so we fought. I licked him. Do you blame me? A thing can't be odd and singular at the same time—any child can tell you that. Take the number '3,' for instance; that's odd. But it isn't singular, is it?"

"Try figure '1,'" suggested the man with the abbreviated nose as he gently patted the place where his ear used to be.

"I hadn't thought of that," responded the other. "Now I come to think of it, that's both odd and singular. But you weren't referring to '1' in our discussion yesterday, were you?"

"Of course I was. Couldn't you see the air-ship was one? It was singular, wasn't it?"

"It was. And it was also odd, wasn't it?"

"It was."

The combatants shook hands.

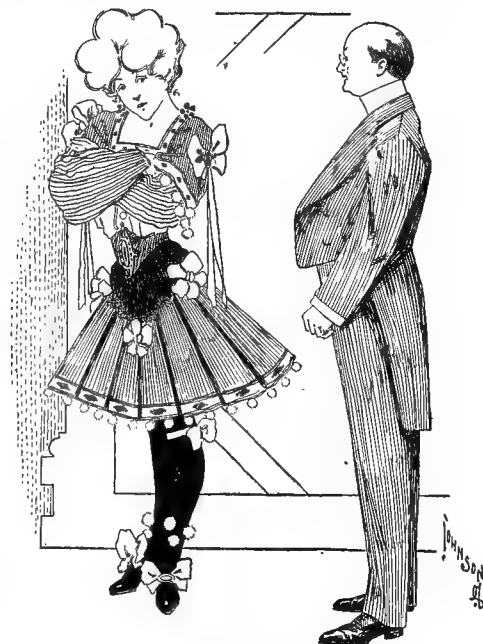
"Gentlemen," said the court with a smile, "I have been much interested in this discussion. Your sentence will be neither odd nor singular. Two months!"

DWIGHT SPENCER ANDERSON.

The Desire for Change.

"DOCTOR," said the friend who had been sitting in the office while the physician saw his patients, "why did you tell one man to stop drinking coffee and tell the next man to drink it, when both of them had the same symptoms?"

"My gracious!" testily replied the physician, "don't you suppose a man wants a little variety in the dull routine of his daily duties?"



BY LOSING DIAMONDS?

"I suppose it takes years of application to your work to make a reputation on the stage?"

"No; just a little newspaper notoriety."



MOTHER EARTH'S EASTER BONNET.

An Awful Warning.



HAD last 'night an awful fright.

Upon a lonely path,
As I walked out, I saw
a Srout
A-struggling with a Srath.

And as they fit and each
one hit
The other with its fist,
A great big Srick picked
up a stick
And struck at them—but
missed.

And then a Sreck, with
bulgy neck,
He got into the game.
The way he struck that lit-
tle Sruck,
I swow, it was a shame.

And then a Srack came
down the track
And added to the stir;
And likewise, too, a fiery
Scroo,
And eke a furry Srurr.

Full long fit they in fear-
some fray,

While I stood quaking by,
With one sole wish—that some great Srish
Would pick me up and fly.

At last I lost my mind and tossed
My body in amongst
Those writhing links of wriggling Srink
And that most awful Srunxt.

And I was rent by tooth of Srent
And torn by claws of Srot;
And that big Srunk stepped on my trunk—
Which made me middling hot.

And then I woke, for day had broke,
And I was wide awake.
(I have a hunch to-night for lunch
Mince-pie I should not take.)

ROBERTUS LOVE.



WHAT HE'S GOING TO GET.

MRS. BOB—"What is your tailor going to get for that suit?"

MR. BOB—"Nervous prostration, my dear, worrying about
his pay!"



UNINTENDED SARCASM.

MRS. PHATT—"Look at rich Mrs. Okay! If I should wrap my skirt around me like that
people would say it showed bad form."

MRS. SLIM—"Yes, indeed; they certainly would."



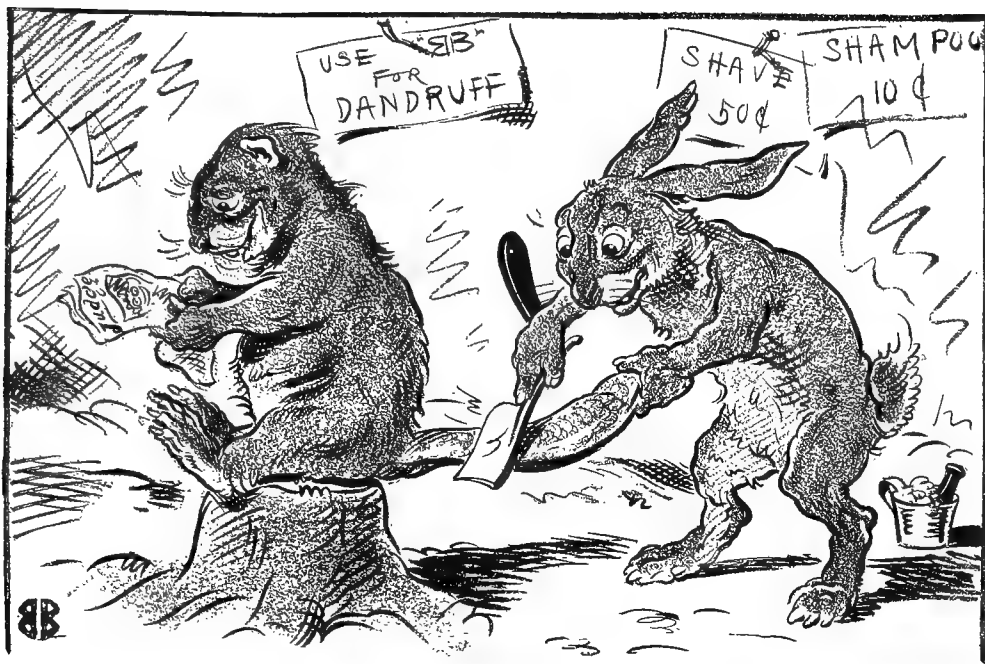
APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

THE NEW REPORTER (at the creditors' meeting)—"It's easy enough to pick out the bankrupt."

THE SECRETARY—"Think so?"

THE NEW REPORTER—"Yes. See how shabby and careworn he looks!"

THE SECRETARY—"That isn't the bankrupt—that's the principal creditor. The bankrupt is that man with the fur overcoat and diamonds."



THE USEFUL BEAVER'S TAIL.

THE BARBER—"Gosh ring it! this is the best razor-strop I've struck in a long time."

A Resourceful Campaigner.

THE invading army plodded wearily through the devastated land. Starvation stared them in the face and glared at them from the rear as well.

"There is absolutely nothing to feed the troops," announced the commissary-general.

"Nothing?" asked the commander.

"Nothing. And," adds the commissary-general, "I might say, if it were not for the fear of being accused of plagiarism, there is mighty little of that."

"Hum-m-m!" mused the commander. "The men shall be fed."

"But on what, sir?"

"Sausage."

"Sausage? We have nothing of which to make it."

The commander towers above him then, his eyes gleaming with that flash of inspiration which indicates the eternal influence of genius.

"Have you forgotten," he cries; "have you forgotten the dogs of war?"

Decidedly the Reverse.

"YOUR friend?"

"No; merely an acquaintance from whom I borrow money."

member the time when slaves were worth three thousand dollars a head."

"Oh, that's nothing," sneered the New York sexton. "What do you suppose the slaves of fashion in my church were worth per head on Easter?"

Just So.

Little Elmer—"Papa, what is the bone of contention?"

Professor Broadhead—"The jawbone, my son."



THE FEMININE WAY.

"Ethel, where are the trousers that go with this cutaway coat?"
"Don't you see that vase on the table, dearie? There they are."

The Amenities of the Season.

"I SEE you have a new Easter bonnet," said the president of the literary club to the secretary of the same.

"Yes," cooed the secretary. "Don't you think it is a poem?"

"Humph!" sniffed the president. "If I am to judge by the materials used, and the general style of the plot, I should say it was an historical novel."

And then they glared and glared and glared.

Their Worth.

"YES," said the man from Georgia reminiscently, "I re-

A VERACIOUS TEXAN.

AN OLD Texan who was not pre-eminently notorious for veracity was telling some of his neighbors what a fine cow he possessed.

"Why, do you know," said he, "that cow has been giving milk ever since she was eighteen months old, and has never had a calf. Something peculiar about that stock of cattle; that cow's mother never had a calf."

E. V. COLB, Georgetown, Texas.

ENTITLED TO A PLACE.

"ARE you related to the bride- or groom-elect?" asked the busy usher. "No." "Then what interest have you in the ceremony?" "I'm the defeated candidate."

HENRY FRUEH, Springfield, Massachusetts.

A POLITE PUPIL.

A LOCAL teacher was hearing a recitation in primary arithmetic.

"Now, I have one pencil in my right hand and one in my left," she said. "How many pencils have I? Helen, you may answer."

"Two," piped a small voice.

"Then one and one make two, do they not?"

"Sure."

The teacher frowned at the disrespectful answer.

"That's hardly what you should have said. Will some one in the class tell Helen what her answer should have been?"

There was a moment of hesitation. Then one brown fist shot confidently into the air.

"Ah, James, you may tell Helen what she should have said."

"Sure, Mike," shouted Jimmy in a tone of triumph.

G. W. WILSON, New Castle, Pennsylvania.

They Can Lick the Russians, But—

"CALL it off, call it off!" screamed the mikado.

"Call what off?" asked Pooh-Bah.

"The war with the United States. I see that the women there are organizing into regiments, drilled to fight with hat-pins."

A Thought.

THE story that our souls have lived before
Is something we can't clearly understand;
And then, these suits of clay from Nature's store—
We wonder if they're also second-hand.

The Kibosh on the Explorer.

"EH!" said the emaciated man, "it was arctic exploration that put the kibosh forever upon my salubrity."

"Yes," said the sympathetic individual; "the long, dreary marches, the wretched food, the awful cold, the loneliness"—

"No, no"—

"Do not deny me, modesty personified—do not deny me! I know the dreadfulness of the exposure you underwent—days after countless days with no food but refuse, scraps of leather, tallow candles"—

"No, no, I say"—

"The horrible suspense lest the rescuing party might not to be led to follow in the same direction and thus miss you, the"—

"I say no"—

"And then, when at last the relief expedition hove in sight and you were compelled to eat sparingly of the things that so tempted you that your days and nights were agony again until your system reached once more its normal condition."

"I tell you your sympathy is entirely misdirected. All those things you mention were sure pretty tough and seemed at times unbearable. But they were peaches and cream, porterhouse and mushrooms, parlor A, with bath and other luxuries, compared with the small village hotels I had to hang up at when I began my lecture-tour just after the rescue."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

IT STRUCK HIM JUST RIGHT.



SPRING POET—"My! I wish something would strike me that rhymes with beau.—"



—Ah, that's it!"

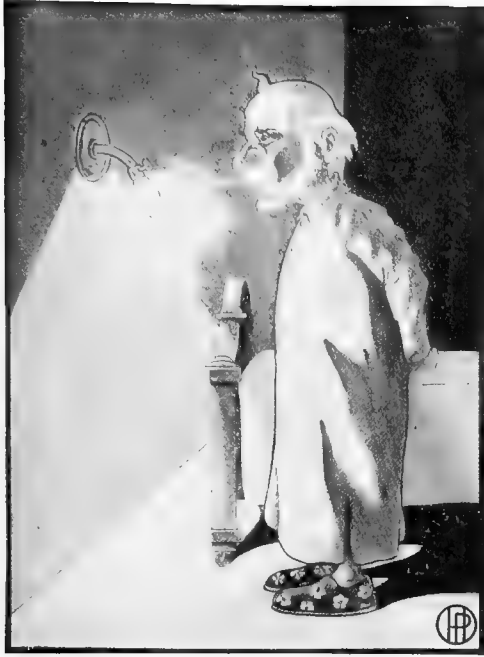
A Governor's Mot.

GOVERNOR FOLK of Missouri was entertaining a party of young women callers from St. Louis. One of them saw a copy of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" lying on the piano. She picked up the old-time volume and hurriedly cast her eyes over its pages.

"Do you like 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel'?" asked Governor Folk, for lack of anything better to say at the moment.

"No," said the girl; "I don't care so much about 'The Lay' itself, but I like the prelude."

"Ah, I see," said the governor. "You like the cackle better than the lay."



THE BLOWER BLOWED.

"Guess I'm a-losin' my wind. I've blowed 'em out before."

The Boss Was On.

"I HAVE come to tell you," said the employé who had been busy feathering his own nest with the company's money, "that my health is failing."

"So?" said the boss coldly.

"Yes," said the employé with a hollow cough. "The doctor says I can't hold out much longer."

"Oh, I don't know," said the boss, still more coldly. "Maybe if you had 'held out' less you'd be able to hold out longer." And the employé went away with a dazed feeling that all was not well with the little knock-down game he had thought was so super-smooth.

In the Mode.

"MY Easter sermon," said the fashionable minister, "will cover but one head. The body of the sermon will be built upon a frame of thought with soft tones of velvet; it will be decorated with some flowers of oratory and bejeweled with some pearls of wisdom."

"It will just match my new bonnet!" said his wife gladly.

What Surprises Them.

WHEN a bank cashier goes wrong people seem shocked to think he was a churchworker. They seem surprised that the directors of our fiscal institutions do not appoint bunco-steerers, rouses and knock-out artists as cashiers and treasurers.



NO DUMB-WAITER FOR HER.

MRS. RUSKIN—"Acquaint yourself with everything around you, Bridget, and I suppose in a short time you will become thoroughly familiar with the dumb-waiter."

THE NEW COOK—"Sure, ye needn't worry yerself a bit on that score, fer if it's dumb he be there'll be no familiarity whatever."

MAN wants but little here below, and he had better put that in his wife's name.



A NEW ONE EVERY WEEK.

OLD YOUNG LADY—"Do you know, colonel, I think I was cut out for an inventor. I seem to be creating something new every week."

COLONEL—"In other words, a new wrinkle every week."



HIS FINISH.

LADY—"Poor man! what brought you to this?"

TRAMP—"Ah, lady, I loved a girl—beautiful as a lily, tender as a dove, shrinkin' an' timid as a fawn. It is given ter few men ter love as I.

An', oh, gracious heaven! she—she "

LADY—"She died?"

TRAMP—"No; she didn't die."

LADY—"Ah! she refused you?"

TRAMP—"No; she didn't refuse me."

LADY—"Goodness! What did she do?"

TRAMP—"She married me—dat's wot."

